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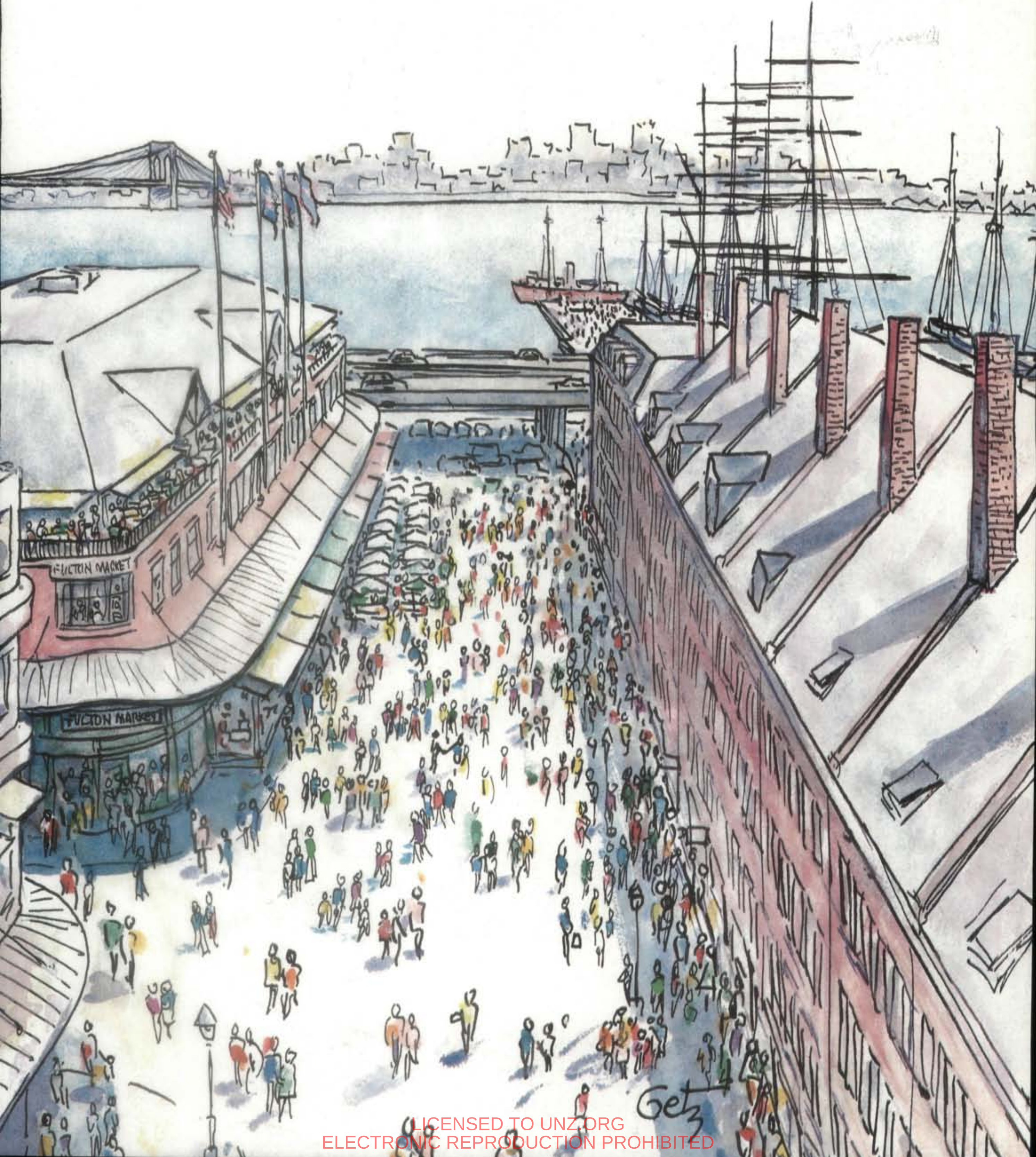
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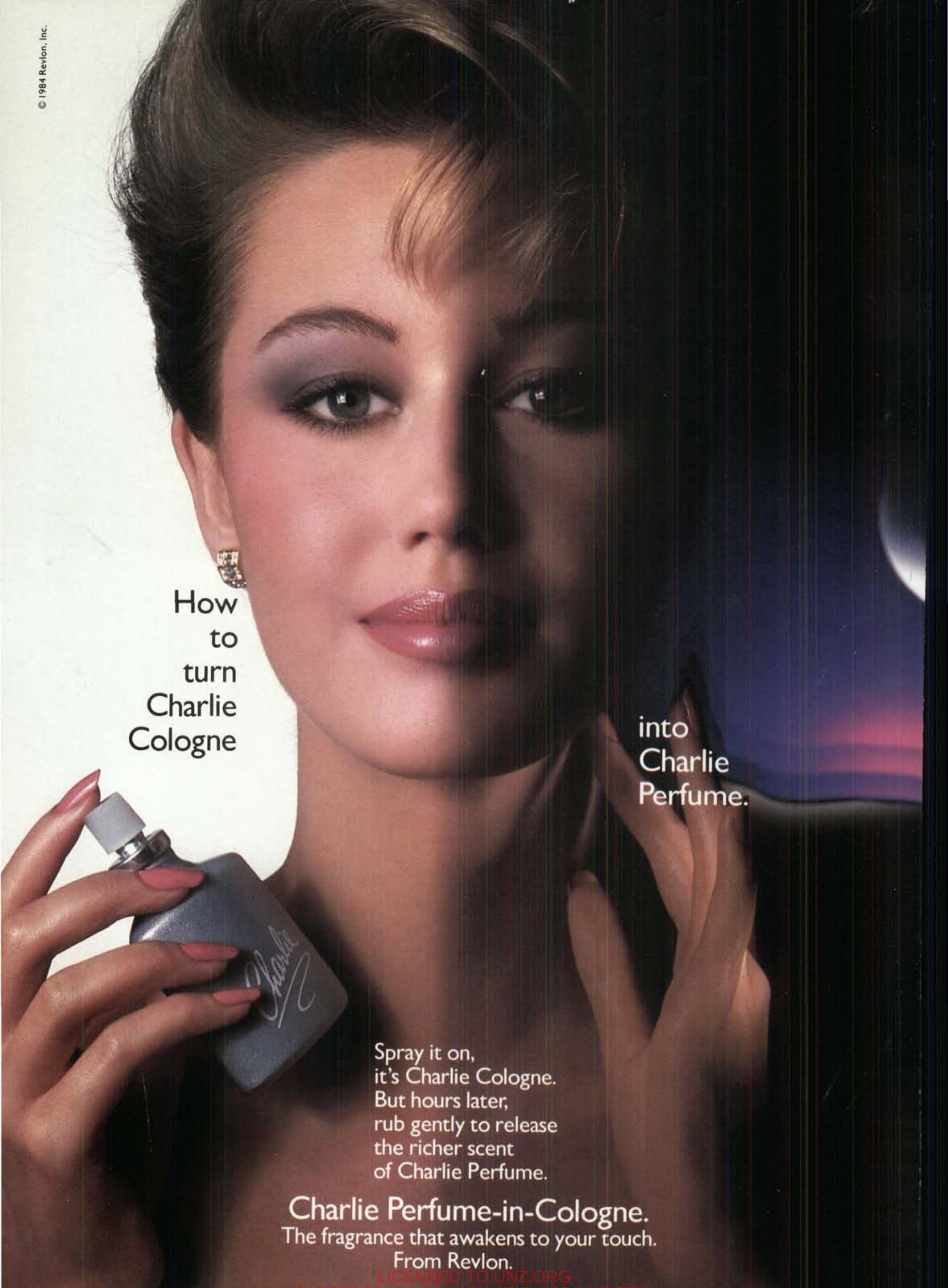
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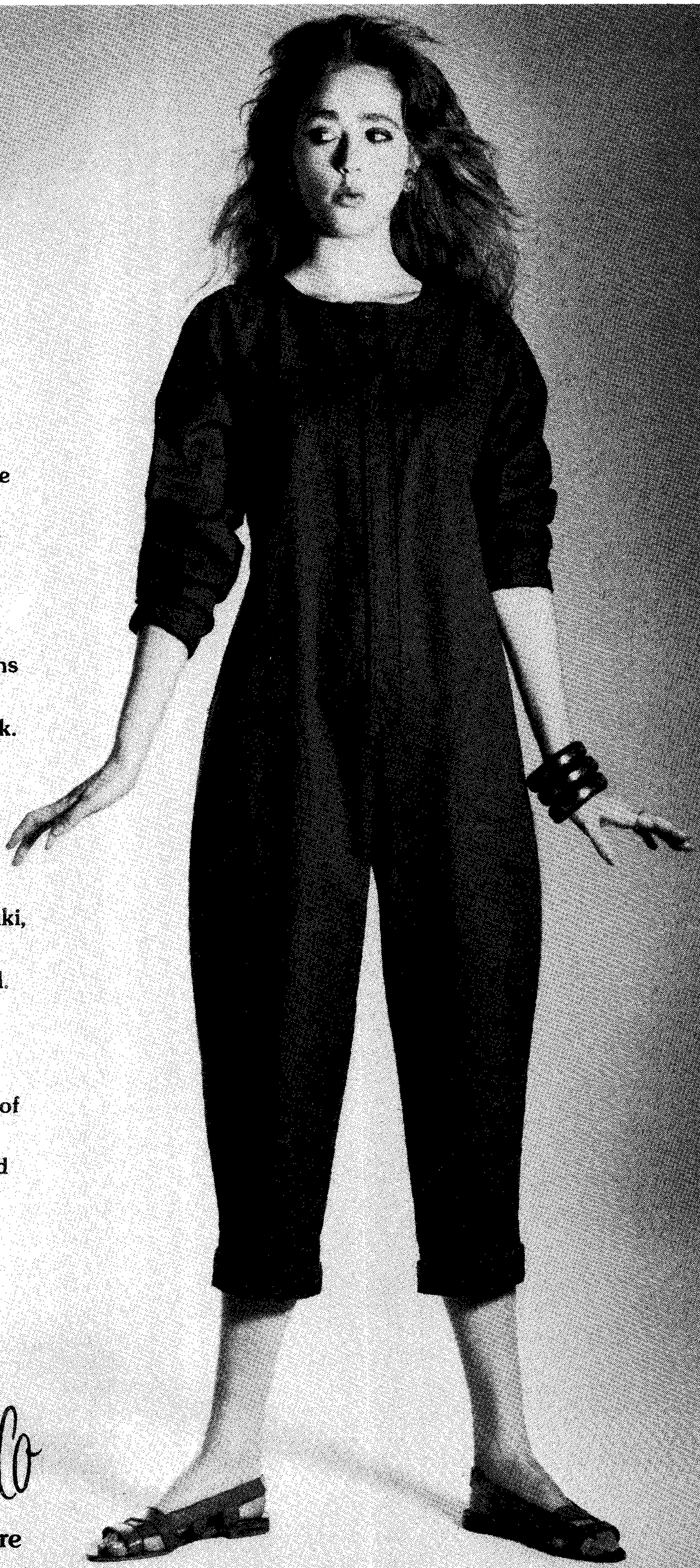

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

And a Nightingale Sang . . .—A pleasant comedy about life in England during the Second World War. Written by C. P. Taylor and directed by Terry Kinney. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 28.)

Awake and Sing!—A revival of a play that is almost half a century old and that shows its age. Still, what a pleasingly ardent and optimistic writer Odets was at twenty-eight! The present production fails him on almost every count. (3/19/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 29.)

Baby—Everything you may not have wanted to ask about having a baby—a cheering musical for doctors if not for lay people. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Beethoven's Tenth—A new comedy by Peter Ustinov in which he stars with George Rose. The director is Robert Chetwyn. The play was first seen last summer in London. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Cage aux Folles—A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two superb stars are George Hearn and Gene Barry. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Jimmie Ray Weeks plays the leading role of a police detective beset by memories in **THE HARVESTING,** John Bishop's absorbing drama about a murder investigation in Ohio. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 29.)

Death of a Salesman—Arthur Miller's thirty-five-year-old play about a sorry little failed salesman from Brooklyn remains as affecting as ever in this admirable production. The big cast is headed by Dustin Hoffman and, yes, he is just as memorable as Lee J. Cobb in the role of Willy Loman. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except May 5, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's drama **A TOUCH OF THE POET** is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 29. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author and what he knows about Chicago must make Chicagoans nervous. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Golden Age—A. R. Gurney, Jr., tells in contemporary terms the story that Henry James told a long time ago, in "The Aspern Papers." The cast consists of Irene Worth, Stockard Channing, and Jeff Daniels. (4/23/84) (Jack Lawrence Theatre, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, May 6: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Love—Judy Kaye, Stephen Vinovich, and Nathan Lane in a musical based on Murray Schisgal's 1964 comedy, "Luv." The music is by Howard Marren, the lyrics by Susan Birkenhead, and the book by Jeffrey Sweet. (Audrey Wood Theatre, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A season of revivals in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS;** Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page; John Colton and Clemence Randolph's **RAIN;** Henrik Ibsen's **GHOSTS,** translated by Eva Le Gallienne and starring Geraldine Page; and John Patrick's **THE HASTY HEART.** (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's last play, with Kate Nelligan, Ian Bannen, and Jerome Kilty. Staged

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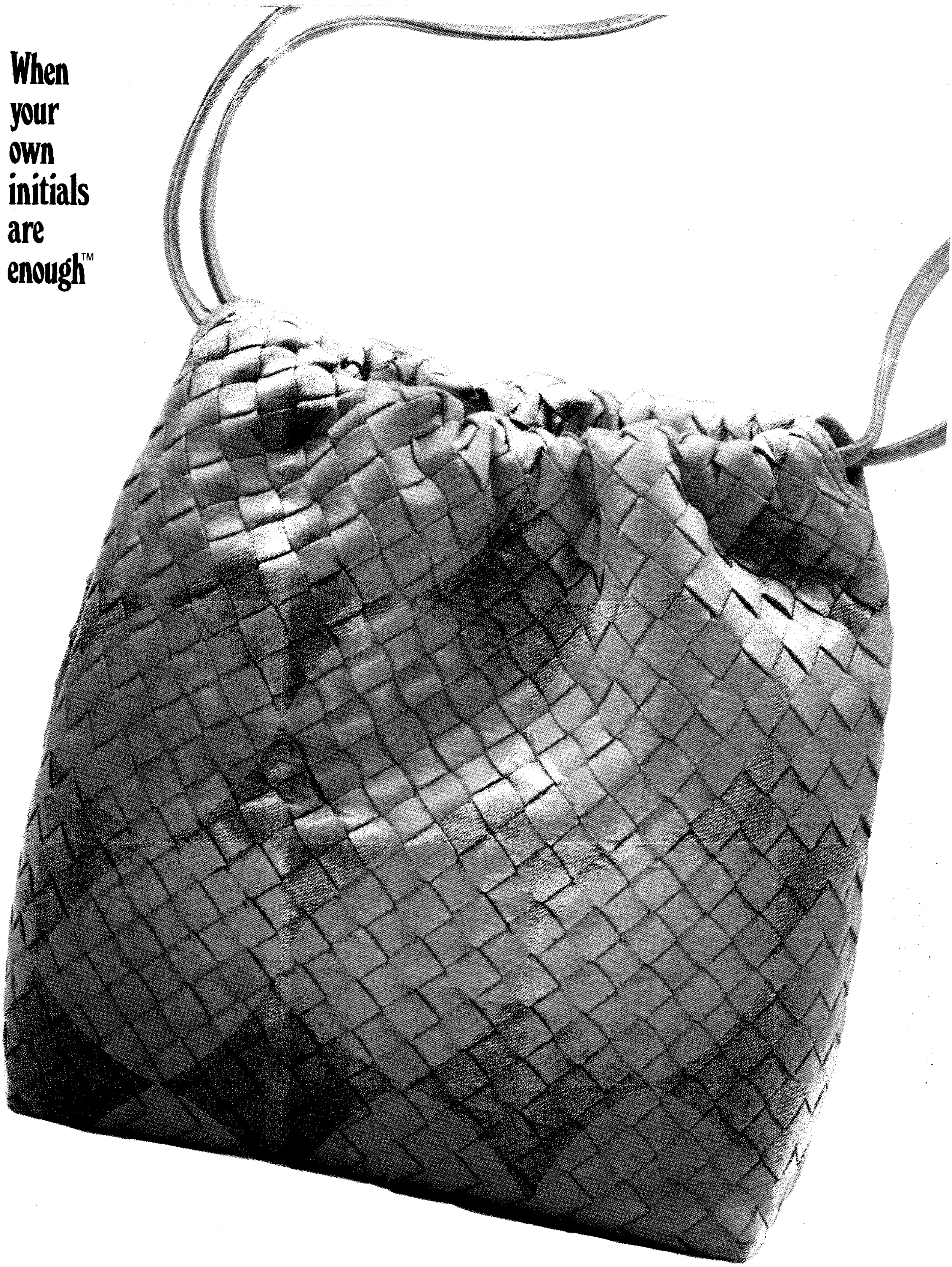

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by David Leveaux. Previews through Monday, April 30. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 1. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6.)

'Night, Mother—Anne Pitoniak and Kathy Bates in a return engagement of Marsha Norman's two-character play, seen recently on Broadway. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Noises Off—The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oliver!—A revival of the Lionel Bart musical, with Ron Moody and Patti LuPone. Peter Coe is the director. Previews through Saturday, April 28. Opens officially on Sunday, April 29. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Other Places—A trio of one-acters by Harold Pinter. In the last and best of them, "A Kind of Alaska," Diane Wiest portrays a middle-aged woman who awakens after twenty-nine years of sleeping sickness. That beautiful play glows in the dark; the other two don't come off quite so well, in spite of the good company. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Play Memory—A drama by Joanna M. Glass, with Donald Moffat, Jo Henderson, and Valerie Mahaffey. Harold Prince is the director. Previews Wednesday, April 25. Opens officially on Thursday, April 26. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

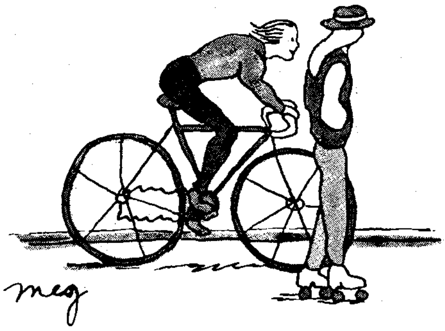
The Real Thing—A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The fine cast is headed by Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rink—A lavishly produced musical that unwisely devotes itself not to its agreeable songs (by John Kander and Fred Ebb) but to the bickering of an estranged mother and daughter—Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli—and the imminent destruction of an old roller-skating rink. Peter Larkin designed the superb scenery. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Second City Company—There is a scattering of bright, clever moments and some evidence of talent, especially that of Meagen Fay, in this only so-so revue, imported from Chicago. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters in a musical for which Stephen Sondheim provided the music and lyrics and James Lapine the book and staging. Previews through Tuesday, May 1. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 2. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Terra Nova—A play by Ted Tally, with Robert Foxworth and Anthony Zerbe. Opens Wednesday, April 25. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, April 27, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except May 5, at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, May 2, at 2. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday—The ghost of a woman, dead for two years, continues to appear to her husband, who is immobilized by grief, and eventually straightens him out. The play, by Michael Brady, despite some good lines, may prove too sweet for most palates, but the performance is commendable. With Richmond Hoxie, Frances Conroy, David Rasche, and Noelle Parker, among others. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 29.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—Peter Brook has picked up Bizet's gorgeous opera and given it a good shaking, with the result that it now lasts but eighty minutes and is assuredly more Brook than Bizet. With several casts, uneven in quality. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Performances in English on Wednesday at 2:30 and 8:30; in French on Thursday and Friday at 8:30, and Saturday at 2:30 and 8:30. Closes Saturday, April 28.)

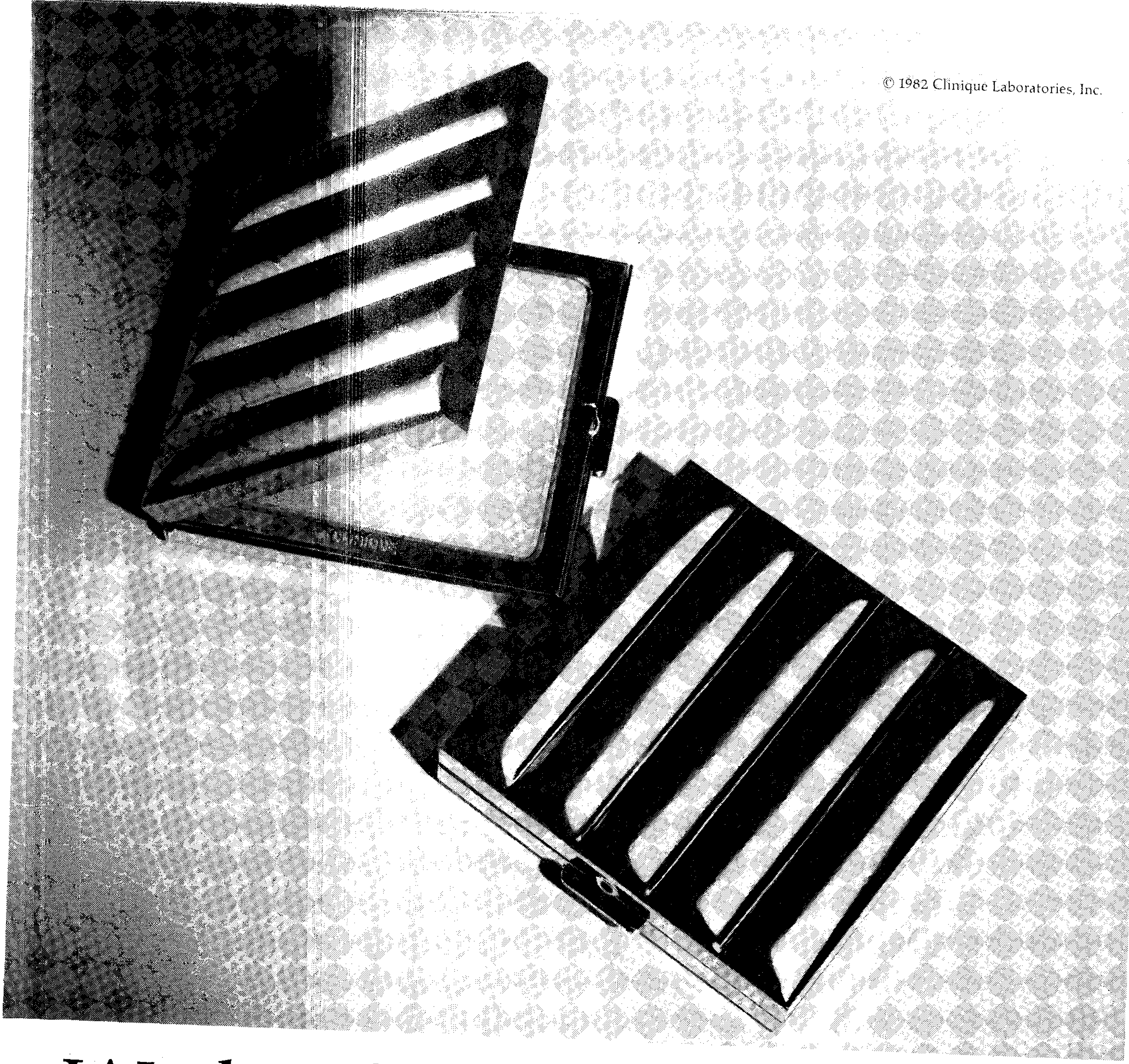
The Vampires—A comedy written and directed by Harry Kondoleon. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Woman of Independent Means—Barbara Rush is the only character in this play by Elizabeth Forsythe Hailey, based on her novel of the same name. Direction by Norman Cohen, with incidental music by Henry Mancini. Previews through Wednesday, May 2. Opens officially on Thursday, May 3. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Woza Albert!—Percy Mtwa and Mbongeni Ngema, two adroit African actors, are the entire cast and also the authors (with their director, Barney Simon) of this spirited, heartfelt play about the coming of Christ to South Africa. (3/5/84) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—Anthony Quinn and Lila Kedrova star in this revival of the 1968 musical. An oddly woebegone production. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Sunday, April 29, at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,984 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach and Anne Rogers. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the superb cast. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON YOUR TOES:** Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-six, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Philip Astor as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Charles Adler substitutes for Mr. Astor at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Daniel Stern and Tim Matheson. Gary Sinise was



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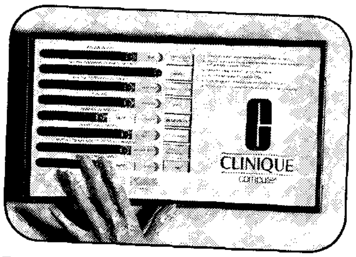

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey back in town with their annual wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, April 25-26, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, April 29, at 1 and 5:30; Wednesday, May 2, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, May 3, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, May 4, at 1:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, May 5, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

"Legends and Show Stoppers"—Vivian Blaine, Liza Minnelli, Bobby Short, and Anthony Quinn will be among the participants in a benefit for the Theatre Collection of the Museum of the City of New York. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. Sunday, April 29, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 888-6728.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, April 25: "Allegro Brillante," "Other Dances," and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 26: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 27: "Serenade," "Bugaku," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 28: "Chaconne," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Sonatine," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 28: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 29: "Allegro Brillante," "Other Dances," and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 29: "Bugaku," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 1: "Harlequinade" and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 2: "Moves" (company première), "Sonatine," "Serenade," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 3: "Bugaku" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 4, and Saturday matinée, May 5: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 5: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Chaconne." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 24.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée and evening, April 25; Thursday and Friday evenings, April 26-27; and Saturday matinée and evening, April 28: "Cinderella." . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 30: "The Kingdom of the Shades from 'La Bayadère,'" "The Little Ballet," "Sinatra Suite" (company première), and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 1: "Graduation Ball," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Paquita." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 2: "The Kingdom of the Shades from 'La Bayadère,'" "The Little Ballet," "Sinatra Suite," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 2: "Les Sylphides," "Graduation Ball," and "Paquita." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 3: "The Kingdom of the Shades from 'La Bayadère,'" "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 4: "Les Sylphides," "Concerto," and "Paquita." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 5: "Symphonie Concertante" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 5: "Concerto" and "La Sylphide." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 16.)

Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, April 25: "Papillon," "The Jig Is Up," and "The Real McCoy." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 26: "Three Dances," "Summer's Lease," and "The Real McCoy." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 27: "Papillon," "Intermezzo," and "The Real McCoy." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 28: "Straw Hearts," "Play Bach," and "The Real McCoy." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 29: "Anatomic Balm," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 29: "Papillon," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 1: "The Real McCoy," "Summer's Lease," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 2: "Three Dances," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 3: "Three Dances," "Summer's Lease," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 4: "Papillon," "Over the Pavement," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 5: "Play Bach," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Straw Hearts." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 13.)

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Pilar Rioja—Final performances. (Reportorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Wednesday through Saturday, April 25-28, at 8, and Sunday, April 29, at 3.)

DanceAfrica Festival—A program of traditional African, Caribbean, and Brazilian dance, performed by Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; the International Afrikan American Ballet; the Charles Moore Dance Theatre; Amaniye Payne; Women of the Calabash; the Loremil Machado Afro-Brazilian Dance Company; the Bucket Dance Theatre; and Melvin Deal's African Heritage Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 28, at 8, and Sunday, April 29, at 2 and 7.)

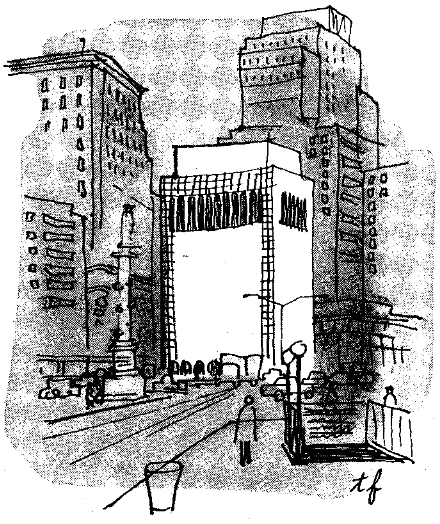
Joan Lombardi Dance Company—Three programs of music and dance, with the Cordier Ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday through Saturday, May 3-5, at 8.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **SAEKO ICHINOHE & COMPANY:** Thursday, April 26, and Sunday, April 29, at 8, and Saturday, April 28, at 2 and 8. . . . **SOLOMONS COMPANY/DANCE:** Thursday, May 3; Saturday, May 5; and Sunday, May 6, all at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Drive at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano, singing vintage American popular tunes in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one, and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.



Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Pianist **JAKI BYARD'S** trio performs through Saturday, April 28; bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** will work with pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** Wednesday through Saturday, May 2-5. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Ballroom, *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)*—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** and his band will be onstage through Sunday, April 29; Monday, April 30, will belong to Frank Noviello and the Carol Harris quartet; and starting Tuesday, May 1, tenor saxophonists **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** and **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** will take charge. Music from ten. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Thursday, April 26, at eight and ten-thirty, the altogether charming hot-jazz violinist **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI;** Friday through Sunday, April 27-29, and Tuesday through Thursday, May 1-3, songs by Ellie Greenwich performed by Miss Greenwich and others; and Friday through Sunday, May 4-6, Steeleye Span. Shows Sundays through Tuesdays at eight-thirty; Wednesdays and Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; and Fridays and Saturdays at eight and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** team up through Saturday, April 28; on Monday, April 30, pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** will commence a six-night stand. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist and ballad singer **BARBARA CARROLL** will be found in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant situated in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** a positively Tatum-inspired pianist, will be here through Saturday, April 28. Pianist William Roy will take over the keyboard on Tuesday, May 1. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, April 25, Glenn Philips, the Visitors, and Dada; Thursday, April 26, Foreign Legion, Yoan Emile, and the Spurs; Friday, April 27, Hi Fi Tie, Leap of Faith, and Syntax Error; Saturday, April 28, Mondo Boffo, Bop Apocalypse, Lifeboat, and the Nightporters; Sunday, April 29, **TONY TRISCHKA'S SKYLINE** and Rocking Rednecks; and Tuesday, May 1, Double O Zeros, Limousine, and Chris Mack Mathematics. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**LORD BURGESS** sings songs of the Caribbean Tuesdays through Saturdays. **CARRIE SMITH,** a satisfying strong-voiced interpreter of blues, jazz, gospel, and Bessie Smith material, can be heard Sundays and Mondays. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Fridays, Conway

Science and Solar Fifty.

Galileo lost a lot of friends by insisting that the earth went around the sun. Even now, many of us still yearn for the good old days when the sun went around us. Scientific breakthroughs have always met with hysteria from the conservative and nostalgic.

And Bill Blass has always stood proudly among the hysterics. Bill, observing the polyester business suit, felt it might well mean the end of civilization as we know it. He said science should confine itself to such genuine advances as plastic sandwich bags, and not desecrate the human frame with plastic clothing.

Polyester, he cried, is a polymer in which the monomer units are linked by the group –COO–, usually formed by polyerizing a polyhydric alcohol with a polybasic acid. This is not suitable attire for a gentleman.

With that, Bill whipped up his horse and rattled indignantly off in his buggy to continue tailoring clothing of pure wool, imported tweeds, cashmere, camelhair, and other entirely natural substances.

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Solar Fifty is a superb woolen fabric, available in both solids and patterns, that is actually comfortable 11 months of the year. (Claims of a 12-month suit are preposterous. In any given year there is always at least one month in which nothing one can decently wear is comfortable, and patience is tested to the limit.)

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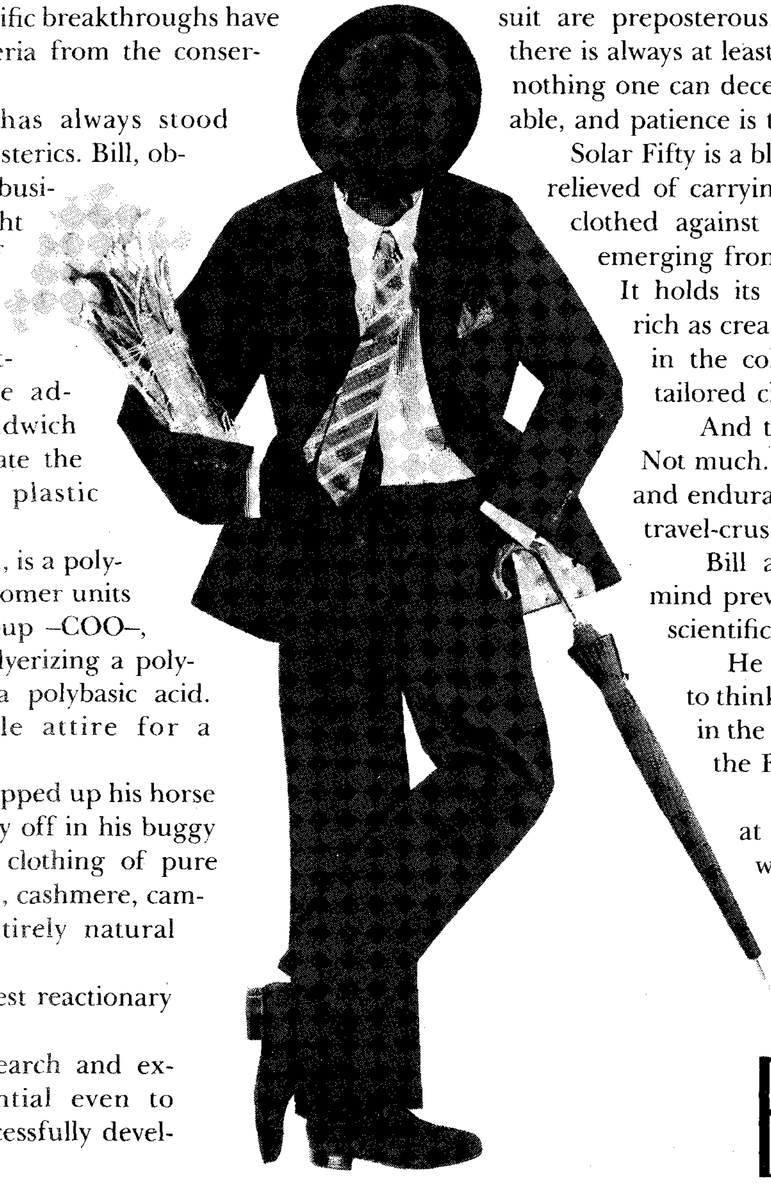
Solar Fifty suits are at the best stores or write: Bill Blass Tailored Clothing, a division of PBM, 743 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

BILL BLASS



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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& Ryan; Saturday, April 28, the Special Consensus Bluegrass Band; Saturday, May 5, Patent Pending; Thursday, May 10, the OK Bayou String Band; and Saturday, May 12, **TONY TRISCHKA'S SKYLINE.** *Music from nine.*

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house band swings it Wednesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, April 29, Danny D'Imperio & the Metropolitan Bopera House will take charge. Mondays and Tuesdays are claimed by Ed Polcer's quintet; the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays Mr. D'Imperio's trio performs from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** sings here through Sunday, April 29; Mondays are reserved for guitarists **LES PAUL** and **WAYNE WRIGHT;** and alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** will begin a six-night stand on Tuesday, May 1. Sets begin after eight-thirty. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, April 25, at nine and eleven, **RICHARD HELL** and Suzanne Vega; Saturday, April 28, at eight and eleven, **ELIZABETH (LIBBA) COTTEN** and Johnine Rankin; Tuesday, May 1, at nine and eleven, Steve & Mark; Wednesday, May 2, at nine and eleven, Peter Holsapple and Chris Stamey & Rick Brown; Thursday, May 3, at nine and eleven, Poez and Ultraprov; Friday, May 4, John Phillips; and Saturday, May 5, Aztec Two-Step and Ultraprov. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: Wednesday and Thursday, April 25-26, the **JOHN HICKS** duo; Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, singer Marion Cowings; Sunday and Monday, April 29-30, pianist Bill O'Connell and bassist **BOB CRANSHAW;** Tuesday and Wednesday, May 1-2, bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** and pianist **RICHARD WYANDS;** Thursday, May 3, singer-pianist Roy Bailey; and Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM'S** trio. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one, and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**ATTILA ZOLLER** and **JIMMY RANEY,** perhaps the best jazz guitarists to come out of Hungary and Kentucky, respectively, work together through Sunday, April 29; Mr. Zoller will play with guitarist **JOE PUMA** Wednesday through Sunday, May 2-6; Mondays, singer-pianist **BROOKS KERR** performs with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin after ten. Mondays through Fridays, pianist Don Golson plays from five until ten, and the same hours on Sundays are devoted to Mr. Kerr.

Hanratty's 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DICK WELLSTOOD,** the house stride-piano specialist, works through Saturday, April 28; **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a ragtime and stride whirlwind, will start playing on Tuesday, May 1. On Sundays, Keith MacDonald is at the keyboard, and Mondays are the property of **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to good piano-bass teams. The piano-bass teams: **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, April 28, and **JOHN HICKS** and **MICKEY BASS** beginning Tuesday, May 1. Music from ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. The partial lineup: Thursday, April 26, Chicken Leg Revue; Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, Gabe Johnson and Blackwater. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. The current roster: Saxophonist **BOB MINTZER'S** quintet, with **RANDY BRECKER, KENNY KIRKLAND, WILL LEE,** and **LENNY WHITE,** through Sunday, April 29; starting Tuesday, May 1, singer **CARMEN LUNDY.** Mondays are devoted to the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN** big band. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

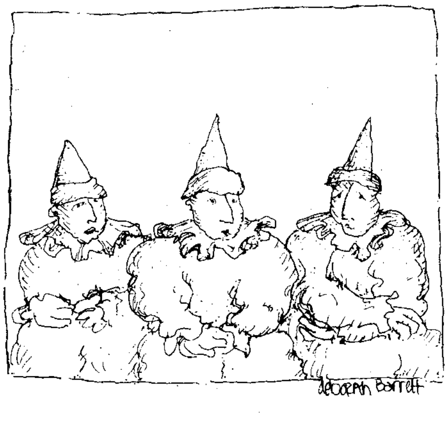
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JULIE WILSON,** a terrific and convincing performer, sings a tribute to Stephen Sondheim Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. The lineup: Wednesday, April 25, Gary Brown; Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** and guitarist **DAVID SPINOZZA;** and Monday, April 30, Jump Street. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, April 25, Hats Without Work; Thursday, April 26, Mark Newman & the Body Electric, Split Decision, and the Shakes; Friday, April 27, Tony Bird & the Long Grass Band, the Pinch, French TV, and Museum; Saturday, April 28, Grape Jam, the Igloos, and L.E.S.R.; Sunday, April 29, J. C. Robbins and United Statez; Monday, April 30, Loose Change, Party of 5, and Kid Twist; and Wednesday, May 2, the Juke Band, Sherryl Marshall, Blackout, and Automotive Angel. Shows start at ten weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Friday, April 27, The Planets and Arms Akimbo; Saturday, April 28, Urban Blight; and Friday, May 4, Shox Lumania. Live music from way past your bedtime. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER'S** bounce septet plays music to take it all in to, and to dance to, as well, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.



Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday and Thursday, April 25-26, **GANG OF FOUR;** Friday, April 27, Howard Jones; Saturday, April 28, the Jim Carroll band; Wednesday, May 2, Run DMC and Davey DMX; Thursday, May 3, Accept; Friday, May 4, Paul Young & the Royal Family; and Saturday, May 5, Wang Chung. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday and Thursday, April 25-26, and Monday, April 30, Brazilian guitarist Ronaldo; Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, tenor saxophonist **LOU MARINI** & Friends; and Sunday, April 29, Errol Parker's sextet. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, April 25-26, Les Etoiles; Friday, April 27, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Saturday, April 28, and Friday, May 4, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, May 1, Erica Norimar; Wednesday, May 2, Grupo Batucada; Thursday, May 3, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** and Saturday, May 5, Sweet Talks. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleeker St. (242-1785)—Bassist **RON CARTER** pilots a quartet through Saturday, April 28; on Sunday, April 29, there will be a salute to Duke Ellington by **ARTHUR BARRON, BRITT WOODMAN, HAROLD ASHBY,** and others; Monday, April 30, belongs to alto saxophonist **CARLOS WARD'S** foursome, featuring singer **SATHIMA BEA BENJAMIN;** and trumpeter **OLU DARA** will bring in the Natchasippi Band on Tuesday, May 1. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic, unposh blues hangout. Wednesdays, rock singer and guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** Thursdays through Saturdays, **CHARLES BROWN,** the smoothy R. & B. singer and red-hot piano pounder; Monday, April 30, Loup Gurou, a Cajun outfit; and Sundays, the Delancey Street Hawaiians. Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleeker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room: on April 30, the **CONJUNTO CLASICO** will trade sets with Louis Ramirez & Ray De La Paz, and the guest jazz soloist will be saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN.** . . . ¶ Meanwhile out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and a bassist will work together through Sunday, April 29, and on Tuesday, May 1, pianist **JAKI BYARD** and bassist Ralph Hamperian will commence a two-week stand.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Guitarist **LARRY CORYELL'S** quartet will be present through Sunday, April 29; on Tuesday, May 1, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** will arrive with bassist **RON CARTER,** drummer **ART TAYLOR,** and pianist **CEDAR WALTON.** Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music after ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. Wednesday, April 25, pianist Rebecca Kane; Thursday through Sunday,

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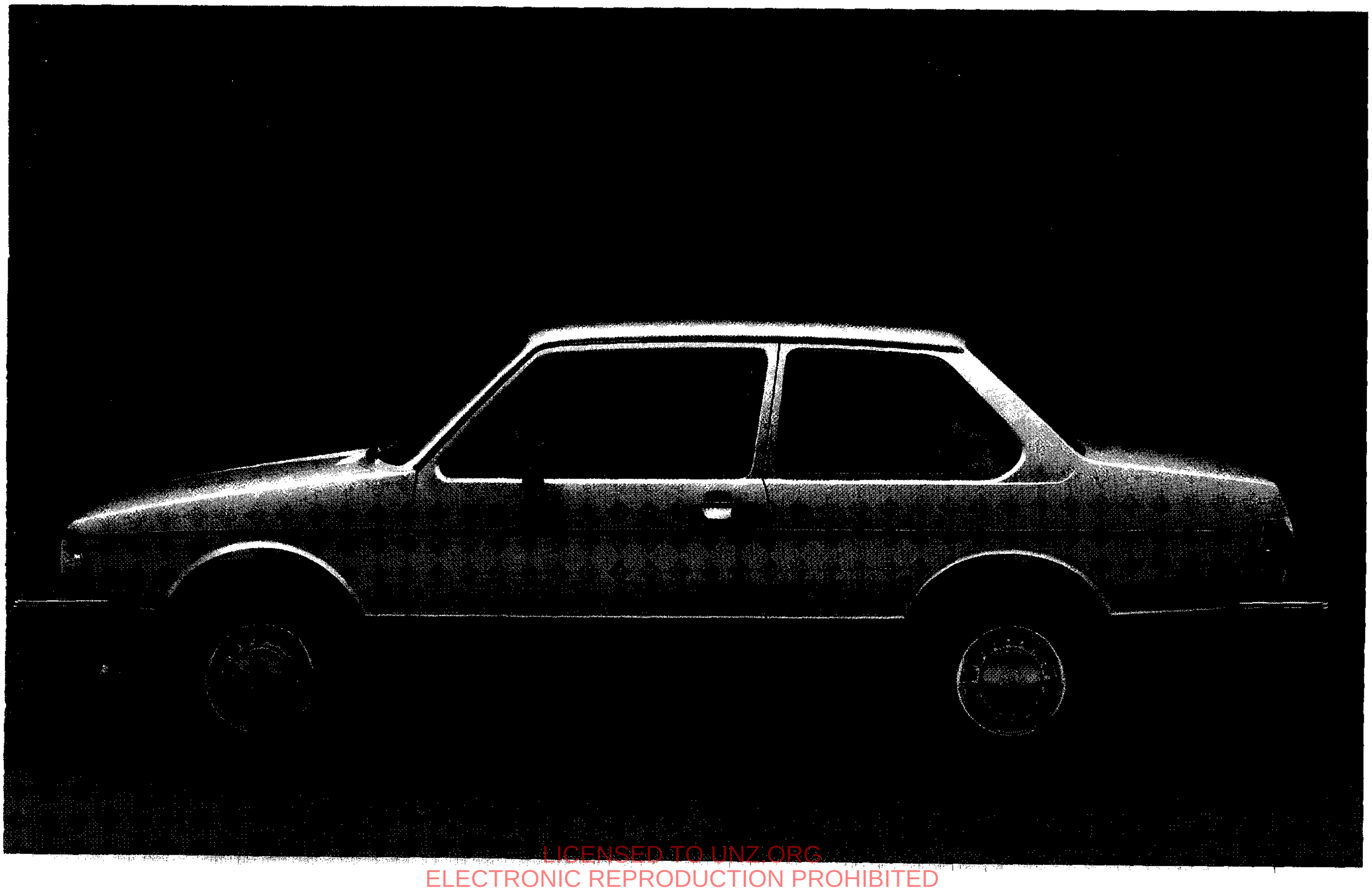

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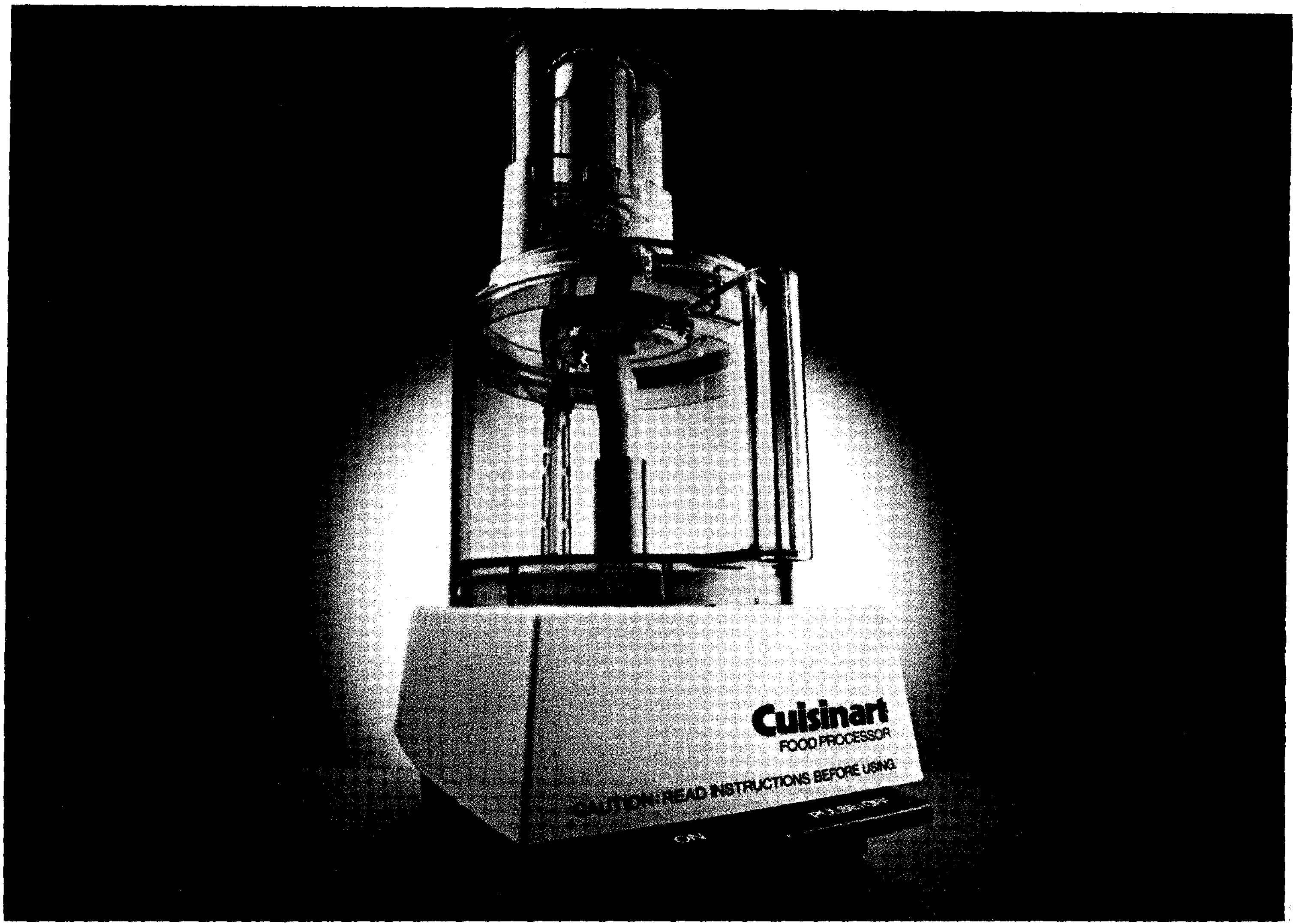
HOW TO MAKE MOTHER'S YEAR THIS MOTHER'S DAY.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Accessories that greatly extend the machine's capabilities—

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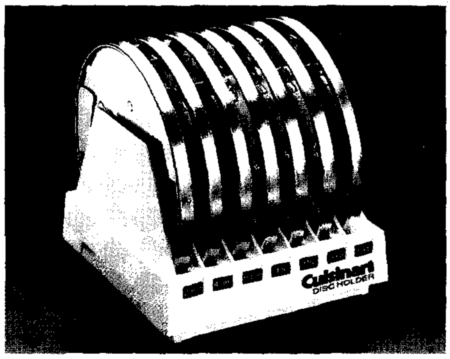
From the powerful, efficient motors of our food processors to their unique wide feed tubes, their every exclusive feature is designed for easy, efficient, flawless performance. These machines produce their perfect results with awesome speed. And our patented detachable stem system (standard on all but the DLC-10E) makes disc storage far more compact than ever before.



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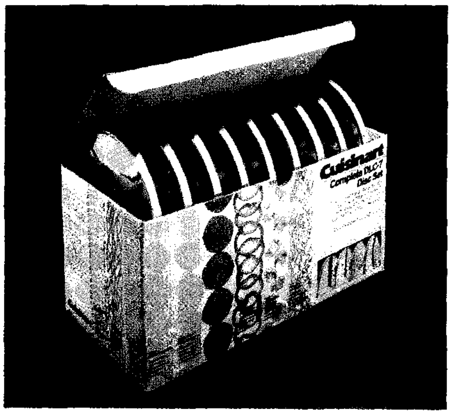

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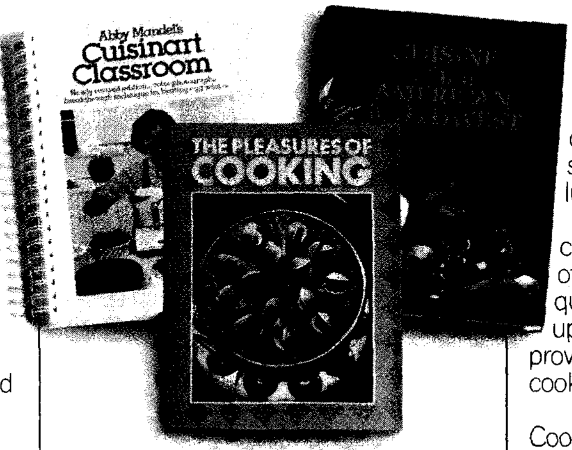

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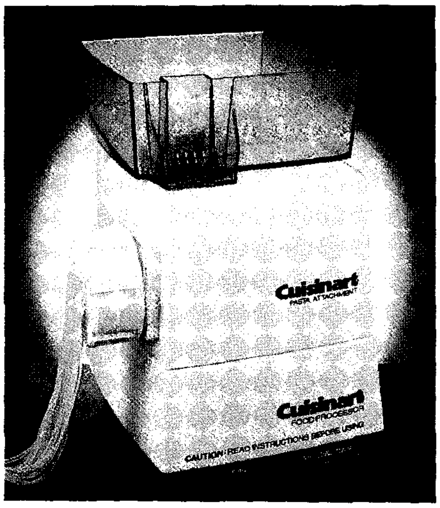
New: Cuisine of the American Southwest by Anne Greer presents over 263 tempting Mexican-American recipes (almost all use the food processor).

"Pleasures of Cooking," our bimonthly magazine, is a cooking school in print. If cooking is a joy and a means of expression for Mom, this magazine is for her.



PASTA MAKER ATTACHMENT.
Produces pasta of professional quality, faster than most pasta machines.

6 interchangeable discs produce lasagne, fettuccine, spaghetti, linguine, macaroni and spaghettini. (Available for DLC-7 and DLC-8 models.)

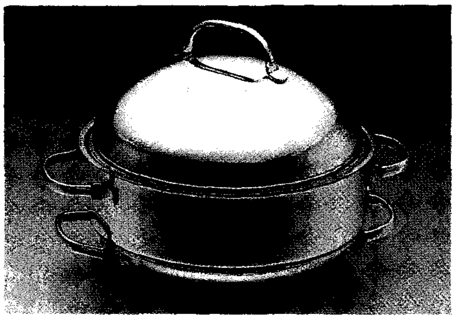
CUISINART TEAKETTLE.
This beautifully crafted 3-quart teakettle, like all our Commercial Cookware, is made of high quality stainless steel alloy. Built-in strainer for brewing loose teas.

Can cookware so beautiful be practical?

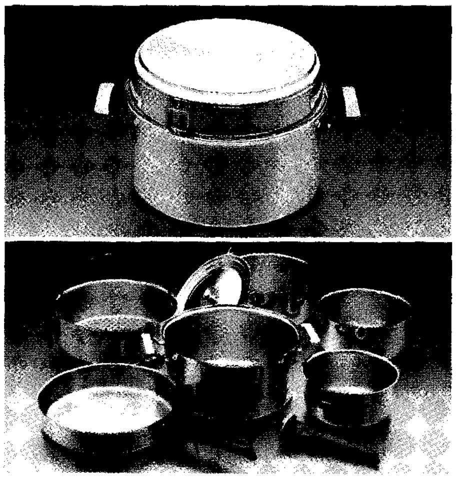
Cuisinart cookware is professional grade cookware for the home. Made of exceptionally high quality stainless steel, it is easy to clean and retains its luster indefinitely.

Its performance is astonishing. A copper disc inlaid between two layers of stainless steel distributes the heat quickly and evenly sideways as well as upwards, eliminating hot spots and providing constant heat flow over the cooking surface.

Both our Cuisinart Original Stainless Cookware and Cuisinart Commercial Stainless (shown below and on left hand page) are available in sets at considerable savings and an extensive selection of individual pieces.



THE LOBLE STEAMER SET.
A remarkably compact and versatile combination of Commercial Cookware 9½" Gratin Pan surmounted by Steamer Top and Dome Cover.



THE STOWAWAY.
This 9 piece Commercial Cookware set is perfect for yachts, recreation vehicles and apartments.

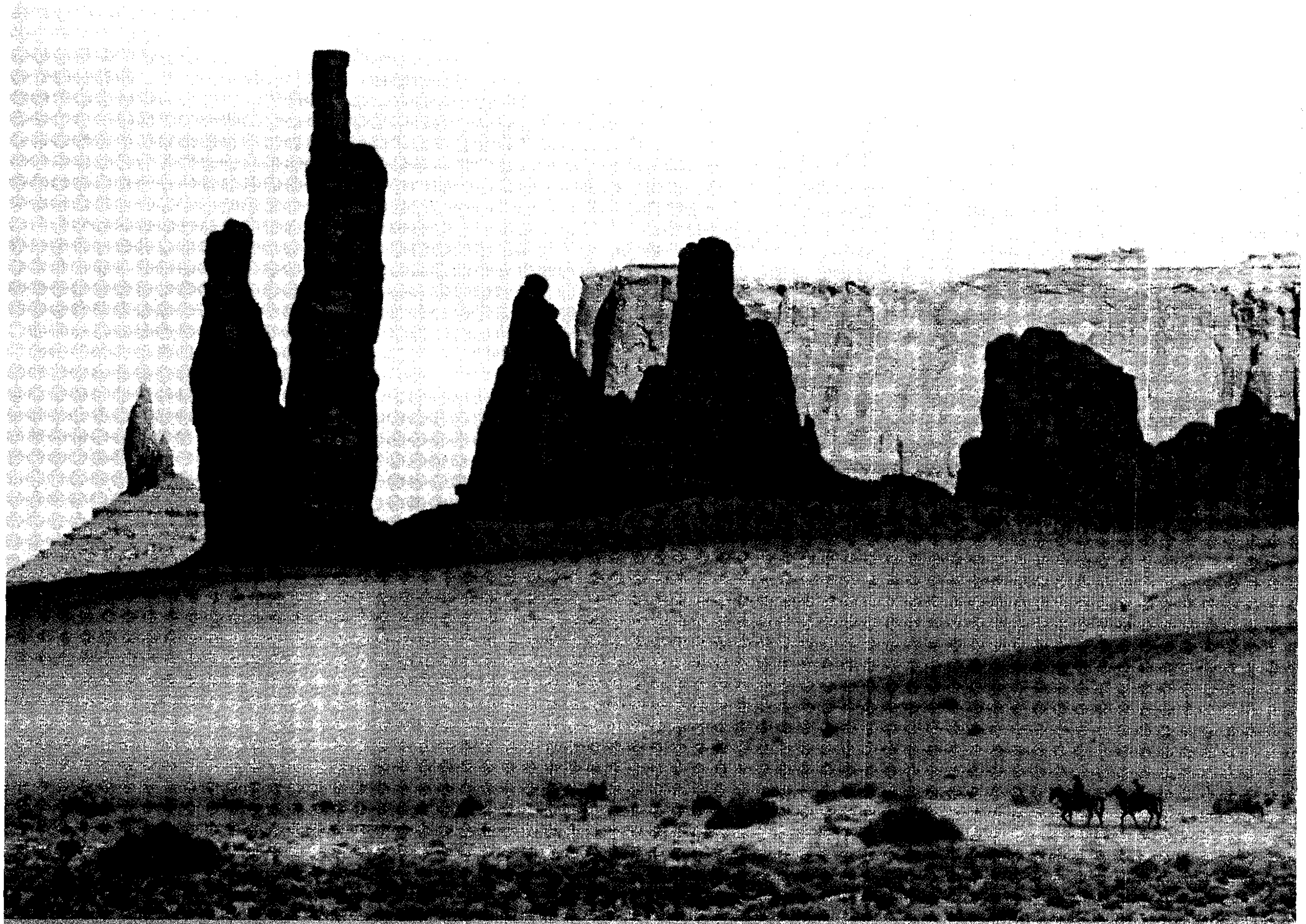
Contains 5¾-quart Multi-use Stockpot with Steamer Insert, 3-quart Saucepan, 2-quart Saucepan, 1½-quart Saucepan, 9½" Saute Pan, Multi-size Cover, and two interchangeable handles.

For more information on our products, our publications and useful tips on processing cheeses and making breads write, Cuisinarts, Inc., 411 (N) W. Putnam Ave., Greenwich, CT 06830.

Cuisinarts®

For a store near you, call toll free: (800) 243-8540.

The Spirit of America



Heading West by Thomas Ives

Only men with strength as formidable as the land itself could survive in the blistering sun and arid expanses of the desert Southwest. Those who did, toasted its haunting beauty with a glass of America's native whiskey: Kentucky Bourbon. Old Grand-Dad still makes that Bourbon much as we did 100 years ago. It's the spirit of America.

For a 19" x 26" print of Heading West, send a check or money order for $4.95 to Spirit of America offer, P.O. Box 183H, Carle Place, N.Y. 11514.

Old Grand-Dad

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY ©1983 National Distillers

OLD GRAND-DAD
86 PROOF
The Spirit of America
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 26-29, pianist Charles Blenzig and bassist Tom Charlap; Monday through Wednesday, April 30-May 2, pianist Barry Olsen; and Thursday through Sunday, May 3-6, pianist Ted Chavez and bassist Bob Hobson. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. Tenor saxophonist **HAROLD (CORNBREAD) SINGER** performs until Monday, April 30. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists in it. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** collaborate through Saturday, April 28; pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** team up on Sunday, April 29; and pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and bassist Chip Jackson will come in on Tuesday, May 1. Mondays are reserved for pianist Jim Roberts. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Shirley MacLaine on Broadway—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Through Sunday, May 20.

Norris Turney Ensemble—A tribute to Duke Ellington. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 924-5026. Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 9 and 11.)

Dick Hyman and Ruby Braff—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, April 27, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Sandra Bernhard—With the Washington Squares. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

Steve Turre—With Bob Stewart, Craig Harris, and others. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Saturday, April 28, at 9.)

Jazzathon '84—A twelve-hour concert, with Lionel Hampton, Sonny Fortune, Red Rodney, Big Nick Nicholas, and others. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. Starts Sunday, April 29, at 2. For information about tickets, call 1-201 624-8880, between 9 and 5.)

Stéphane Grappelli—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, April 29, at 7.

John Lindberg—In a program of his own works entitled "Trilogy of Works for Eleven Instrumentalists." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, April 30, at 8.)

Highlights in Jazz—The Toots Thielemans quartet, Astrud Gilberto, Adam Makowicz, George Mraz, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

Al Jarreau—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday through Sunday, May 4-6, at 8.

Holly Near—With Inti-Illimani. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, May 4, at 8.)

Johnny Winter—With Roy Buchanan and Buddy Guy & Junior Wells. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, May 4, at 8.)

Chico Freeman—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, May 5, at 8:30.

ART

(*Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.*)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Lennart Anderson—Still-life, figure, and portrait drawings dating from the fifties to the present. Through Saturday, April 28. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Richard Anuszkiewicz—Abstract paintings. Through May 12. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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29	30	1	2	3	4	5

David Beck / Richard Hickam—Sculptures in mixed mediums, including a standing figure representing an artist at work, and box constructions. / Paintings of abstractions derived from figures. Through Tuesday, May 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Constructions made up of *antique dolls' heads, mannequins, children's* blocks, and the like, encased in apposite frames. Through Saturday, April 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Alan Davie—Pictographic paintings. Through Saturday, April 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Tony DeLap—Abstract paintings (some on shaped canvases), painted-wood sculptures (some on the floor, some on the wall), and works on paper. Through May 19. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Twenty paintings and six sculptures executed as early as the forties and as recently as 1982. Through May 12. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Howard Hodgkin—Recent abstract paintings by a British artist. Through May 10. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Ralph Humphrey—Windowlike constructions made of wood covered over with modelling paste and painted in deep, rich casein colors. *Through May 12. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)*

Jeffrey Kronsnoble—New paintings by a trompe-l'oeil specialist. Through Saturday, April 28. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Fifty drawings from the years 1961 to 1983. Through May 12. (James Goodman, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays.)

Benjamin Lira—Outsize paintings, mostly of heads seen through a sort of glaze, the result of many layers of brushwork. There are also smaller figurative works. Through Wednesday, May 2. (Taghinia-Milani, 1080 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Malcolm Morley—Three large oils, plus related watercolors and prints, all crowded with symbolism from Greek mythology or Southwestern Indians. Through Saturday, May 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Larry Rivers—Oils, collages, and works on paper from the sixties. Through Saturday, April 28. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Clifford Ross / John Covert (1882-1960)—New works, including one in which a reclining bronze nude is the centerpiece for painted canvases depicting a garden and a reflecting pool. / Paintings and photographs of figures. Through Saturday, April 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

William Steig and Jeanne Steig—Fifty-odd drawings, many of which have appeared on the pages of this magazine, four covers done for same, and children's book illustrations, by the former; and small wood constructions depicting a circus in full swing, as well as figurative cloth-and-leather sculptures (life-size, at that), by the latter. Through May 12. (Schiller-Wapner, 36 E. 61st St.)

Robert Sutz—Chicago "L" platforms are the subject of several paintings by this realist. Through May 12. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

William Wilkins—Paintings of still-lifes, landscapes, and figures. Through Saturday, May 5. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Works on paper by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europeans and Americans: van Gogh, Matisse, Klee, Picasso, Motherwell, and Pollock are just a few of the names. Through May 19. (Open Mondays.) . . . **COLNAGHI,** 26 E. 80th St.: Italian, Dutch, and Flemish *baroque paintings, twenty-nine in* all. Through Saturday, May 5. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HUTTON,** 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings by Lyonel Feininger, Alexej Jawlensky, Wassily Kandinsky, and Paul Klee. Through May 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **COE KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by artists (Thomas Cole, Mary Cassatt, Walt Kuhn, and others) active in such movements as the Hudson River School, Impressionism, and modernism. Through Saturday, April 28. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A landscape by Milton Avery is in the company of works by other Americans and Europeans, among them Picasso (represented by a good number of paintings and works on paper) and Schwitters. Through June 2. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: American paintings from the thirties, forties, and fifties, by artists then regarded as innovators, among them Diller, Castellon, Holty, and Matulka. Through May 19. . . . **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Drawings, the majority pencil, by ten contemporary artists—Akira Arita, Simon Dinnerstein, Richard Hamwi, Nancy Lawton, and others. Through Saturday, April 28.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Siah Armajani—Sculptures that are functional—tables, mirrors, and windows, for instance. Through Saturday, April 28. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Ilya Bolotowsky (1907-81)—Five decades of work by this pioneer abstract artist are covered in a two-gallery show, the smaller paintings at the uptown Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and the larger ones at the downtown Washburn, 113 Greene St. Through Saturday, May 5.

Harold Bruder—Paintings of sumptuously draped fabrics. Through Saturday, May 5. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Harrison Burns—Scenes from "The Towering Inferno" and Fort Knox are depicted in this show of large canvases, laced with gold-colored acrylic and collaged with paper. Through May 12. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Arthur Cady (1920-83)—A memorial exhibit of the realist landscapes for which this artist was known. Through May 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Squeak Carnwath—This artist, whose adopted name is a diminutive of Pipsqueak, fills her canvases with symbols—firecrackers, eyes, coils of rope, fish, vases, simple figures, and so on—somewhat in the manner of Torres-García. Through Saturday, April 28. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Charles Coiner—Paintings of pastures and woods in Bucks County, among other works. Through Saturday, May 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Robert Courtright—Circular masks made of cast paper and reminiscent of Aztec sculpture; some of them are imprinted with photographs of the moon's surface and some are decorated with acrylics. Through Saturday, May 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Giorgio de Chirico (1888-1978) / **William Eggleston**—Paintings executed after 1920, a sort of epilogue to his 1982 retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. / Two dozen dye-transfer photographs memorializing the interior of Elvis Presley's Memphis mansion, Graceland. Through May 19. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stuart Diamond—Painted constructions, all of them nautical in spirit, made up of found objects and sculptured bits of terra-cotta. Through Saturday, April 28. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael Filmus—Romantic paintings of the Berkshires. Through Saturday, April 28. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St.)

Sam Francis—New, large-scale monotypes. Through May 19. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Suzan Frecon / Michael Kessler—Shadowy abstractions painted in earth colors. / Small paintings in which organic forms are given a surrealist twist. Through Saturday, April 28. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Arthur Gibbons—Painted, cut-out steel sculptures welded into curling abstract forms. Through May 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sidney Goodman—A series of five large paintings, four of them representing fire, earth, air, and water, and the fifth—an ascending female figure—representing the corresponding spiritual element. Through May 17. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Balcomb Greene—"Cities of the World," an eightieth-birthday show of paintings. Through Thursday, May 3. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Red Grooms—Constructions, metal sculptures, paintings, drawings, and graphics, a good many capitalizing on recent travels to such countries as Japan and Greece and several paying tribute to other artists, such as Giacometti and Beuys. Through Tuesday, May 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William L. Haney—Realist narrative paintings and drawings whose subjects are decidedly topical: our President, women bodybuilders, and, inevitably, Michael Jackson. Through May 12. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Elga Heinzen—Shaped canvases representing draped flags. Through Thursday, May 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Hudson—Painted-metal sculptures. Through Thursday, May 3. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

John Kane (1860-1934)—Landscapes, cityscapes, and people by a naïf who got his start painting boxcars in Pittsburgh. Through May 25. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Barbara Kassel—Crisp paintings of interiors in Venice, North Africa, South Africa, and Cape Cod, with glimpses of the outside—a curving beach, say, or a radiant sunset. Through Saturday, April 28. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jon Kessler—Sculptural works made up of translucent materials and wandering colored lights, several steps up from jukebox Art Deco. Through May 26. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael Loew—Geometric paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, April 28. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Andrew Lord—The subject of these new ceramic sculptures is pitchers, and the artist rings all the changes possible, from a straightaway jug on a plate to cubist abstractions. Through Saturday, April 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Louisa Matthiasdottir—Landscapes and cityscapes of her native Iceland, still-lifes done in her New York studio, and self-portraits. Through May 16. (Schoelkopf, in a new location at 50 W. 57th St.)

Carl Morris—New paintings by a veteran abstractionist. Through Saturday, April 28. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland—Painted monotypes. Through Saturday, May 5. (Prats, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada (1902-82)—A group of the subdued abstractions for which the artist was famous. Through Saturday, April 28. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Darragh Park—Still-lifes, landscapes, and cityscapes. Through Saturday, April 28. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

SAVINGS BANK
DOWNTOWN

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George Segal—Sculptures of still-lifes and figures: freestanding, in relief, and affixed to the wall. Through May 12. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lee Tribe—Welded-steel sculptures by an artist who learned metalworking in the shipyards of London. Through Saturday, April 28. (Munroe, 56 W. 57th St.)

Idelle Weber—Wall-size floral landscape paintings. Through Saturday, April 28. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Emerson Woelffer—Abstractions in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, April 28. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **Pam Adler,** 37 W. 57th St.: "The Decorative Continues," paintings and sculptures by twenty-eight contemporary artists (Joyce Kozloff, Rodney Ripps, Miriam Schapiro) and by their stylistic predecessors Henri Matisse and Florine Stettheimer. Through Saturday, April 28. . . . **Kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: More than sixty American paintings by big names from this century and last (Rembrandt Peale, Charles Demuth, John Marin) and also by contemporaries, such as Philip McCracken and Colleen Browning. Through May 31. . . . **Sumers,** 50 W. 57th St.: Prints incorporating some kind of building (from beach house to skyscraper); Lozowick, Walkowitz, Wengenroth, and others. Through Saturday, May 5. . . . **Sutton,** 29 W. 57th St.: A single drawing each by twenty-three contemporary American artists, including Anna Bialobroda, Robert Longo, and Ed Paschke. Through Saturday, April 28. . . . **Wunderlich,** 41 E. 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings by nineteenth-century American artists Francis A. Silva, Charles Wimar, Thomas Moran, Alfred Bricher, and others. Through Saturday, April 28.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Donald Baechler—Very large cartoonish figures, including caricatures of Japanese people, each with a Rising Sun flag, painted on a patchy background. Through Saturday, April 28. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

John Baldessari / James Casebere—Large photographic works by a Conceptualist. / Small sculptures incorporating cardboard, plaster, and wood, all painted white. Through Saturday, April 28. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Georg Baselitz—The Stations of the Cross painted in a much softer palette than one expects from this German Neo-Expressionist, and, of course, upside down. Through Saturday, April 28. (Boone, in newly expanded quarters at 417 West Broadway.)

Judith Bernstein—The unifying theme in these groupings of large oils and charcoal-on-canvas drawings is the birds and the bees, and the references are both direct and oblique, detailed drawings of the floral spikes of the anthurium plant being in the former category. Through May 12. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Gary Bower / Joseph Santore—Two groups of new paintings, one representing the four seasons, the other showing Hercules besting the Nemean lion, wrestling Antaeus, and dealing with the Hydra. / Paintings in which abstract forms enclose a mass of recognizable objects, mainly fish. Through Saturday, May 5. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Nancy Chunn—Paintings in which machines are mangling amorphous shapes, which are actually maps of troubled areas—Lebanon, El Salvador, Argentina, Poland, Israel, and so on. Through Saturday, April 28. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Deborah Clearman—Small oils of imaginary scenes conveying a range of emotions. Through Wednesday, May 2. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Robert Colescott—Paintings that illustrate ballads and proverbs in comic-book style and change the sex and race of some of the subjects—St. Anthony, for instance, is seen as a black man tempted by blond houris. Through Saturday, May 5. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Thom Cooney Crawford / Jody Mussoff—Severely stylized and thickly painted jackknifed figures, plus related bronzes. / Large drawings of young men and women and of dogs, expertly rendered in colored pencil. Through Wednesday, May 2. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Perle Fine—Paintings from the fifties and sixties by a New York School artist. Through Saturday, May 5. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Don Flavin—A double-barrelled fluorescent fixture, one tube blue and the other green, extends eighty-six feet across the gallery wall, rising in twenty-three steps from four inches to forty-eight inches off the floor, and casting a vivid green light. It is dedicated to the artist's dog, Airily. Through May 12. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Marilynn Gelfman / Duane Hanson—Small-scale sculptures combining elements that are both man-made and organic, hornets' nests decorated with gold glitter being one example. / A new group of this artist's superrealist polyethylene figures (a jogger with a sore foot, a postman) and his first bronze, a janitor with a mop. Through April 29; we know it's a Sunday, but the gallery will be open. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Don Gummer—Wall reliefs made of latticelike wood constructions painted in bright colors. Through Saturday, April 28. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Fred Gutzeit / Betti-Sue Hertz—A hundred work gloves, loaded with paint and collaged materials. / Abstract wall sculptures combining wood and canvas. Through Saturday, April 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Nancy Ketchman—Realistically rendered three-dimensional paintings of still-lifes and figures. Through May 6. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Ronnie Landfield / Gerald Incandela—Large abstract paintings in bright colors, laid on with a trowel. / Photographs of architectural curiosities—prehistoric New Mexican ruins, for instance, or the pinnacle of Chambord—worked over with developing chemicals. Through Saturday, April 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Mangold—Five large paintings, plus related works on paper, by a Minimalist. Through May 19. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Mary Miss—A variety of sculptures (in wood, mostly) that are scaled for interior spaces; the works date from 1966-84. Through Saturday, May 5. (Protetch McNeil, 214 Lafayette St., between Spring and Broome Sts. Opens at noon.)

Naomi Nemtzow—Plein-air Manhattan cityscapes. Also, still-lifes. Through Wednesday, May 2. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Don Nice—Emblematic paintings of the American landscape, Coke cans, hamburgers, and all. Through May 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Jim Nutt—Narrative paintings and drawings (the former black-and-white; the latter color) by an original member of the Hairy Who. Through May 23. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Lois Polansky—Works in handmade paper. Through May 16. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Tony Scherman—Encaustic paintings, mostly portraits of pieces of furniture, done with the swift strokes this hot-wax medium necessitates. Through Saturday, April 28. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Paul Thek—Large compositions made up of "Z"s or stylized rabbits (one each) are typical of the paintings in this show, and there are also the personal effects of the Pied Piper, cast in bronze, complete with the rats. Through Thursday, May 3. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Paul Waldman—Clay sculptures of vases overrun with foliage, plus antique-looking collages; some of the works in each category are laden with gold leaf. Saturday, April 28. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: A hundred and twenty-one drawings from the Victoria and Albert Museum in a show that systematically covers practically every aspect of the art, with examples from Tiepolo and Dürer to LeWitt and Hockney. Through July 28. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **feldman**, 31 Mercer St.: A show of fifties and sixties fashions (Dior, Fath, Balenciaga) and art work (Hofmann, Kline, Warhol), contrasted with the Cold War of the same period, as represented by a prototype model for the Vanguard satellite. Through May 12. . . . **meisel**, 141 Prince St.: Paintings by Theodoros Stamos, Ernest Ruckle, and Paul Giovanopoulos. Through Saturday, April 28.

OTHER GALLERIES

Suzan Pitt—Recent acrylic paintings in which contemporary themes are played out on canvases covered with a large cast of comic-book characters. Through May 19. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

Group Shows—At the **art galaxy**, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.: A semi-abstract painting based on an aerial view of the city at night, by Michael Davis, and an abstract painting a foot high and eleven feet long by Heidi Glück are among the works on view. Through Saturday, May 5. (Closed Tuesdays.) . . . **federal hall national memorial**, 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: Images of childhood in stylistically diverse paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by thirty-three contemporary artists, including Emily Jennings, Don Eddy, and Don Rodan. Mounted by the Whitney Museum. Through May 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **new york studio school**, 8 W. 8th St.: Abstract paintings and drawings by Forrest Bess, Alfred Jensen, and Myron Stout, three artists known for their artistic independence. Through Wednesday, May 2. (Opens at 1.) . . . **pratt manhattan center**, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: An exhibition in which works classified by the curator as either beautiful / pleasant or ugly/offensive are paired. Some of the mates are André Kertész and Sylvia Plachy, Al Held and Katherine Porter, and Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt and Alice Neel. Through Saturday, April 28.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mark Berghash—Nudes and portraits of couples. Through May 25. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Baron Adolf de Meyer (1869-1946)—Fashion, travel, and portrait photographs and photogravures from throughout his career. Through May 12. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Arnold Genthe (1869-1942) / **Gertrude Blom**—Portraits of Teddy Roosevelt, Ezra Pound, Sarah Bernhardt, and other notables, and scenes of Japan in 1908 are just a few of the many photographs. / A pictorial essay spanning forty years, documenting the impact of civilization on the culture and environment of the Mayan Indians in Chiapas, Mexico. Through May 27. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Cervin Robinson—Photographs of religious landmarks in all the boroughs. Through May 9. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

Ezra Stoller and Judith Turner—Architectural photographs. Through Saturday, May 5. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Margaret Watkins (1884-1969)—Still-lifes, landscapes, portraits, and nudes. Also, a few works by some of her students, among them Ralph Steiner, Doris Ulmann, and Laura Gilpin. Through May 26. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **laurence miller**, 38 E. 57th St.: One-of-a-kind prints using photographic processes and materials, early and late: from daguerreotypes and photogenic drawings right up to works by experimenters Man Ray, Duane Michals, Naomi Savage, and others. Through Saturday, April 28. (Opens at noon.) . . . **witkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: A fifteenth-anniversary show, representing quite a roll call: Atget, Muybridge, Abbott, DeCarava, and Weegee are but a small sample. Through May 26. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist Balthus. Through May 13. . . . ¶ An exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Cranbrook Academy of Art. Furniture, objects, and drawings by first-generation faculty and students, including Eliel Saarinen, Charles and Ray Eames, Knoll, and Bertoia. There is also an assortment of sculptures, paintings, and textiles. Through June 17. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Impressionist William Merritt Chase (1849-1916). Through June 3. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art—The museum will reopen on May 17.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Picasso: A selection of about two hundred works from the last decade of his career, divided almost equally among paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through May 13. . . . ¶ Four large-scale sculptures by Michael Singer, one installed in the museum's rotunda; also, a dozen drawings. Through June 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show charting the history of the flower genre in American paintings and drawings. Through May 20. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by five contemporaneous New York artists—Brad Davis, Bill Jensen, Elizabeth Murray, Gary Stephan, and John Torreano. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of Jim Dine's intaglio print series, "Nancy Outside in July," totalling twenty-five final prints, plus trial and working proofs. Through July 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred paintings in diverse styles by thirty artists who make their homes in Western states. Among those already familiar here are Joan Brown, Robert Colescott, Jaune Quick-to-See Smith, and Gaylen Hansen. Through May 13. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. . . . ¶ The history of China's trade with the West from the second century B.C. to this one is documented in an exhibit of, among many other goods, textiles, jade, lacquerware, and furniture; they come primarily from the collections of the Royal Ontario Museum, which organized the show. Through May 12. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

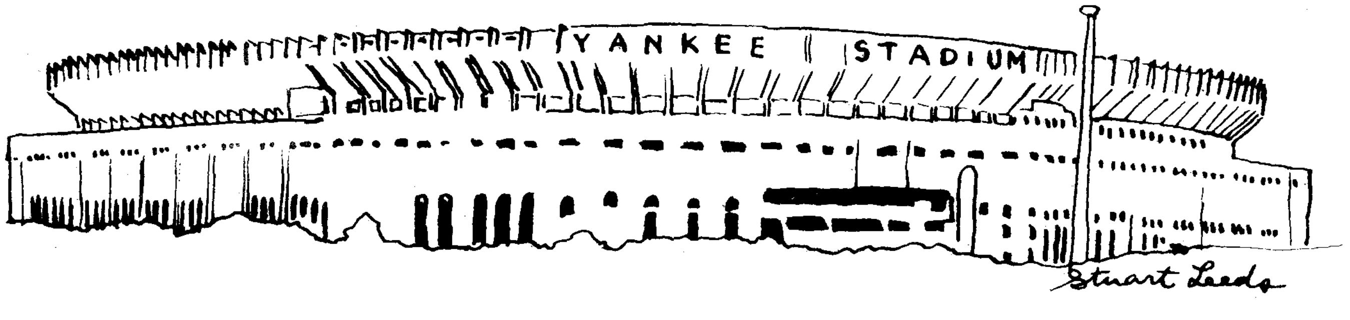
Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit, organized by the Denver Art Museum, examining the predominance of the circle as a motif in the religious and domestic designs of the Plains Indians in the mid-nineteenth century. More than a hundred and fifty objects, including tepees, toys, beaded saddle blankets, a war headdress, and a ghost-dance dress. Through July 15. . . . ¶ A show of silver jewelry (primarily Navajo) from the Southwest, 1860 to the present. Through July 8. . . . ¶ An exhibit of embroidered samplers. Through May 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

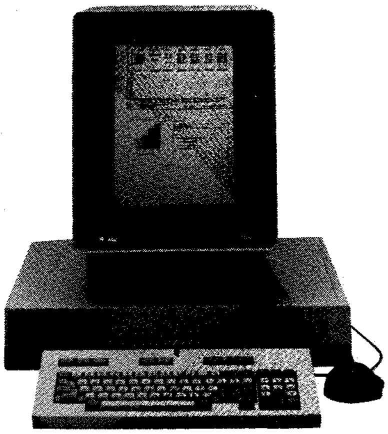
Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of robes worn by ladies of the Japanese aristocracy, sixteenth century to nineteenth. Starts Thursday, April 26. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The British Library has provided forty-nine examples of manuscript painting by Renaissance artists, including Jean Fouquet, who is represented by a leaf from a Book of Hours commissioned by his patron Etienne Chevalier. Through Sunday, April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, in temporary quarters at 125 W. 55th St.—Among the textiles, domestic objects, and artifacts on display from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. James O. Keene are an 1850 Baltimore al-





COUNT US IN

On March 27, we announced our entry into the computer business.

In fact, we've been involved in computer technology for over 40 years. Many of the industry's basic inventions were developed by AT&T Bell Laboratories, from the transistor to the UNIX™ operating system, the "brain" behind many of today's most sophisticated computers. We've been making computers for our own use for years. But it wasn't until the formation of the new AT&T that we could market computers broadly.

Our approach.

We bring more than just another computer to market.

We bring precisely the communications and networking know-how that the industry's next great growth stage depends on.

Business people today want computers that can talk to each other. They want computers that can serve more than one workstation at a time to lower the cost per user. And they want a lot more reliability than they're getting.

AT&T Computers are built from the molecules up to *share* processing power and to communicate swiftly and naturally.

And AT&T Computers set a new standard in reliability. Because they were designed for the most demanding business application—telecommunications. Each of the thousands of AT&T Computers in the nationwide telephone network handles millions of real-time transactions every day with an average of less than 10 minutes downtime a year.

Our products.

Our entry into the field is not a single computer. It is a *family* of computers. The broadest first-day offering in the industry's history. It is a fully integrated line of multi-user, multi-tasking computers. Each is designed to take full advantage of UNIX System V. That means computer users can mix and match AT&T Computers with hardware or software from a variety of sources. So they can take advantage of this year's innovation without having to abandon last year's.

Our computers range from desktop systems serving up to 18 users to very large systems serving over 150 users. There's also a high-speed local network to tie them all together. Plus a *PC Interface* that allows personal computers (which used to operate in isolation) to communicate with each other and with AT&T Computers.

Initially, we're making our computers available to resellers and sophisticated data users who can develop applications that meet a broad range of needs. Soon, we'll offer our own applications for all kinds of businesses.

This is just the beginning. You'll be hearing more from us soon.

AT&T

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bum quilt and ten carved-wood pieces by Wilhelm Schimmel. Starts Friday, April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show of seventy-seven Currier & Ives *lithographs extolling the exploits of* the American Navy, from the Revolutionary War through the Spanish-American. On loan from the United States Naval Academy. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays *through Saturdays*, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred-plus paintings reflecting life in the American South, sixteenth century *to twentieth*. Three *of the artists are* Joshua Johnston, represented by an 1818 portrait of Mrs. Thomas Everette and children; Rembrandt Peale, with a portrait of Benjamin Henry Latrobe done 1810-15; and Larry Rivers, with the 1961 "Last Civil War Veteran." Through May 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—A ten-year survey of paintings by Houston artist Earl Staley. Through May 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection pays tribute to the Academy of American Poets—this year *marks its fiftieth—with a display of books,* manuscripts, and letters by Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, May Swenson, Robert Penn Warren, Mark Strand, and others. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ A show of works in *mixed mediums by Terry Adkins, James* Brown, and Leon Waller, all of whom have participated in the museum's artist-in-residence program. Through July 5. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—An exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by artists from the West Coast. Through May 12.

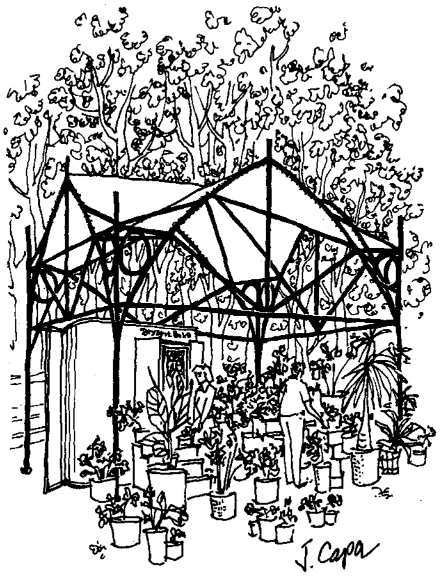
Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Elizabeth Sacre (performance), Thursday, April 26, at 8:30; Alex Mavro (performance), Thursday, May 3, at 8:30; Magnus Palsson (performance), Friday, May 4, at 6:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Jim Pridgeon. Through May 26. . . . ¶ A show of books and other works on paper by artists from Iceland. Through July 28.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Johanna Boyce (performance-dance), *Thursday through Tuesday*, April 26-May 1, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A three-channel video installation by Bill Stevens, concerning black culture here and in Africa. Through Saturday, April 28.

P.S. 1, 46-01 *21st* St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The main exhibition is a show of paintings by Australian artists Mike Parr, Imants Tillers, and Ken Unsworth. . . . ¶ The second floor is given over to contemporary portraits by more than a hundred artists. Both shows through June 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin *Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House*, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)



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OPERA

Amato Opera Company—*Verdi's* "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 29, at 2:30.)

Mannes Camerata—Paul C. Echols conducting *four performances of the American première* of Loreto Vittori's 1639 opera "La Galatéa." (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Fridays and Saturdays, April 27-28 and May 4-5, at 8. For tickets, call 580-0210, Ext. 24.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting the first two of eight performances of Blitzstein's "Regina." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Friday, May 4, at 8, and Sunday, May 6, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—David Zinman conducting a Brahms-Prokofieff program on Thursday, April 26, at 8; Friday, April 27, at 2; Saturday, April 28, at 8; and Tuesday, May 1, at 7:30 (all with Isaac Stern, violin, except on Tuesday, when Glenn Dicterow will be violin soloist in place of Mr. Stern). . . . ¶ Gunther Herbig conducting a Britten-Bruckner program on Thursday, May 3, at 8; Friday, May 4, at 2; Saturday, May 5, at 8; and Tuesday, May 8, at 7:30 (all with Peter Schreier, tenor, and Philip Myers, horn).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting the final performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 25-26, at 8, a Tchaikovsky-Shostakovich program, with Ivo Pogorelich, piano. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 27, at 8, an Otto Nicolai–Peter Lieberson–Tchaikovsky program, with Peter Serkin, piano.)

Montreal Symphony Orchestra—Charles Dutoit conducting a Ravel-Prokofieff-Berlioz program, with Martha Argerich, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting—Wednesday, May 2, at 8: A Bach-Mahler program, with Kathleen Battle, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, May 4, at 8: A Bach–Stravinsky–Richard Strauss program, with Daniel Majeske, violin; Robert Vernon, viola; Stephen Geber, cello; and John Mack, oboe. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 8: A varied program, with Emanuel Ax, piano.

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Alfred Brendel, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 28, at 8, and Sunday, April 29, at 3.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting the final performances of the season—The last in a "Meet the Moderns" series of concerts, this one devoted to music by Berio, Boulez, and new European composers. With Diamánda Galás and Karen Beardsley, sopranos, and Guy Klucevsek, accordion. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, April 26, at 8. . . . Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120.) . . . ¶ An all-Beethoven *program*. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, May 6, at 2.)

Mannes Orchestra—Sidney Harth conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, April 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Mozartean Players Classical-Period Orchestra—Steven Lubin playing the fortepiano and conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 27, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Orchestra—Michael Feldman conducting a *program* of American music, with Ilana Vered, piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

I Musici—An all-Vivaldi program, with Pina Carmirelli, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 3, at 8.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing, with Hubert Doris and Michael Skelly, duo piano. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Friday, May 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 864-6765.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 5, at 9.)

RECITALS

Ransom Wilson and Jean-Philippe Collard—Flute and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Marya Martin—Flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Tremont String Quartet—Contemporary chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Gidon Kremer and Kim Kashkashian—Violin and viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 26, at 8.)

Rivka Golani-Erdesz—Viola. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Thursday, April 26, at 8.)

Horacio Gutiérrez and the Cleveland Quartet—Piano and string quartet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 26, at 8.)

Harmonic Choir—David Hykes directing a five-member ensemble, with an orchestra. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday through Sunday, April 26-29, at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, April 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

The Bach Winterfest—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Harold Jones, flute; Bert Lucarelli, oboe; and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, April 27, at 8:30, and a repeat performance at St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St., on Saturday, April 28, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The final program of the season will be played by the Emerson String Quartet. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, April 28, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor.

Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . ¶ Same program at Alice Tully Hall, on Sunday, April 29, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, April 30-May 1, at 7:30.)

Continuum—A program of theatre music from the turn of the century. The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

Jerry Hadley—Tenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 8:30.)

New Zurich Quartet—A Haydn-Beethoven-Schumann program, by this chamber group appearing here for the first time. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, April 29, at 2. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in a Beethoven-Reger program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 29, at 3.)

Cho-Liang Lin—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 29, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The last in a series of concerts, this one featuring John Solum, flute. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, April 29, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Chinese Music Ensemble—A program of folk and classical Chinese music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, April 29, at 3.)

Gary Hoffman—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 29, at 8.)

Elisabeth Hartman—Soprano, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, April 29, at 8.)

Boston Conservatory Chamber Players—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Beverly Morgan, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, April 29, at 8.)

Peter Schreier—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 30, at 8.)

Leo Smit—Piano, in an all-Bach program. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, April 30, at 8.)

New York Camerata—Vocal and instrumental chamber music. (Church of the Ascension Parish Hall, 12 W. 11th St. Monday, April 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Mary Kathleen Ernst and Dimitri Toufexis—Duo piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 1, at 2.)

Edmund Niemann—Piano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Tuesday, May 1, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 1, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 1-2, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of new works, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Christopher Kendall, conductor; Yehudi Wyner, piano; John Graham, viola; Susan Jolles, harp; and Gordon Gottlieb, percussion. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 1, at 8.)

Capricorn—A program entitled "Through the Looking Glass," will include readings from the works of Lewis Carroll, as well as music by Bartók, Beethoven, Chopin, Mozart, and Evalyn Steinbock. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, May 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

Sandor Vegh and Andras Schiff—Violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

Manhattan Contemporary Ensemble—Glen Cortese, David Gilbert, and Claire Heldrich conducting, seriatim, a program of vocal and instrumental music, with the Purchase Dance Corps. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, May 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Berenice Lipson-Gruzen—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 3, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, May 3, at 8.)

Meyer Kupferman—Clarinet, in a program of music by his friends. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 3, at 8.)

Early American Music—Mary Louise Boehm, piano; Cheryl Kanfoush, soprano; Kees Kooper, violin; Michael Rudiakov, cello; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 3, at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 4, at 8.)

L'Ensemble—Joshua Rifkin conducting, with George Calusdian composer-pianist; Ida Faiella, soprano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 5, at 8.)

Eliot Fisk, Paula Robison, and Scott Nickrenz—Guitar, flute, and viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 5, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 6, at 2.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 8, and Sunday, April 29, at 2. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Friday, April 27, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, April 28-29, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 1-2, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Houston, Friday, May 4, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 5, at 7:35.

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 28.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Ithaca. Saturday, April 28.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. The third and fourth games Saturday, April 28, at 7:05, and Tuesday, May 1, at 8:05, and the sixth game, if necessary, Saturday, May 5, at 7:05.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 7. The Top Flight Handicap, Sunday, April 29, and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 5. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, April 27, through Saturday, Sept. 1. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:30.) . . . **churchill downs,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 5.

Running—The Trevira Twosome, a ten-mile race, will start at 10:30 on Saturday, April 28, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green, and finish back at the same place.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. a team made up of former Cosmos players. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, May 5, at 2. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 16. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, May 3, through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Rosellen Brown reading from her own novels. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, April 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Philip Levine, Carolyn Forché, Stephen Dobyns, and Linda Pastan in a benefit reading of their own poetry. (Grace and St. Paul's Lutheran Church, 123 W. 71st St. Thursday, April 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Gordon Lish, Daniel Menaker, Gloria Norris, Kate Medina, and William Abrahams reading from and discussing this year's prize stories that won the O. Henry Awards. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Sunday, April 29, at 2.) . . . ¶ Mary Lee Settle and Bobbie Ann Mason reading from their own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, April 30, at 8.) . . . ¶ Anne Waldman and Tony Towle reading from their own poetry. (St. Mark's-In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, May 2, at 8. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Christopher Gilbert and Michael Harper reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, May 3, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of Madison Square and Gramercy Park, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, April 29, starting at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (1000 Washington Ave. Wednesday through Friday, April 25-27, from 10 to 4, and Saturday and Sunday, April 28-29, from 11 to 4.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, April 29, from 1 to 5.) Friday, April 27, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, April 28, at 10:15: American Indian art. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 2-3, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints and Old Master prints. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 26. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, April 27, at 10 and 2: European porcelain and pottery. . . . ¶ Monday, April 30, at 2, and Tuesday, May 1, at 10 and 2: Old Master, modern, and contemporary prints.

Daylight Saving Time—Starts Sunday, April 29, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

PARAMOUNT
PARAMOUNT
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Tom Funk

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through May 3: A program of films by Dziga Vertov and others who have been influenced by him.

From May 4: "Farrebique" (1948; directed by Georges Rouquier; in French); and "Biquefarre" (Georges Rouquier; in French).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

"Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through April 26: "That Sinking Feeling" (Bill Forsyth); and "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).

April 27-May 3: "Footloose" (†) and "Flashdance" (†).

From May 4: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Splash" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).

Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (†).

Theatre 3: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. 683-0255)

"Racing with the Moon" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through April 26: "Wild Horses" (Derek Morton; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence and Keith Aberdein.

From April 27: "Weekend Pass" (Lawrence Bassoff), with D. W. Brown.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Iceman" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Romancing the Stone" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through May 3: "My Best Friend's Girl" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

From May 4: "The Buddy System" (Glenn Jordan), with Richard Dreyfuss and Susan Sarandon.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through May 3: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall. From May 4: "Alphabet City."

Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

Theatre 2: "Racing with the Moon" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Le Bal" (Ettore Scola).

Theatre 2: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through May 3: "Conquest" (Lucio Fulci), with George Rivero. From May 4: "Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.

Theatre 2: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

Theatre 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest. (No performances on Monday, April 30.)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Kipperbang" (Michael Apted).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Footloose" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through April 26: "Le Crabe Tambour" (1977; Pierre Schoendoerffer; in French), with Jean Rochefort.

April 27-May 3 (tentative): "Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski; and "Blame It on Rio" (Stanley Donen), with Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna.

From May 4: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through May 3: "Splash" (†).

From May 4: "Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).

Theatre 2: Through April 26: "Iceman" (†). From April 27: "Caged Women."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through April 26: "Conquest" (Lucio Fulci), with George Rivero.

From April 27: "Weekend Pass" (Lawrence Bassoff), with D. W. Brown.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

Theatre 2: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: A program of twelve cartoons by Tex Avery.

Theatre 2: Through April 26: "Ceddo" (1978; directed by Ousmane Sembène; in Wolof); and "Xala" (1975; Ousmane Sembène; a Senegalese film, in French). April 27-28: "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn; and "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Borgart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. April 29-30: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (†); and "The Trials of Oscar Wilde" (1960; Ken Hughes), with Peter Finch, James Mason, Yvonne Mitchell, and Nigel Patrick. May 1: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian). From May 2: "Dark Circle" (1982; Chris Beaver and Judy Irving).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"The Compleat Beatles" (Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through May 3: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman). From May 4: "Rent Control."

Theatre 2: "Suburbia" (Penelope Spheeris).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Theatre 2: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Iceman" (†).

Theatre 2: Through April 26: "The Dresser" (†). April 27-May 3: "The Hotel New Hampshire" (Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges. From May 4: "Alphabet City."

Theatre 3: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"El Norte" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Antarctica" (Koreyoshi Kurahara; in Japanese), with Ken Takakura.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"The Dresser" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through May 1: "The Stone Boy" (Christopher Cain), with Robert Duvall and Frederic Forrest.

From May 2: "The Mission" (Parviz Sayyad; in Farsi).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Racing with the Moon" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).

Theatre 2: Through April 26: "L'Argent" (Robert Bresson; in French). From April 27: "Erendira" (Ruy Guerra; in Spanish), with Irene Papas.

Theatre 3: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "El Norte" (†).

Theatre 2: Through May 1: "And Nothing but the Truth" (Karl Francis), with Glenda Jackson and Jon Finch. From May 2: "Home Free All" (Stewart Bird), with Alan Nicholls.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through April 26: "Champions" (John Irvin), with John Hurt. From April 27: "Footloose" (†).

Theatre 2: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

Theatre 3: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

Theatre 4: "Splash" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "The Good Fight" (Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Sam Sills).

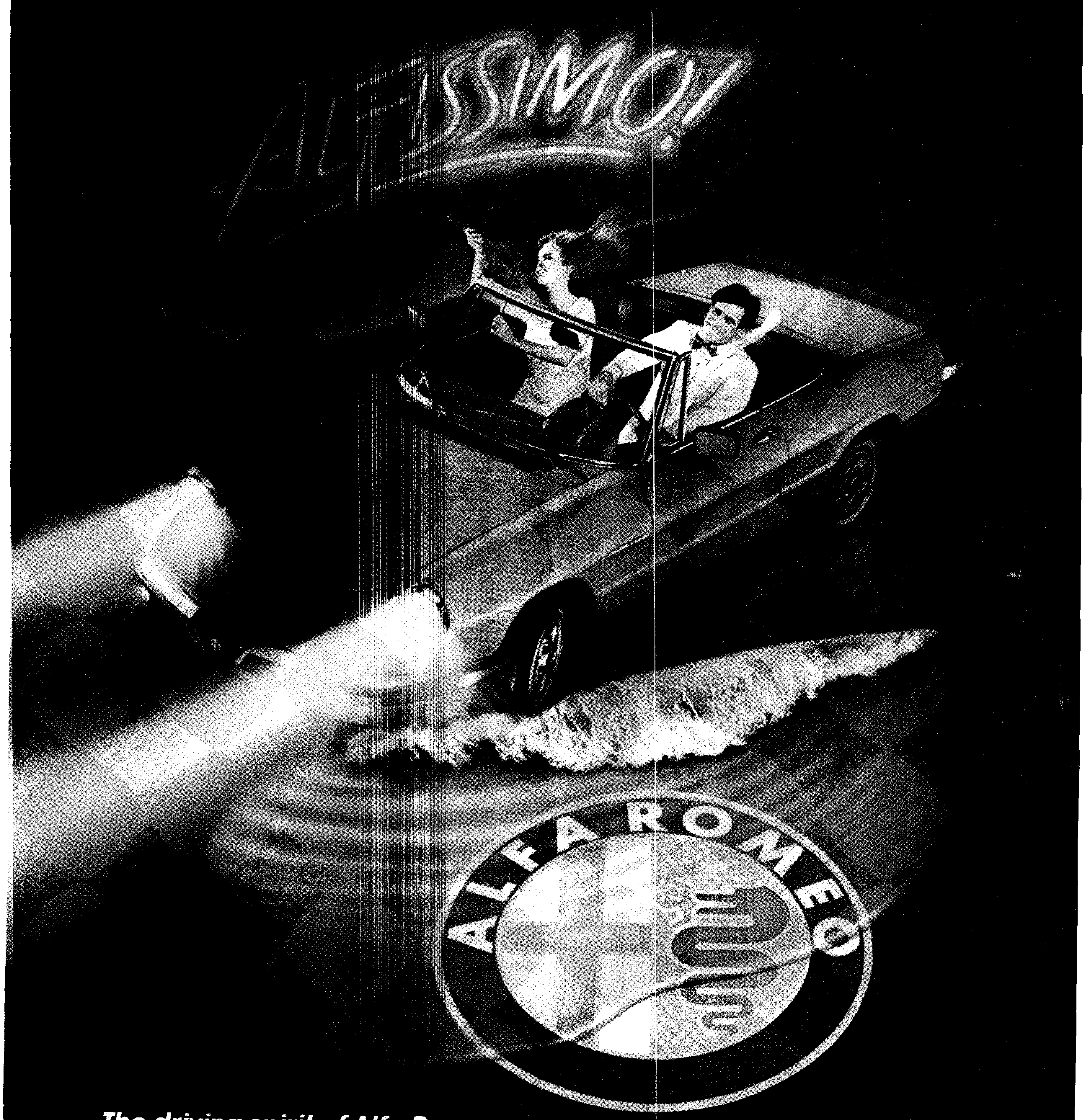
Theatre 2: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through May 3: "Iceman" (†). From May 4: "Alphabet City."

Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

Theatre 3: Through April 26: "Conquest"



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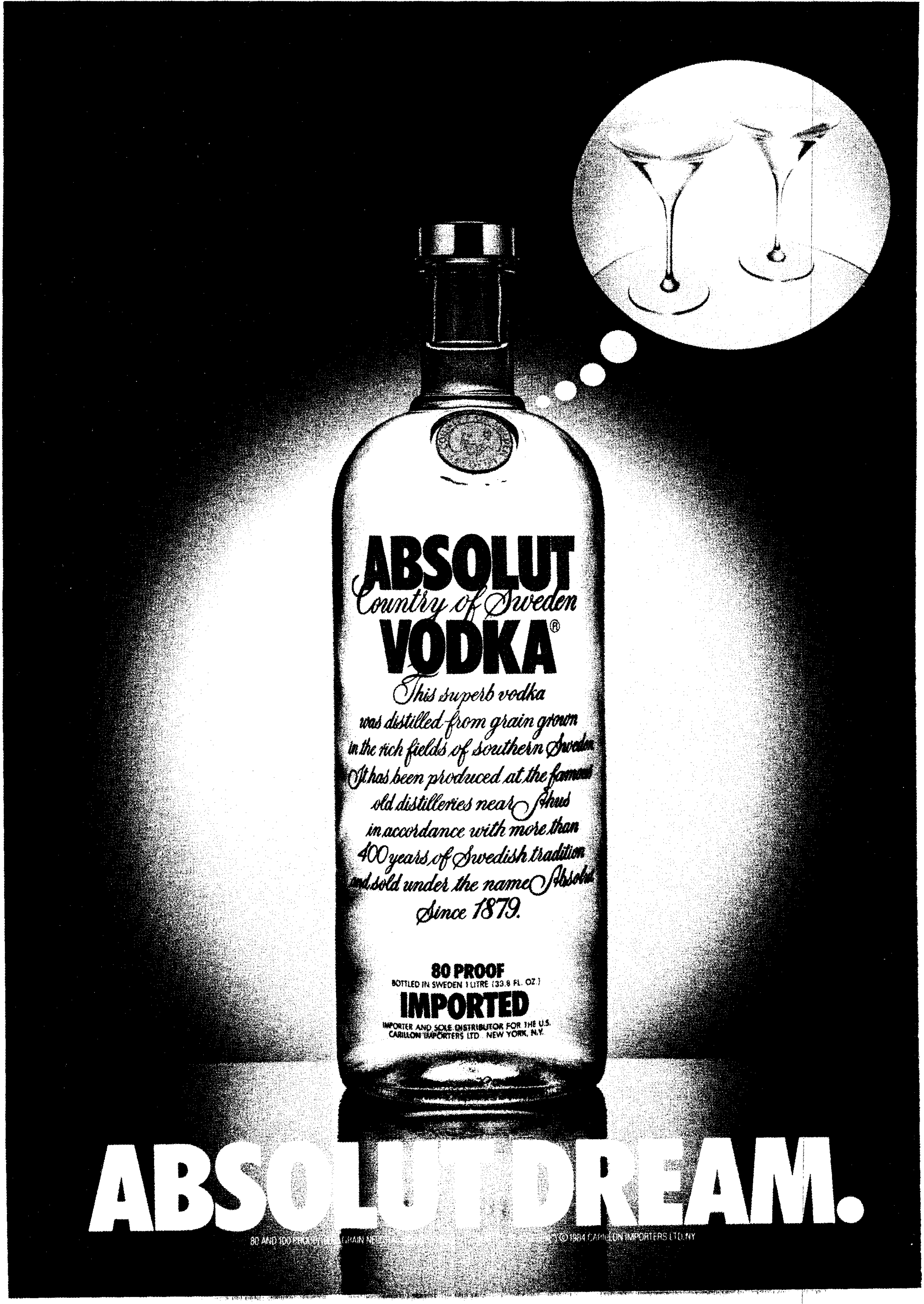
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(Lucio Fulci), with George Rivero. From April 27: "Footloose" (†).

Theatre 4: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (†).

Theatre 3: "Scarface" (†).

Theatre 4: "Up the Creek" (directed by Robert Butler), with Tim Matheson and Don Monahan.

Theatre 5: "The Hotel New Hampshire" (Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges.

Theatre 6: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

Theatre 3: "Footloose" (†).

Theatre 4: Through April 26: "The Dresser" (†). From April 27: To be announced.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).

Theatre 2: "Iceman" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

Through April 26: "The Big Chill" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt and Kevin Kline; and "Educating Rita" (Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

From April 27: To be announced.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through April 26: "Champions" (John Irvin), with John Hurt. From April 27: "Caged Women."

Theatre 2: Through May 3: "Conquest" (Lucio Fulci), with George Rivero. From May 4: "Alphabet City."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through April 26: "Where the Boys Are" (Hy Averback), with Lisa Hartman and Russell Todd. From April 27: "Weekend Pass" (Lawrence Bassoff), with D. W. Brown.

Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

Theatre 2: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"The Good Fight" (1984; directed by Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Sam Sills).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through April 26: "Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

From April 27: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

"Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 26: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.

April 27-28: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with The Band; and "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam).

April 29-May 1: "The Pirates of Penzance" (1983; Wilford Leach), with Kevin Kline, Linda Ronstadt, Angela Lansbury, Rex Smith, and George Rose; and "Aïda" (1954; Clemente Fracassi; in Italian and English), with Sophia Loren.

May 2-3: "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini; "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre.

May 4-5: "Days of Heaven" (†) and "Badlands" (†).

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through April 26: "Drifting" (1984; Amos Guttman; in Hebrew).

From April 27: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

April 25: "The Last Detail" (1974; Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

April 26-28: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

April 29-30: "The Ugly American" (†); and "The Comedians" (1967; Peter Glenville), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton.

May 1-2: "The Long Good Friday" (1982; John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren; and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle" (†).

May 3-5: "The Producers" (†); and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966; Richard Lester), with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Buster Keaton.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through April 26: "Starstruck" (1982; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy; and "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.

April 27-28: "Betrayal" (1983; David Jones), with Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley, and Patricia Hodge; and "To Begin Again" (1983; José Luis Garci; in Spanish).

April 29: "David Copperfield" (†); and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935; Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle), with James Cagney and Mickey Rooney.

April 30-May 1: "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel; and "Fruits of Passion" (1982; in Japanese).

May 2-3: "Lonely Hearts" (†) and "Shoot the Moon" (†).

May 4-5: "Bananas" (1971; Woody Allen), with Allen; "Sleeper" (†); and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Through April 26: "My Dinner with André" (1981; Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and André Gregory.

April 27: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

April 28: "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

April 29-30: "La Traviata" (1983; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo; and "The Magic Flute" (†).

May 1: "Weekend" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Mireille Darc; and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal.

May 2: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "Lola Montès" (1955; Max Ophuls; in French), with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook.

May 3: "The Music Room" (†) and "Aparajito" (†).

May 4: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker.

From May 5: "Napoléon" (1927; Abel Gance; a French silent film).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

A festival of Cary Grant films:

Through April 28: "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn and Charles Ruggles.

April 29-30: "Suzy" (†); and "Only Angels Have Wings" (1939; Howard Hawks), with Jean Arthur.

May 1-2: "She Done Him Wrong" (†); and "I'm No Angel" (1933; Wesley Ruggles), with Mae West.

May 3-5: "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott; and "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House" (1948; H. C. Potter), with Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 25: "Tokyo Story" (1953; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Tora-San's Love of Osaka" (1981; Yoji Yamada; in Japanese).

April 26: "Hamlet" (1948; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Jean Simmons, Basil Sydney, Eileen Herlie, and Stanley Holloway.

April 27: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, and Albert Finney.

April 28: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976; Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret.

April 29: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Stage Door" (1937; Gregory La Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn.

April 30: "Destiny" (1921 †); and "Warning Shadows" (1923; Arthur Robison; a German silent film).

May 1: "Boxcar Bertha" (1972; Martin Scorsese), with Barbara Hershey and David Carradine; "Targets" (†); and "Dementia #13" (1963; Francis Ford Coppola), with William Campbell, Luana Anders, and Mary Mitchell.

May 2: "Sandakan 8" (†); and "The Ill-Fated Courtesan" (1973; Noboru Tanaka; in Japanese).

May 3: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972; George Roy Hill), with Michael Sacks; and "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (†).

May 4: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max

Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.

May 5: "The Marquise of O . . ." (†); and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 25: "Rasputin and the Empress" (1932; Richard Boleslavsky), with John, Ethel, and Lionel Barrymore; and "The Royal Family of Broadway" (1931; George Cukor and Cyril Gardner), with Fredric March, Ina Clair, and Henrietta Crosman.

April 26: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Men" (1950; Fred Zinnemann), with Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane.

April 27: "The Glass Menagerie" (1950; Irving Rapper), with Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, and Julie Harris.

April 28-29: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

April 30: "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

May 1: "Girl Crazy" (†); and "An American in Paris" (1951; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Oscar Levant.

May 2: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "The Paradine Case" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd.

May 3: "Our Man in Havana" (1960; Carol Reed), with Alec Guinness, Burl Ives, and Maureen O'Hara; and "The Key" (1958 †).

May 4: "Key Largo" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall; and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.

May 5: "Blackmail" (†); and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone;" 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"3rd Degree" (1982; Paul Sharits). Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8.) Closed Mondays.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in May.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aparajito (1957)—The central film of Satyajit Ray's great Apu Trilogy is transitional in structure, rather than dramatic, yet it is full of insights and revelations. Ray takes the broken family of "Pather Panchali" from its medieval village life to the modern streets of Benares and follows the boy Apu in his encounter with the school system, and later, when he has left his mother, with the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. (There is a luminous moment when Apu recites a poem in a classroom—one understands how it is that art survives in the midst of poverty.) The film chronicles the emergence of modern industrial India, showing it to be not a primitive society but a corrupted society. However, Apu himself embodies Ray's belief that individuals need not become corrupt. Adapted by Ray from a novel by B. B. Bandapaddhay; music by Ravi Shankar. In Bengali. (Metro Cinema; May 3.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz (1974)—A longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school; Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Mordecai Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (Thalia; May 3.)

Badlands (1973)—Probably we've all seen those convicted killers in prison documentaries on TV who sound uninvolved and mechanical when they talk about their crimes; Terrence Malick's début picture extends that uninvolvement to the whole culture. Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girlfriend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. With Warren Oates; art direction by Jack Fisk. The music is by Carl Orff and Erik Satie. (Cinema Village; May 4-5.)

Blackmail (1929)—A London-set Hitchcock silent thriller that was in part reshot and in part dubbed to make it a sound film—and an unusually imaginative and innovative one. With its trick shots in the British Museum and a chase on the museum roof, the film seems almost German in its pictorial style, and the heroine is indeed played by the German actress Anny Ondra, who married Max Schmeling. (Her voice is dubbed.) Cyril Ritchard, who didn't look very different half a century later, plays the artist who tries to rape the heroine. Also with Sara Allgood, John Longden, and Donald Calthrop. Hitchcock turns up being pestered by a little boy while he tries to read a book. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 5.)

Broadway Danny Rose—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is dim and larval, like Danny. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/6/84.) (Quad Cinema.)

David Copperfield (1935)—Misplaced homage to Dickens by Hollywood, with Freddie Bartholomew's child-star classiness serving for Copperfield as a boy, and W. C. Fields squeezing himself into Mr. Micawber as if into a promise of teetotalism. Edna May Oliver is pretty good as Aunt Betsy; so is Basil Rathbone as Mr. Murdstone. It being 1935, and this being an M-G-M production, nobody quite managed to get Roland Young to keep the charm out of Uriah Heep. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 29.)

Days of Heaven (1978)—Terrence Malick wrote and directed this story of adultery, set principally in the wheat fields of the Texas Panhandle just before America entered the First World War. It's both a nostalgic and an anti-nostalgic vision of the American past. The landscapes are vast and lonely, with the space in the images strained and the figures tilted; the characters are monosyllabic—near mute. What is unspoken in this picture weighs heavily on us, but we're not quite sure what it is. The film is an empty Christmas tree: you can hang all your dumb metaphors on it. Richard Gere plays Bill, who works in a blast furnace in Chicago; he gets into a brawl with the foreman and heads south, taking his girl, Abby (Brooke Adams), and his twelve-year-old sister, Linda (Linda Manz), with him. They find work in the fields of a wealthy young farmer (Sam Shepard), who falls in love with Abby. When Bill learns that the farmer may be dying, he encourages Abby to marry him—so that she can soon be a rich widow. The movie is oblique, except for the narration, which is by Linda; she's a little-girl wise guy, and all the humor in the film comes from her laconic remarks, but she's also precociously full of the wisdom of the ages, and at times her illiterate poetry is drenched in wistfulness and heartbreak. Shot by Nestor Almendros, with additional photography by Haskell Wexler, the film is a series of pictorial effects—some of them, such as a train passing over a lacework bridge, extraordinary—but the overpowering images seem unrelated, pieced together. The movie suffers from too many touches, too many ideas that don't grow out of anything organic. It's an epic pastiche. Though the irregularly handsome, slightly snaggletoothed Shepard has almost no lines, he makes a strong impression; he seems authentically an American of an earlier era. But Gere, with his post-fifties acting style and the associations it carries of Brando and Dean and Clift and all the others who shrugged and scowled and acted with their shoulders, is anachronistic. Shot in Alberta, Canada. (Cinema Village; May 4-5.)

Destiny (1921; called "Between Two Worlds" when it opened in the U.S. in 1924 in a chopped-up version)—This magical fantasy-spectacle by Fritz Lang has a love story (Lil Dagover is the girl) and episodes set in ninth-century Baghdad, seventeenth-century Venice, and a whimsical China—where a magician creates a miniature army and a flying horse to entertain the emperor. The film has a German folkloric quality; the figure of Death suggests the world of Grünewald. (Thalia; April 30.)

The Dresser—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney) and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. With Lockwood West, Edward Fox, Cathryn Harrison, Eileen Atkins, and Zena Walker. (1/23/84) (Festival. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy; through April 26.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

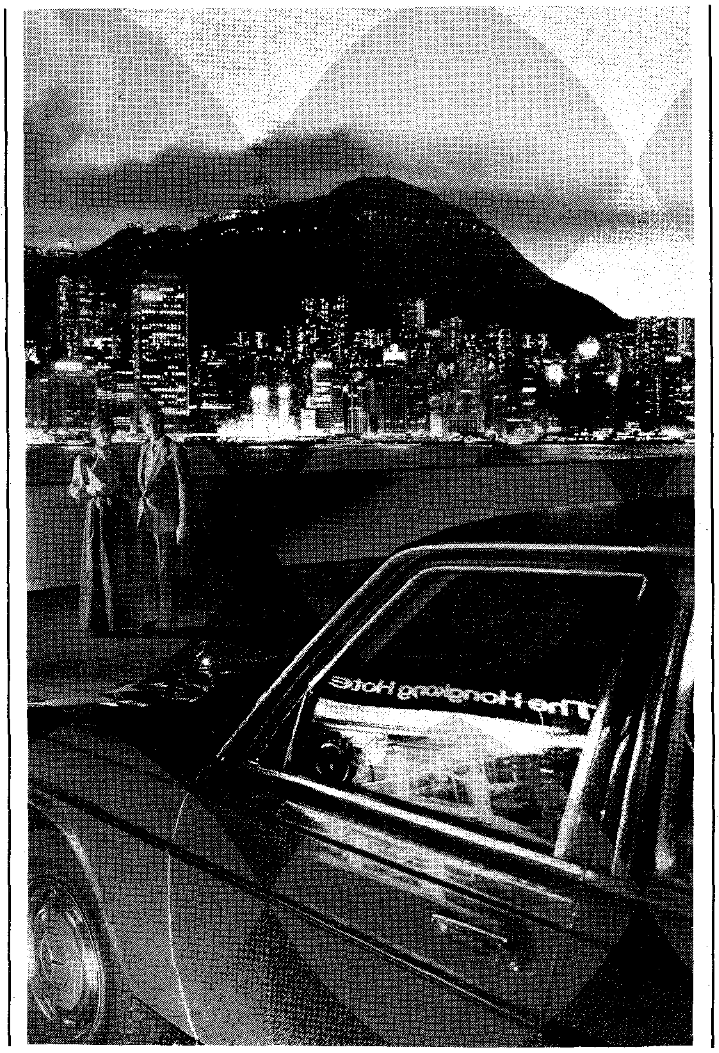
Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III," and it's like a sleazo putting the make on you. The eighteen-year-old working-class Catholic heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream in which she's a ballerina, handed bouquets, like a princess. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. It has Vegas sound, thumping, thumping; the whole damn thing throbs, and it gives a hard sell even to the heroine's confessions to her priest. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie, is so fast that he isn't subjected to the chop-chop editing—he's allowed to perform in his own time. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (St. Marks Cinema; April 27-May 3.)

Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing. The movie has plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and build up to a letdown; you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. Despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (Loews Tower East, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia Quad; starting April 27.) . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; April 27-May 3.)

The Friends of Eddie Coyle (1973)—Boston Irish crooks and cops. Robert Mitchum is the aging hood, Eddie Coyle, who is slipping a little information to a smart, treacherous narcotics officer (Richard Jordan), in order to stay out of jail. Peter Boyle, a bartender, handles murder contracts and ruthlessly plays all sides against each other. Based on the novel by George V. Higgins, former assistant attorney general in Massachusetts, this movie should be better; the plot and the dialogue are first-rate. The elements are all there, and Mitchum, looking appropriately square-headed, tries hard and has some good scenes. But you get the impression that the dialogue is moving faster than the action. Probably this picture, directed by the Englishman Peter Yates, needed an American director with an instinctive feeling for the milieu; the movie is shallow and a little mechanical, with noise and loud music used to build up excitement. The police and the gangsters have no roots, and intertwined roots are what the story is meant to be about. Jordan, acting chillingly pleasant, gives the most effective performance, and Steven Keats, as a dealer in guns, gives the showiest one. With Alex Rocco, Joe Santos, Helena Carroll, Mitchell Ryan, and Jack Kehoe. Adaptation by Paul Monash, who also produced. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 1-2.)

Girl Crazy (1943)—This second movie version of the Broadway musical with the score by George and Ira Gershwin stars Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney; it's more freely adapted



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than the first, an R.K.O. film that starred Wheeler and Woolsey. This time it's M-G-M, and the cast includes June Allyson and Nancy Walker, with Tommy Dorsey and his band to play the nine Gershwin songs, including "Embraceable You" and the great, masochistic "But Not for Me." Norman Taurog directed, but Busby Berkeley staged the killer finale, "I Got Rhythm," with Garland in white buckskins. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 1.)

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. And Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation that young kids are likely to be horrified. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique, but he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance; as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Greystoke, he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell as a softly enticing Jane, Nigel Davenport, Ian Holm, James Fox, Ian Charleson, Paul Geoffrey, and Cheryl Campbell. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the script is by P. H. Vazak (Robert Towne) and Michael Austin. (4/2/84) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Criterion Theatres.)

Iceman—With Timothy Hutton, Lindsay Crouse, and John Lone; directed by Fred Schepisi. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton, Quad Cinema, and Loews State. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through April 26. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through May 3.)

The Key (1958)—As an account of how the seagoing tugs of the British Navy salvaged merchantmen damaged by the Germans in the Second World War, this Anglo-American picture, which was directed by Carol Reed, has much to recommend it. On the other hand, the plot, having to do with a young woman who feels obligated to give herself to a series of tugboat captains because she thinks it is the least she can do in memory of her deceased tugboating sweetheart, doesn't make much sense. Sophia Loren plays the mixed-up lady, and William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Oscar Homolka are among the gallant tars. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 3.)

Lonely Hearts—This movie is very casually strung together. It's an Australian variant of the comfy-cozy Ealing comedies of the fifties, but it doesn't have their precise construction—it moves from one small slapstick diversion to the next. As the timid, sexually repressed heroine, Wendy Hughes is lovely in the standard fine-actress-playing-dowdy-aging-virgin performance. As the piano tuner who courts her, Norman Kaye has a furtive, childlike prankishness, and that's what keeps the movie alive. The core idea is moist, but the film's humor is dry and sometimes darting and sneaky. Directed by Paul Cox, who wrote the script with John Clarke, the film has a cheerless look and dreary, crabbed cinematography. You have to settle for the flyspeck jokes and the acting; it's all mildly satirical, mildly romantic, and mildly engaging. With Jonathan Hardy as the piano tuner's amiable, innocent brother-in-law and Jon Finlayson as the flamboyant director of an amateur theatrical group. (10/3/83) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 2-3.)

The Magic Flute (1975)—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life; you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. He emphasizes the theatricality of the piece, using space as stage space but with the camera coming in close. We get the pixilated feeling that we're near enough to touch the person who is singing; we might be dreamers sailing invisibly among the guests at a cloud-borne party. The English translation of Bergman's adaptation (he clarifies the text) has considerable grace, and the titles are unusually well placed in the frame; the story comes across even more directly than when you hear the opera sung in English. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Metro Cinema; April 29-30.)

The Marquise of O... (1976)—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work recreated for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. With Edda Seippel as the Marquise's mother. Cinematography by Nestor Almendros. In German. (Thalia; May 5.)

Moscow on the Hudson—Robin Williams as a Russian sax player who defects, in Paul Mazursky's wonderful comedy about a tragedy—about going away forever, about never being able to go home. The defection takes place in Bloomingdale's, and the plot radiates from this temple of the mouth-watering temptations of capitalist decadence. It doesn't take long before the sax player discovers the isolation and paranoia of living in New York. The brutality of the city confuses him; in Russia, he says, he knew who the enemy was. Imaginative and mellow, this movie displays Mazursky's distinctive funky lyricism at its best. With Maria Conchita Alonso, a beauty who's an unself-conscious cutup, and Alejandro Rey as a Cuban lawyer, Cleavant Derricks as a security guard, Elya Baskin as a Russian circus clown, and Mazursky himself as a Florida tourist named Dave. The film's comic rhythm (though not its mood) falters in the last third. The script is by the director and Leon Capetanos; the cinematography is by Don McAlpine. (4/16/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Music Room (1958)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, flawed, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. It's often crude and it's poorly constructed, but it's a great experience. Worrying over its faults is like worrying over whether "King Lear" is well constructed; it doesn't really matter. Ray made this film between the second and third parts of the Apu Trilogy, for respite. With Chabbi Biswas as the aristocrat who has nothing left but his love of music—he holds a musicale in his decaying mansion. Ray's script is based on a story by T. S. Bannerjee. In Bengali. (Metro Cinema; May 3.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Producers (1968)—Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Naturally, he produces a hit. Some of the material is funny in an original way, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed (both for the first time), doesn't get the timing right and good gags fall apart or become gross or just don't develop. The sequence consisting of tryouts for the role of Hitler in the play, which is called "Springtime for Hitler," is potentially so great that what Brooks does with it lets you down. Still, terrible as this picture is, a lot of it is very enjoyable. For satire of the

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theatre as inspired as Brooks' gags at their best, it's not hard to put up with the ineptitude and the amateurish camera angles. It's even possible to put up with Zero Mostel in closeup. (He was not an actor who toned down his effects for the camera.) With Dick Shawn, Estelle Winwood, Renée Taylor, Kenneth Mars, and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 3-5.)

Racing with the Moon—It's Christmas, 1942, and Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage are two Northern California small-town boys who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks; Penn falls in love with a new girl in town (Elizabeth McGovern), and Cage gets a girl pregnant. That's the whole movie. Penn brings to his role emotional crosscurrents and creates a young lived-in character; you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Richard Benjamin directs all three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest. But the picture isn't enough of anything; there isn't a thing in it that you can get excited about or quarrel with. The script, written by Steven Kloves (when he was twenty-two), is a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. (4/2/84) (34th Street East, Coronet, and Loews Paramount.)

Romancing the Stone—With Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner, directed by Robert Zemeckis. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

Sandakan 8 (1974)—A marvel of a Japanese film, directed by Kei Kumai, about a young, Westernized woman historian who stumbles into a moving friendship with an old woman who was shipped to Borneo at the age of thirteen to become a prostitute. The old woman lives now in a shack, with innumerable cats, and the visit of the young woman gives her as much gaiety in her privation as we often find in Beckett's last-ditch and oddly festive situations. In Japanese. (Thalia; May 2.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

She Done Him Wrong (1933)—Mae West, the great shady lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. Written by the star, from her play "Diamond Lil," with some help on the script by Harry Thew and John Bright; directed by Lowell Sherman. With Rafaela Ottiano as the woman who gets herself killed, and Gilbert Roland, Owen Moore, Rochelle Hudson, Dewey Robinson, Noah Beery, and David Landau. (Regency; May 1-2.)

Shoot the Moon (1982)—As Faith and George Dunlap, whose marriage has become poisoned because she knows all his weaknesses and failures and her knowledge eats away at his confidence, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary. And, in its smaller dimensions, Dana Hill's performance as their thirteen-year-old daughter is perhaps equally fine. This unapologetically grown-up movie about separating is perhaps the most revealing American movie of its era. Though the director, Alan Parker, doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness. The characters in the script written by Bo Goldman aren't taken from the movies, or from books, either. Their emotions are raw, and rawness is what makes this film get to you. With Peter Weller, Karen Allen, George Murdock, and three child actresses—Viveka Davis, Tracey Gold, and Tina Yothers. Filmed on locations in Northern California; cinematography by Michael Seresin; production design by Geoffrey Kirkland; editing by Gerry Hambling. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 2-3.)

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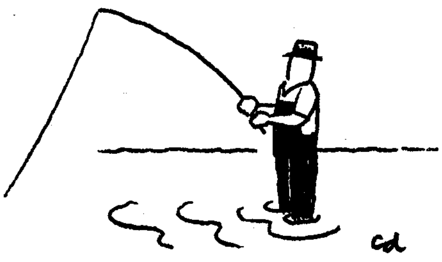
Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton and John Beck. Written by Allen and Marshall Brickman; cinematography by David M. Walsh; editing by Ralph Rosenblum; costume design by Joel Schumacher. The music is by Woody Allen with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band and the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 4-5.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (Gramercy, Manhattan, Loews 83rd Quad, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ U. A. 85th St. East; through May 3.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated English movie about three Londoners and the breakup of two love affairs, from a delicate, pungent screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt, and it may be his finest work. It's an unusual film—perhaps a classic. A homosexual doctor in his forties, played by Peter Finch, and an employment counsellor in her thirties, played by Glenda Jackson, are both in love with a boyish, successful kinetic sculptor, played by Murray Head, who casually divides his time and affections between them. He has no special sexual preferences and doesn't understand what upsets the two older people about sharing him, since he loves them both. The film is a curious sort of plea on behalf of human frailty—it asks for sympathy for the nonheroes of life who make the best deal they can. People can receive solace from it—it's the most sophisticated weeper ever made. There is perhaps a little too *much* sensibility; compassion is featured. "People can manage on very little," the doctor says to relatives of an incapacitated patient. "Too late to start again," a sad, heavy-lidded woman who looks like Virginia Woolf says of her miserable marriage. Schlesinger has a gift for pacing and the energy to bring all the elements of a movie together, but he uses his technique so that it's just about impossible for you to have any reaction that he hasn't decreed you should. The film is full of planted insights; you can practically count the watts in the illuminations. With Peggy Ashcroft, Vivian Pickles, Tony Britton, and Maurice Denham. Cinematography by Billy Williams. (Film Forum; April 29-30.)



Suzy (1936)—Jean Harlow in a pasted-together story about an American showgirl barging about London and Paris during the First World War. She marries Irish inventor Franchot Tone in London, then, thinking him dead, goes to Paris and marries famous French aviator Cary Grant. Naturally, Tone comes to Paris to work for Grant. . . . It's negligible, all right, but it isn't too awful, because Dorothy Parker and the other writers tossed in some dexterous badinage, and Grant brings an elfin bounce to his role, especially in the sequence in which Harlow is trying to sing and he demonstrates that he knows how. His song seems to tickle her—she smiles in a fresh, open way. (The clip appears in "That's Entertainment!") Benita Hume is the delectable villainess; with Lewis Stone, Inez Courtney, and Uno O'Connor. Directed by George Fitzmaurice; based on a novel by Herbert Gorman. (Regency; April 29-30.)

Targets (1968)—Peter Bogdanovich wrote, directed, and appears in this lame melodrama about a clean-cut all-American boy (Tim O'Kelly) who turns sniper. The picture is rather naïvely made, and one begins to wait for the sniper to hit his targets, because there's nothing else of interest going on. Boris Karloff, in one of his last screen appearances, plays a veteran horror-film actor. (Thalia; May 1.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slap-happy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (Baronet, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

The Ugly American (1963)—This attempt to deal with some of the peculiarities of American foreign policy in Asia is only marginally successful, and the director, George Englund, has zero style, but the film is entertaining anyway. The plot is about the mythical Asian country of Sarkhan, divided by factional disputes and torn between American aid and Communist influence. The star, Marlon Brando, clearly enjoys the joke of his playing a proper career statesman in a pin-striped suit who sports a neat little mustache. He's the new U.S. Ambassador to Sarkhan (concocted out of Thailand and Universal's back lot), whose premier is played by the extraordinarily handsome Kukrit Pramoj, who was later to become the Thai premier in fact. He was hired as the film's technical consultant, but Brando and Englund persuaded him to turn actor, and he saves the later part of the action, when Brando's role is dim. With Eiji Okada, Pat Hingle, Sandra Church, Jocelyn Brando, George Shibata, Reiko Sato, Stefan Schnabel, Philip Ober, and Arthur Hill. The screenplay, by Stewart Stern, has fairly remote connections to its credited source, the novel by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. Cinematography by Clifford Stine. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 29-30.)

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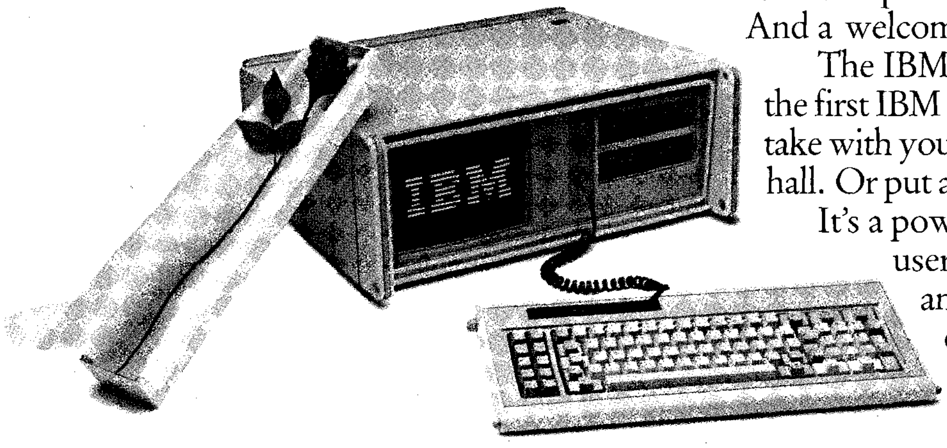

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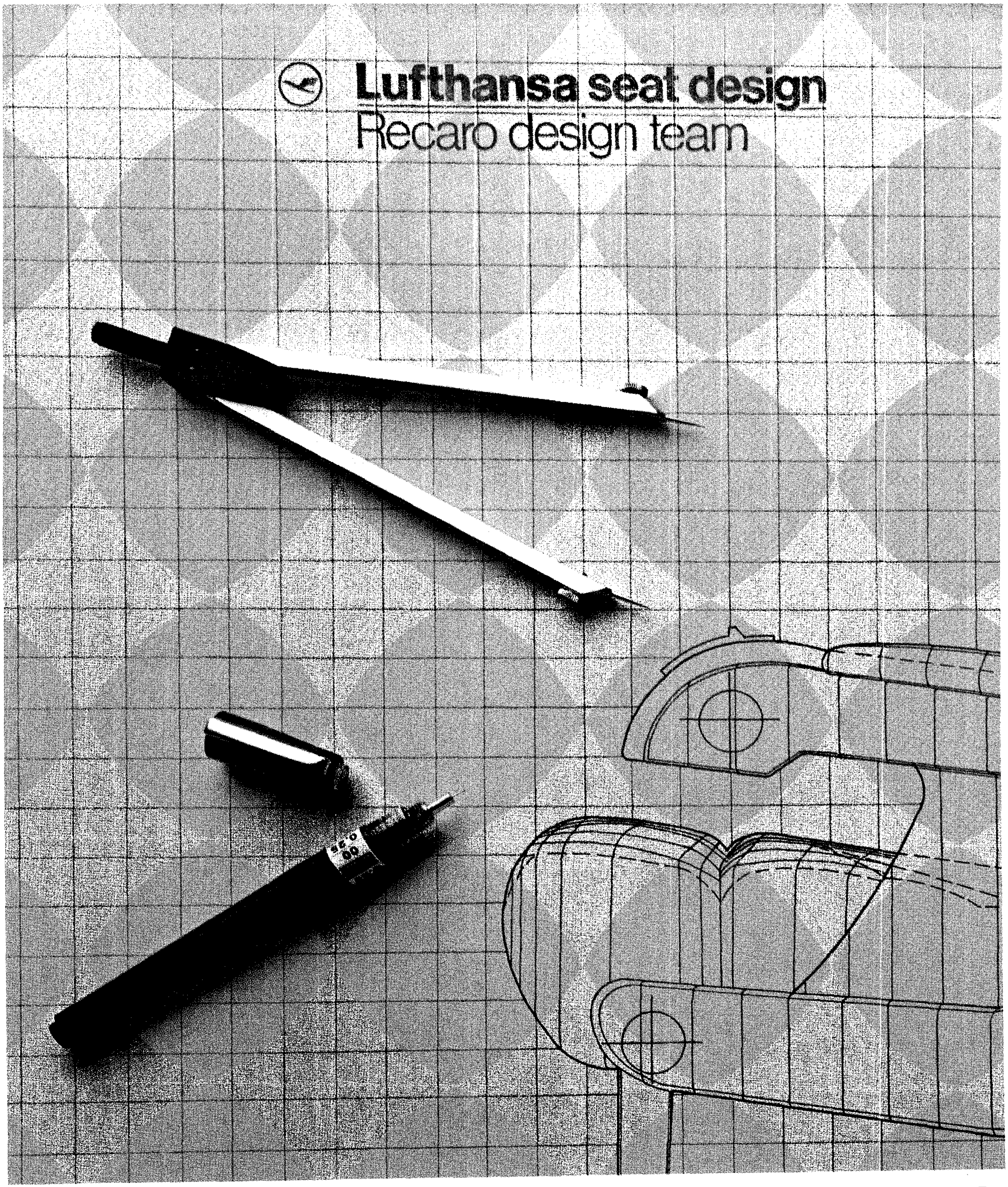
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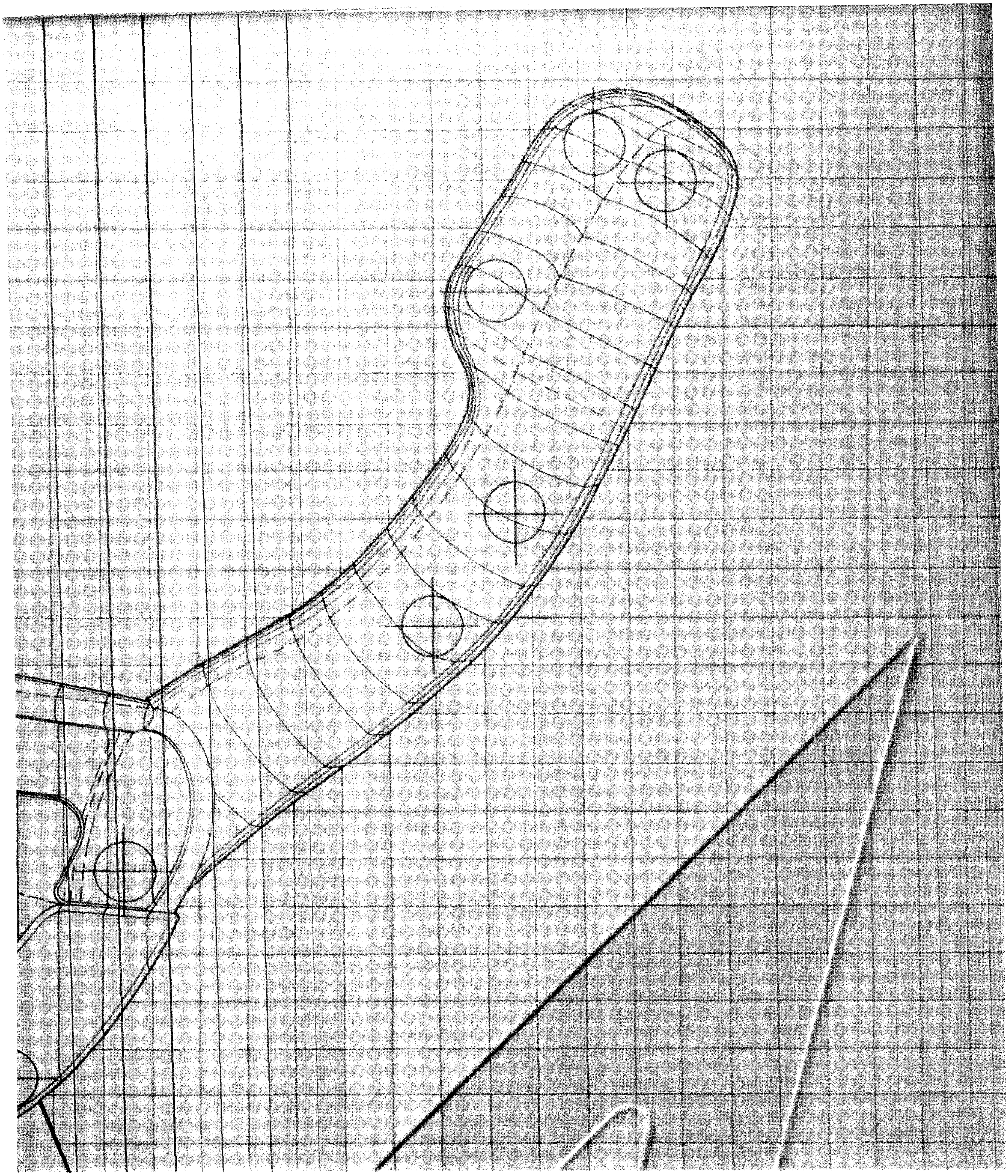

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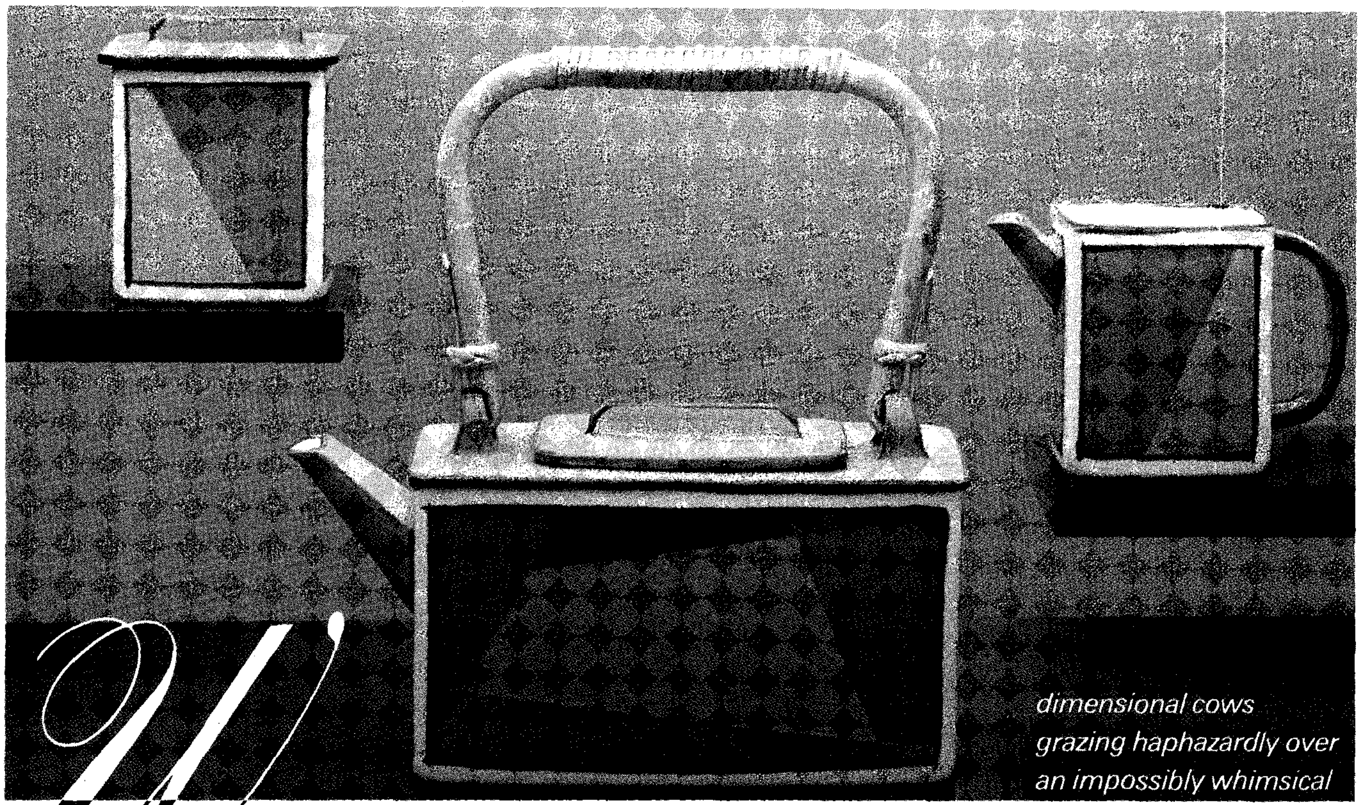

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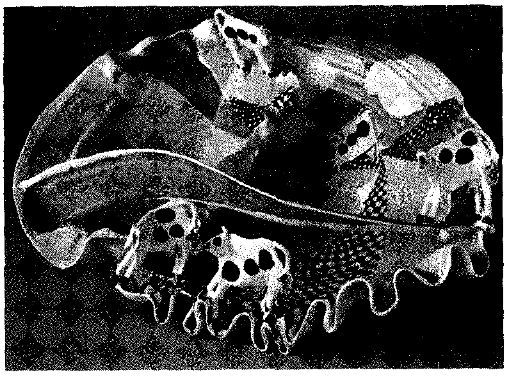

Ms. Sky's marvelously witty works hail from Bedford, Texas — the kind of small town where you'd expect to find a lone craftsman pottering around a kiln to the beat of a different drummer. On the other hand, Ms. Hafner, as unlikely as it seems, works in New York, New York.

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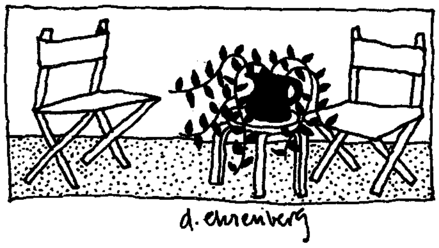
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT'S a regrettable but perhaps irremediable fact of life that people in public office must deal with two kinds of "reality." The first is reality *as it is*—a two-hundred-billion-dollar federal-budget deficit, say, or growing numbers of poor people around the nation, or an out-of-control nuclear-arms race. The second is political "reality"—a picture of the world which politicians find that the public is prepared to accept, and which may at different times include larger or smaller chunks of what the politicians know to be reality as it is. When these kinds of reality draw too far apart—when the politicians decide that their personal political survival requires them to exclude too much of reality as it is—tragedy is often not far behind. An alarming case in point is the current debate over United States policy in Central America. In Nicaragua, a country in which left-wing revolutionaries have recently come to power, the United States has embarked on a policy of supporting and guiding a right-wing rebel force; but almost no observers believe that these efforts will be enough to achieve the rebels' goal—overthrow of the government. In El Salvador, a country run by a right-wing government whose military is deeply involved in the murder of thousands of political opponents by "death squads," the United States policy is to support the government against left-wing rebels by giving it military and other aid; but in recent years the government's position has deteriorated steadily, while the strength of the rebels, with Nicaragua's help, has grown. For some time now, disinterested observers have been saying that if these trends in El Salvador continue—and it's hard to find any reason for thinking that they will not—the United States will before long find itself facing a basic choice: whether to tolerate a victory by the rebel forces, and try to deal somehow with the resulting government, or to send in American troops. It's possible, of course, that through some unforeseen twist of events the present government will get the upper hand again, or will reach some accommodation with the rebels, but there is no sign now that either of these things is likely, and the most serious question confronting the United States therefore remains whether, in the moment of truth, to accept the possibility of "failure" or to intervene with American forces. Any answer that the nation gave to this question now, of course, would have implications for present policy. If it ruled out intervention, and accepted failure, it would be led to rely on whatever diplomatic and political means were available to ameliorate the outcome. If, on the other hand, it ruled out failure, and was prepared to intervene, then it would continue with a policy of military escalation. However, neither the hawks in the debate, who promise military victory over the Salvadoran rebels, nor the doves, who oppose these military efforts, are willing to embrace either outcome. For both outcomes—intervention and defeat—happen to lie outside the bounds of acceptable political "reality." At least since the end of the Second World War, being associated with the "loss" to "Communism" of one country or another has perhaps been the leading cause of political mortality in the United States, and the mere mention of the charge of such an association is enough to send congressmen into hiding in droves. And since the end of the Vietnam War the idea of using American forces to fight a protracted guerrilla war in a Third World country has also been more or less outside the pale politically. In other words, it appears that the public doesn't want to "lose" any more countries—and will punish politicians associated with such losses—but at the same time does not want to take the measures that alone could stave off those losses (though perhaps not finally prevent them, if Vietnam is any guide). Of course, these public preferences might lead the politicians to make a complaint against the electorate: that the public's wishes do not leave room for any workable policy. (The policy of military intervention is further undercut by the public's ambivalence, for the record suggests that even if the public were to support intervention at first it would not do so for very long, yet indefinite occupation of the rebellious country seems to be the only policy that assures "victory.") But making complaints against the public is hardly the fast track to elective office, either. Hence, the truly important El Salvador debate for this country's politicians to engage in at this moment—whether "losing" El Salvador or intervening there with American forces is worse—does not occur. Instead, the hawks argue that the next increment in military support, or a few more dirty tricks in the covert war in Nicaragua, will turn the tide, while the doves pretend that this country can make the present government of El Salvador acceptable to its own people by pressuring it with reductions in aid to hold off from some of its more gaudy outrages—a policy akin to paying off a compulsive killer to forgo his next few murders and then pretending that he has been "reformed." There is a peculiar form of American



arrogance—shared in this case by hawks and doves—which assumes that foreigners, and even whole foreign societies, can somehow be cajoled by amiable congressional delegations or bribed with economic assistance or frightened by naval flotillas into abandoning their traditional ways or their historic commitments. It's a myth that should have died in Vietnam—after all, we spent fifty-seven thousand lives there to learn the lesson—not to mention Iran and Lebanon, but it lives on in our attitude toward Central America.

What each side in the debate does do, of course, is advertise the peril courted by the other side's prescription. From the doves you will hear much about the likelihood that troops will be sent, while from the hawks you will hear an equal amount about the looming "loss" of El Salvador and all Central America. But you will not hear many doves telling you that the United States can live with a rebel victory in El Salvador, or many hawks recommending American military occupation of the country as the price of "victory." In the meantime, the nation, distracted by this chorus of blame, in which everyone spots the failings of someone else's recommendations while seeking to evade responsibility for his own program, drifts toward war.

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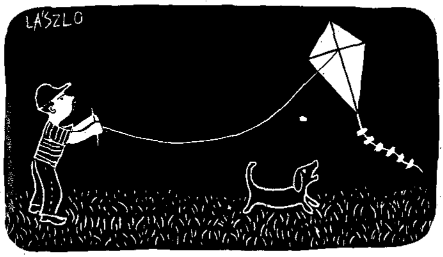
Excerpts

THE Broadway musical is going to flourish. At least, some people in the Musical Theatre Program at New York University's Tisch School of the Arts seem to think so. A group of them staged a mini-musical—excerpts from student-written shows—the other evening at the Dramatists Guild, on West Forty-fourth Street, and a number of Broadway producers, directors, writers, and actors came to look and listen. Arriving before the performance started, we found about fifty people chatting over cocktails in a neoclassical assembly room on the eleventh floor, among them the actress Angela Lansbury (who looked stunning in a black jacket and black trousers) and the playwright and director Arthur Laurents (who looked natty in a blue blazer). We soon fell into conversation with the director of the Musical Theatre Program, Deena Rosenberg (a dark-haired young woman who looked smashing in a paisley dress), and asked her what it was all about.

"For several years, some of the leading professionals in the musical theatre had been talking about the need for a place to pass along the tradition," said Miss Rosenberg. "They included Leonard Bernstein, Hal Prince, Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and the late Richard Rodgers. They had all learned about musical theatre from each other, but for various reasons—one of them economic—there was no longer a natural environment in which talented young people could break in. These professionals got together with David Oppenheim, the musician and film producer, who was a friend of theirs, and who in 1969 had become dean of the Tisch School of the Arts. In 1980, after a great deal of thinking and planning, he was able to start the Musical Theatre Program there, on the graduate level, leading to the degree of master of fine arts, and with many of these professionals agreeing to help teach. The first class—sixteen students, selected from about eight hundred applicants—received their degrees in December, and you'll hear material from their shows today. I joined the program in a roundabout way. I had always been interested in American popular music, and I had done graduate work in musicology at the City University of New York, concentrating on George and Ira Gershwin. Well, in the nineteen-seventies I got to know the lyricist Yip Harburg, and he introduced me to his good friend Ira Gershwin. I then spent several years in California, on a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, helping Mr. Gershwin go through his archives. He saved *everything*—all his and George's work sheets and letters, and so forth. It gave me a marvellous insight into the way songwriters collaborate. Then, a few years ago, I wrote some articles for the *Times* Arts and Leisure section. One was called 'The Homeless Plight of America's Musical Theatre.' David Oppenheim read the article and called me, and we got together and discovered that our ideas about a place for people to study musical theatre were almost identical. So I signed on, and here we are."



At about five, the guests took seats, and four professional actor-singers—Maureen Brennan, Diane Fratantoni, Todd Graff, and Hal Robinson—began performing excerpts from the student musicals, with piano accompaniment. There were ten excerpts, and they ranged from bouncy to leisurely, from mellifluous to dissonant, from frothy to philosophical. The audience applauded frequently, and when the performance was over, Arthur Laurents stepped to a microphone and said, "I'm always so moved by talent. Musical theatre, with the possible exception of jazz, is the only indigenous American art form. Nobody does musical theatre the way we do, and nobody can—and nobody will, unless somehow it is continued. What lasts longer than anything else is art."

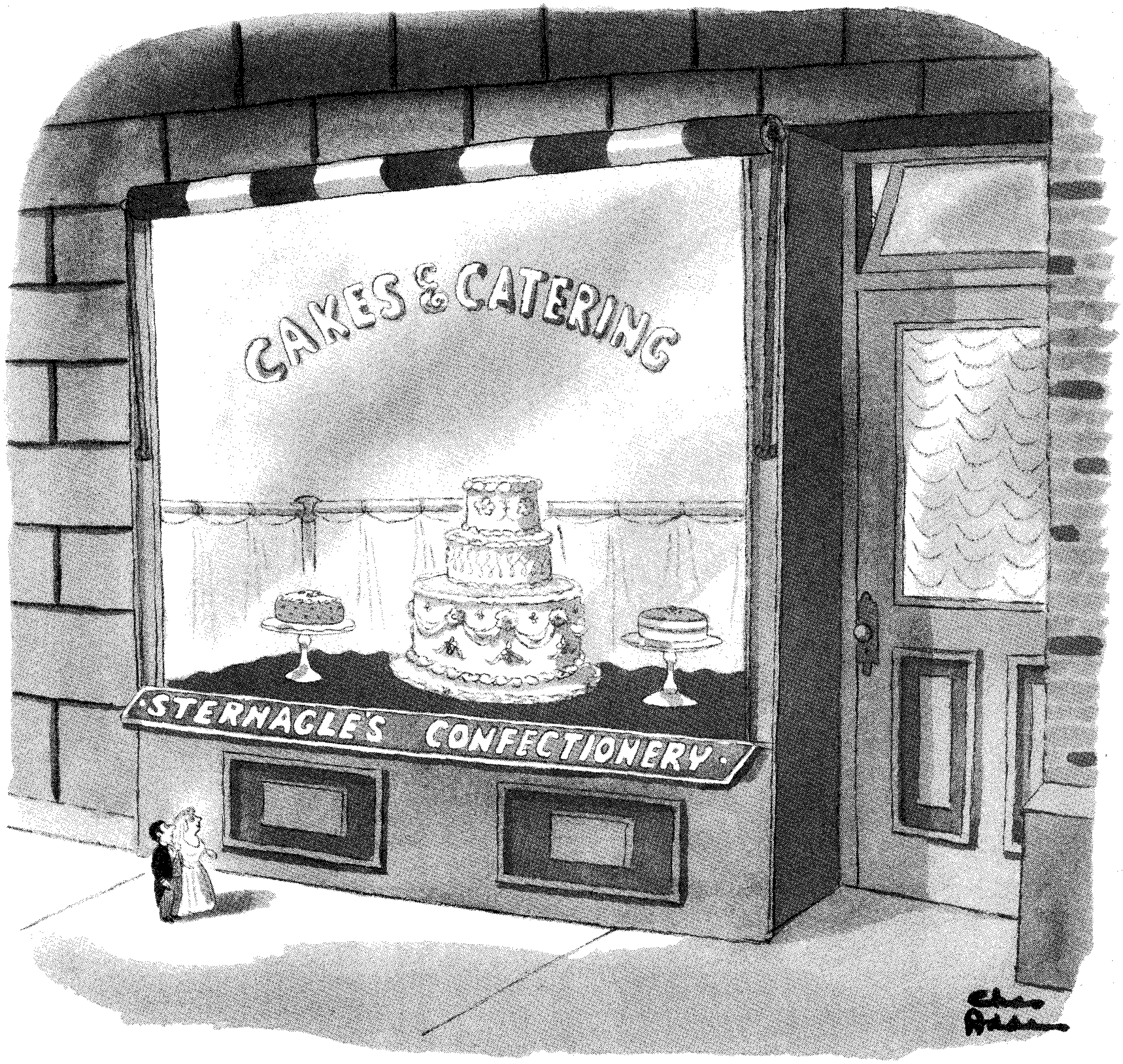
As people headed for a table laden with cheeses, pâté, and other delicacies, we asked Mr. Laurents about his role in the program.

He told us that he is one of the master teachers, and that he and his colleagues donate blocks of their time—weeks or months—in order to work closely with the students on a regular basis. "None of the master teachers just come once," he said. "That wouldn't accomplish anything. I have sometimes been asked how musical theatre can be taught at all. Well, I care deeply about this, and I absolutely believe that it *can* be taught. Assuming that you have talent, you also need craft, and you need skills. And you must learn to collaborate, because a musical is an extraordinarily close collaboration among the composer, the lyricist, and the librettist—the public is really quite ignorant of how a musical is put together. And this may be immodest of me, but I think I'm a good teacher. I don't ask the students to write the kind of musicals I like. I try to teach them how to utilize their potential to write the kind of musicals *they* want to write."

Mr. Laurents was whisked away, and we spoke with several of the students whose works had just been performed. One was Robert Freedman, who had written the book and lyrics for a show called "Grand Duchy," with music by a class member named John Bayless.

We asked Mr. Freedman what he had got out of the program.

"Well, to begin with, I was introduced to my wife by someone in the program," he said. "Also, I had the



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privilege of working on a very close, very informal basis with all those great professionals; in fact, I came out with my head swimming. Each one of our master teachers gave us his or her own personal view of what American musical theatre should be. I remember that Jule Styne stressed simplicity—'Keep it simple,' he would say. Arthur Laurents kept saying, 'Make us care.' Leonard Bernstein gave us an incredible, intensive experience. Sometimes he would work with us eight hours a day. He told us, 'Try to find an American voice.' And Betty Comden—I'll never forget it—when we were talking about how to be original and how to make personal statements, and agonizing over how to come up with something that was really and truly *new*, Betty Comden just looked at us and said, 'Good is always new.' "

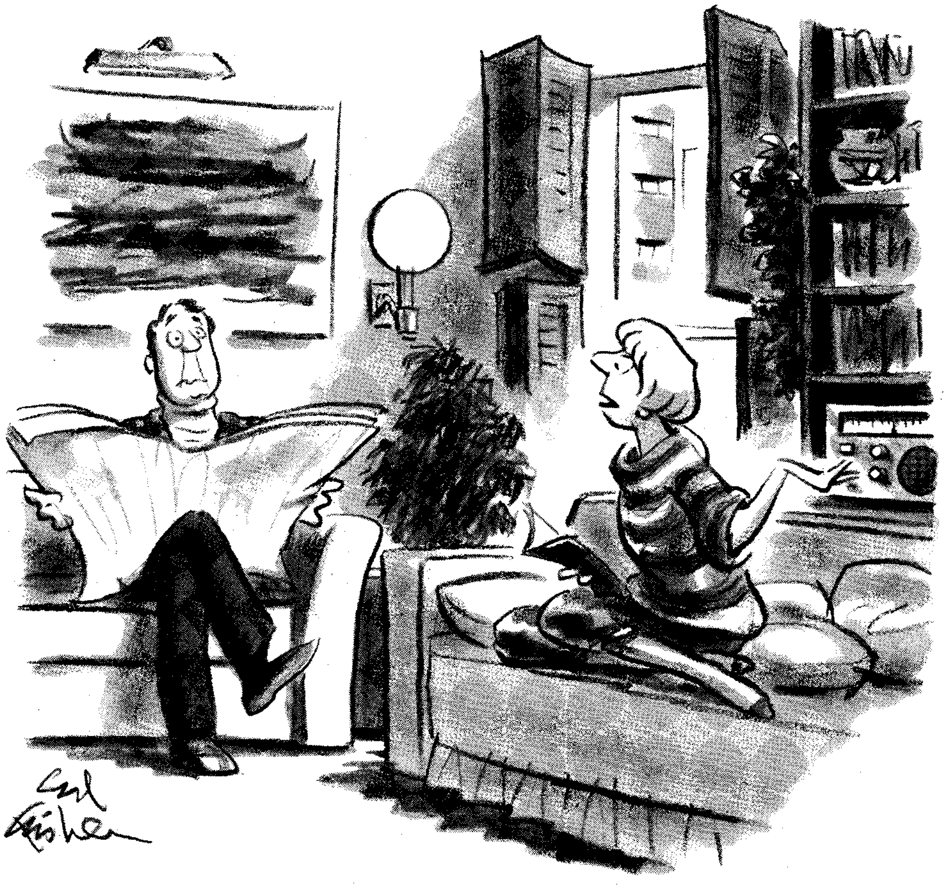
Oases

BRYANT PARK—the park behind the library—is the place we go this time of year to sit in the sun and read the "Farms and Country Homes" classifieds in the *Times*. To a strict constructionist, perhaps, the park would not pass as rural, but there are a certain number of trees, and also some grass. One day earlier this month—a warm and sunny day—we walked over to the park and saw a number of interesting things, including a man laughing in big gulps as he read the account in the *News* of a limousine driver sent to prison for charging three hundred dollars for the Kennedy-midtown trip, and an older gent trying to fly a kite, his venture being made less likely to succeed by the fact that he and the string were standing downwind of the kite. Over by the statue of William Cullen Bryant, five men were arguing: four defended the authenticity of the Virgin Birth, but the fifth contended that *all* conception required "the agency of a male."

In the evening, we attended another argument—this one in the basement of St. Malachy's (the actors' chapel), on West Forty-ninth. Community Board Five was holding its monthly meeting, and also conducting a public hearing whose chief topic was whether to endorse a plan for a big-scale restoration of Bryant Park—a plan that calls for the construction and operation, by a private developer, of a thousand-seat restaurant at the east end of the park, along the library wall. Community Board approval is just one of many steps that must be taken before the first brunch is served, but a hundred and forty people, some of them riled up, were on hand. Speakers were limited to three minutes apiece—a magnificent rule. Some of the people who spoke (thirteen of them, by our count) favored the plan, fourteen were opposed, six were ambivalent, and three had other things on their minds. Further statistics: six speakers used the word "viable;" four said they either were or were not afraid that the restaurant might become a "white elephant;" only one—Parks Commissioner Henry Stern—spoke of "blight." In general, the plan won the support of people who thought that the park was a dangerous place, since the restaurant and the renovations promised to make it safer, and opponents took the view that public parks should not be leased to private concerns. One man thought that the restaurant would attract insects that "by transmigration or transubstantiation" would get into the library stacks and chew up the books. Again in general, the representatives of organizations with catchy names (the Green Guerrillas, the East End Hockey Association, the Woodside Rock'N'Rollers) opposed the plan, while those from more sedately titled outfits (the Rockefeller Foundation, the Fortieth Street Tenants Corporation) backed it. The Friends of Cast Iron Architecture wanted to make sure nobody ripped down the fence that surrounds the park.

After a few hours of this, the board took a short break to hear from citizens on hand for other business. A man reported that some terraces at Trump Tower which were supposed to be open to the public were closed; he urged anyone who "has social connections with Don Trump" to lean on him. A man from another part of the city—the part served by Community Board Eight—said that that organization was a "craven" bunch. He supplied a definition of "craven" from Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, and declared that he was "prepared to face any sort of confrontation," but no one took up the gauntlet. Oh, by the way, the people at 7 Gramercy Park West (which is in a historic district) who wanted to put air-conditioners into the building's walls—ixnay.

When the Bryant Park discussion resumed, some heavy hitters showed up to push the plan. Andrew Heiskell, the chairman of the library's board, said he was sure that the restaurant would chase away "evil-type people" who sell drugs in the park, and Vartan Gregorian, the library's president, complained that *Pravda* had cited the park as a particularly nasty American landmark. Warner LeRoy, the man who would run the new restaurant, promised that it would offer cheap food and that people could come dressed however they wished; in an attempt to dispel fears that he might harm the park, he added, "I myself am a gardener." Then came the voting. It turned out that nearly all the board members were in favor of the plan, but they were split over whether the city should retain "prime control" or "ultimate supervision" over the park. Six hours after the meeting began, they voted twenty-three to nine for "ultimate supervision," with three abstentions. It was democracy, and it was great.



"George Shultz ventures his opinion. Philippe de Montebello ventures his opinion. Why don't you ever venture an opinion?"

•

TREE questions got you down? Here are some answers, specific to Washington Square Park, that Urban Park Rangers Jackie Brown and Shushania Wright provided during a walking tour a week ago Saturday:

Q—How many species of trees are there in the park?

A—About fifteen. There are the pin oak, the elm, the maple, the hawthorn, several types of cherry, the catalpa, the London plane, the sycamore, the magnolia, the ginkgo, and the Osage orange.

Q—If you cut down the trees of Washington Square Park, what could you make from them?

A—The locusts make wonderful bows for arrows, and also wooden nails and dowels for shipbuilding. The bark of the red maples, when it is boiled and mixed with alum, makes a cinnamon-colored dye. Other things, too.

Q—When the trees are standing, are they merely decorative or could they be put to use?

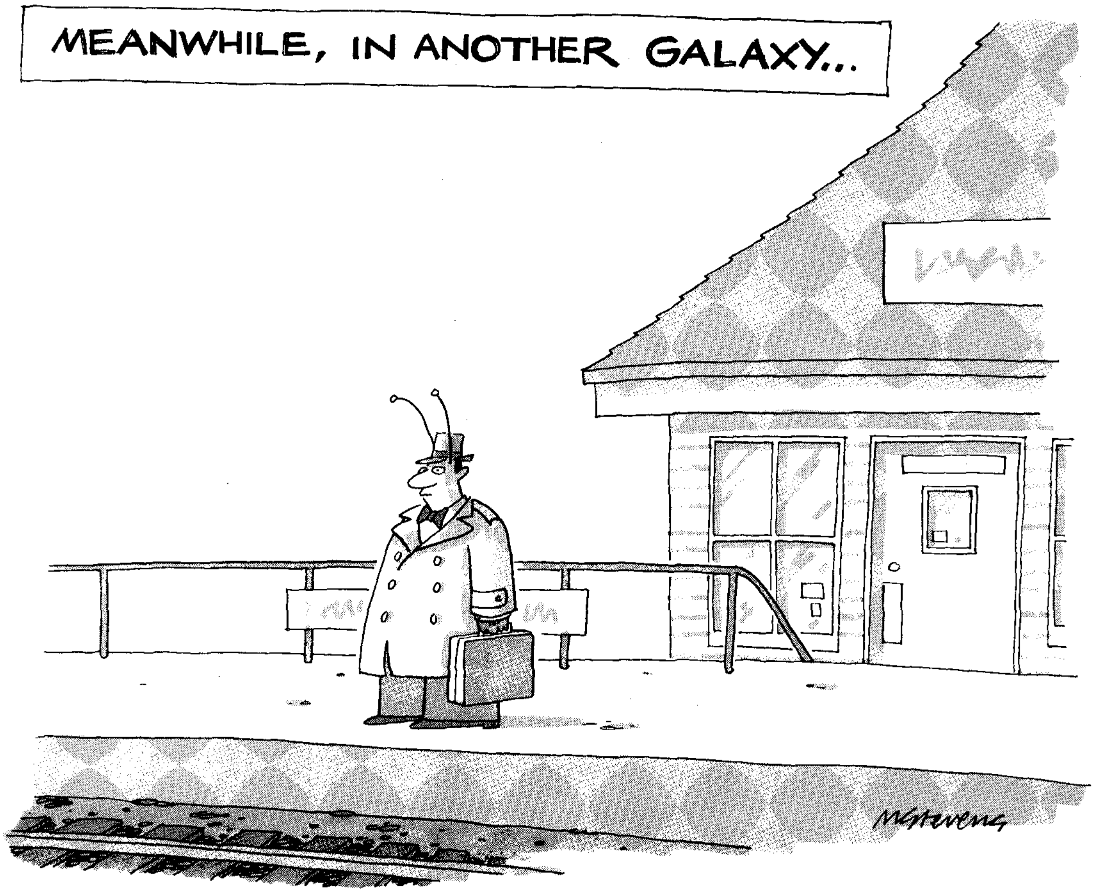
A—They could. Indeed, one has been—the mammoth elm on the northwest corner. "Before this was a park, it was a place where they hanged people, and this was the hanging elm," Jackie explained. "Once, when Lafayette was here, they had a big celebration, and part of the celebration was that they hanged four highwaymen. I heard that a few years ago Con Ed was doing some digging around here and dug up four skeletons."

Q—What are those beer bottles

doing stuck way up there on the branches of that locust? And all those helium balloons wrapped around the branches of that London plane—what's the story?

A—Art, maybe.

If you don't care for flora, we can also pass on a good fauna fact from the Ranges. There are black squirrels in Washington Square Park, but only on the east side. They never go on the west side, and no one knows why.


MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER GALAXY...

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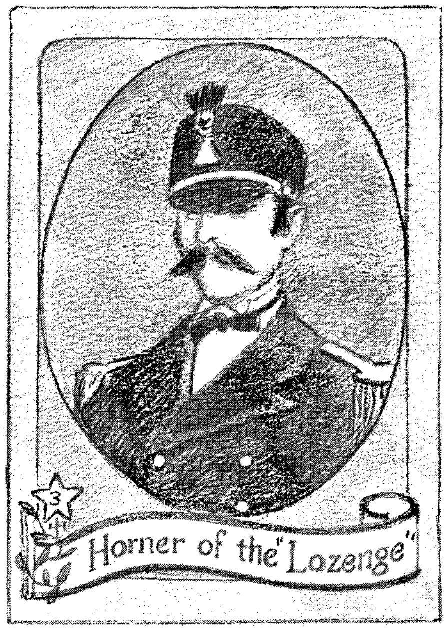
"ORIGINALLY, it was meant to be a passive park. It was a Victorian-style park, which meant strolling," Hui Mei Grove told us as we stood in the ankle-deep mud that covered Union Square Park one of those days last week when it was raining more often than not. The park is undergoing renovation: a chain-link fence keeps strollers out, muck and mire have replaced the grass, and the squadron of drug salesmen usually stationed there have given way to a number of men driving bulldozers, studying blueprints, and taking coffee breaks. It will reopen in the fall of 1985, with a new set of paths, fewer trees and shrubs (to increase visibility from the street and so perhaps cut down on the number of pushers), wooden benches like the ones in Central Park, pretty new lights (the BB-14Es), and a large central lawn. Hui Mei is a landscape specialist who ordinarily works on fountains and is now in charge of the Union Square design. She said, "A park should be able to provide enough variety for different purposes. People change, neighborhoods change, and we can't rebuild the park every day, so we're not going to have anything too rigid." There will be a new flagpole on top of the Declaration of Independence monument in the park's center; and perhaps some special events, like flower shows and concerts, will be scheduled. "We want a park that's attractive enough so that if someone tries to sell you drugs at the entrance you won't just turn around and walk away," Hui Mei said.

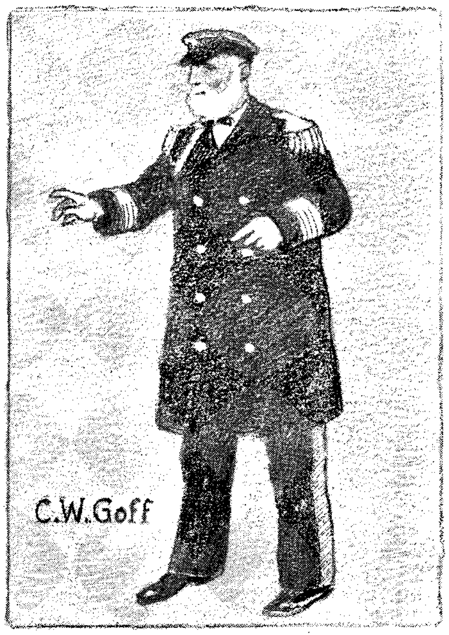
After our tour, we cleaned the mud from our boots and joined Dorothy Dehner, an artist friend, for lunch in her studio, which sits eight stories above Union Square. Over a glass of Lillet, we admired her latest work—a towering monolith of Cor-Ten steel—and listened to her stories about the park in the old days. (Though she is very much a vigorous and active artist, she can remember Union Square during the twenties and thirties, its radical heyday.) "It was always a place where anybody could get up to give a speech and draw a crowd," she told us. "When the radical movement was strong, the May Day parade would wind up there. Even the *Times* would credit the parade with a hundred thousand marchers, and everyone knew that it was three times that. The dancers would dance along and beat tambourines. All the artists marched, except the academicians. An artist who didn't march in the parade, his name was mud. We were all in the artists' union then, which worked with the C.I.O.—not the C.I.A., the C.I.O. And, oh, we were marching for such revolutionary things—Social Security, Medicare. We'd chant 'Free Tom Mooney and the Scottsboro Boys!' People would talk about unemployment insurance, and war and peace, and the horrible things going on in Washington—we had Herbert Hoover in those days, for God's sake. I can remember one time when a bunch of the artists were arrested in the park—I don't remember for what, but nothing bad. When they'd been taken to the station and were asked their names, they all said things like 'Mike Angelo' and 'Leo Da Vinci.' And the cops never caught on."

Political ferment in Union Square has died down; all that's left is what seems to be a graffiti war pitting the daubers of the R.C.P. (Revolutionary Communist Party), the C.W.P. (Communist Workers Party), and the A.I.C. (Assassination Information Committee) against each other first and the lords of capitalism second. One spray-painted slogan, for instance, reads, "CWP Is Fake 'Left' and Anti-Labor. CWP Covers Up AIC Posters of Transit Union's Sell Out!" The R.C.P. comes under anonymous attack in another scrawl: "Purpose of RCP—Turn Off the Masses, Recruit and Then Demoralize Potential Revolutionary Strata." Fighting words if ever we've heard them.

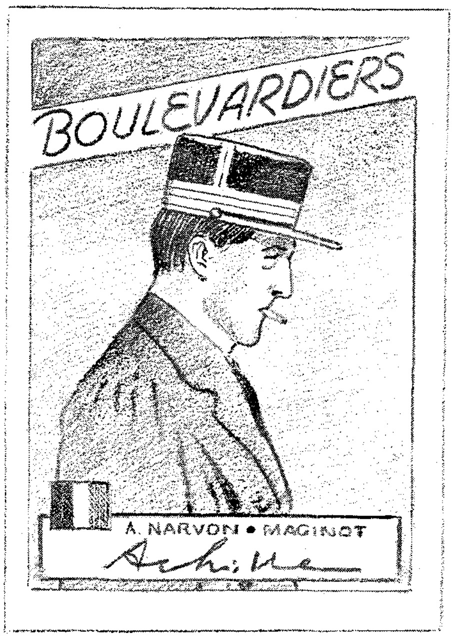
CURBSIDERS ON PARADE



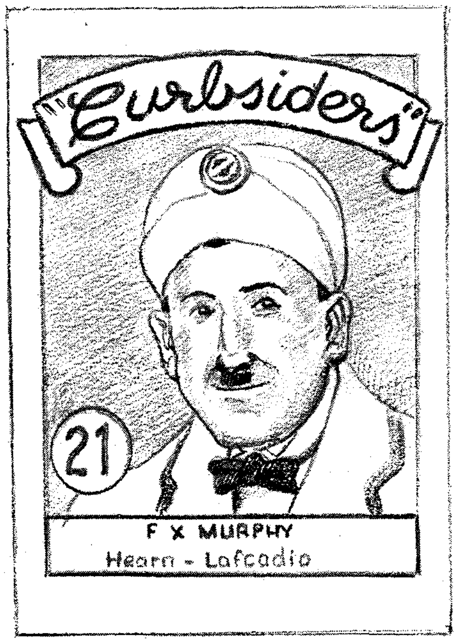
In the beginning was the *Knights of the Curbstone* series, issued in 1893 by Cincinnati's Revolv-O Automatic Door Co. Cass Horner's halcyon Lozenge career lasted until 1908, when he jumped crosstown to front-door the new Salamander. In 1910 he begged to come back, but by then the Lozenge had hired a certain lad, fresh out of Cornell, name of Crump.



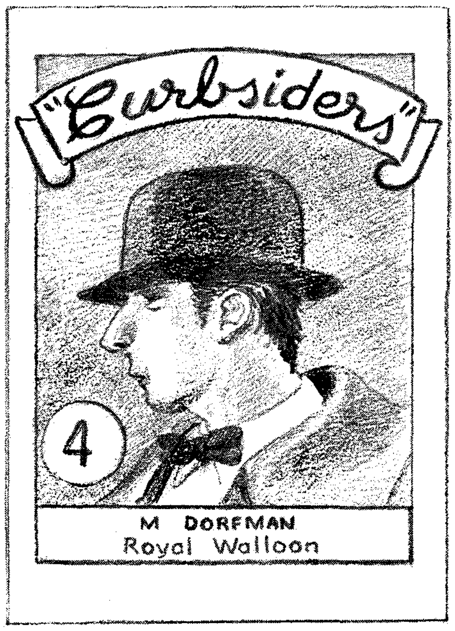
Here's an oddity: C. W. Goff of the Savonarola without his trademark taxi trumpet. (Could it have been retouched out?) Greatest of all the great London hotel doormen, C.W. went curbside only at age 65, after retiring as an Admiral of the Fleet. His naval getup set a style of dress that the hotel doormen of the world have been emulating ever since.



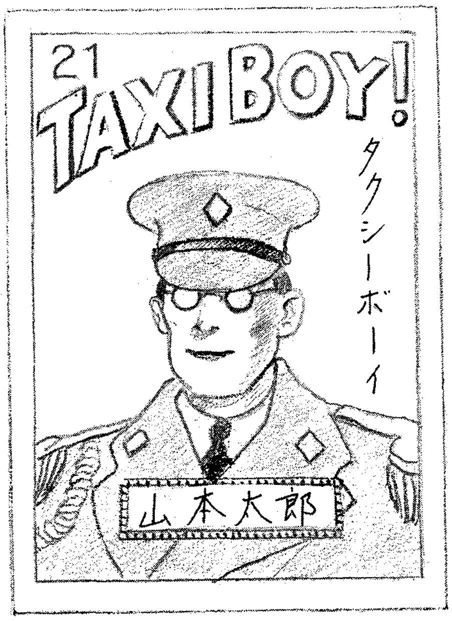
The magnificent Achille, who made the Maginot the Maginot. In 1914 the French Army had used his uncanny skills to round up the legendary "Taxis of the Marne," but ten years later, when Achille joined the British-owned Verdigris, *Boulevardiers* abruptly withdrew this card. A mint copy fetches $500 or more on the open market today.



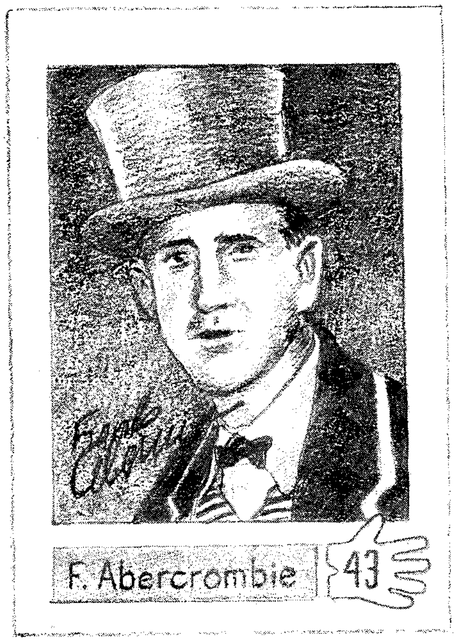
Standard Uniform & Cap's popular *Curbsiders* series of 1952 ran to 150 cards. How do you figure that Murph? He can't hang on even as a graveyard-shift sub at the Billingsgate but goes from freight entrance to main door at the posh Hearn-Lafcadio in two years. Murph's '53 Xmas take was the richest on record up to that time.



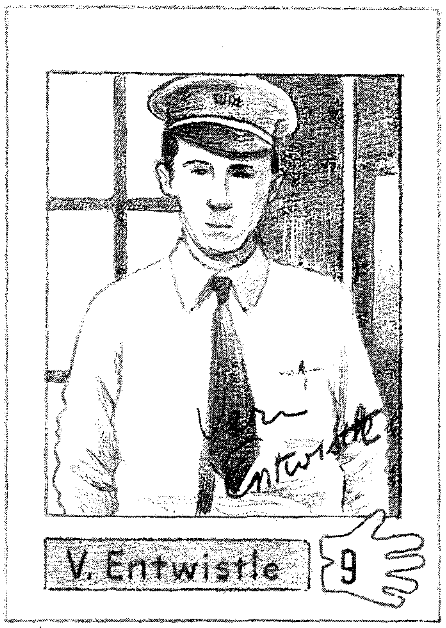
"Irish Mike" K.O.'d a record 14 cabbies in his 32-year stint under the awnings and once kicked a two-suiter the length of a city block. Shortly after this 1956 card was issued, Mike left the Royal Walloon to go nightside at the Whetstone, which used to be the Spatz-Huguenot and has since become the IntraGrand.


21
TAXI BOY!
タクシーボーイ
山本太郎

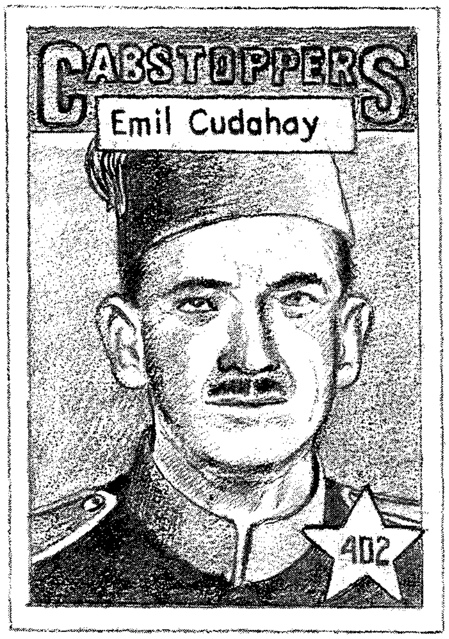
The Japanese Shin-Kawa Hotel Supply Co. has been issuing its *Taxi Boy* series since 1960, but the set is little known outside Asia and includes bellmen and concierges. Rumor has it that *Taxi Boys* will soon be issued in English-language versions—with 3-D pix! By the way, can anybody identify this guy?



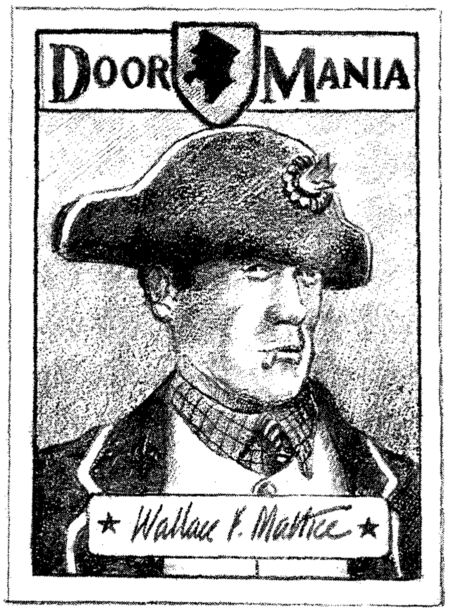
Shorty Abercrombie, sui generis, and here sans his traditional mutton-chop whiskers. A three-time Silver Whistle winner ('57, '62, '64), Shorty—a.k.a. "The Phantom of the Absalom" in recognition of his famous disappearing act whenever it rained or snowed—revealed to an interviewer for *The Epaulet*, after hanging up his topper for good in 1981, "I never lifted a piece of luggage in my life."



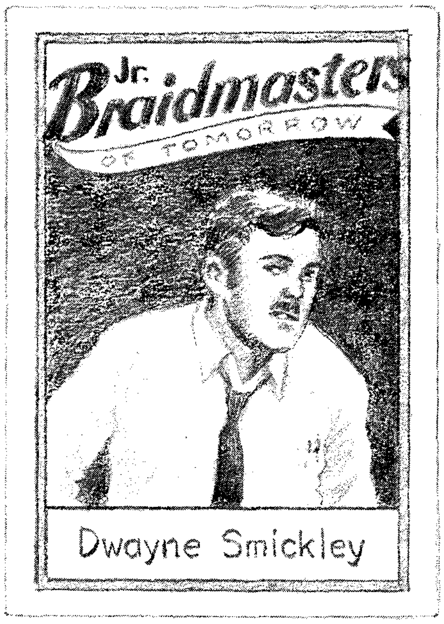
Not all *White Gloves* cards featured hotel umbrella jockeys. Saluted in this extra 1977 series were the top apartment-house doormen—albeit only with black-and-white pictures, printed on thin stock. Who doesn't remember Vernon Entwistle, the legendary "Vestibule Vern," late of New York's ritzy 1011 Fifth Ave.? Today, Vern's kid brother Vic awnings at the St. Vitus of San Francisco.



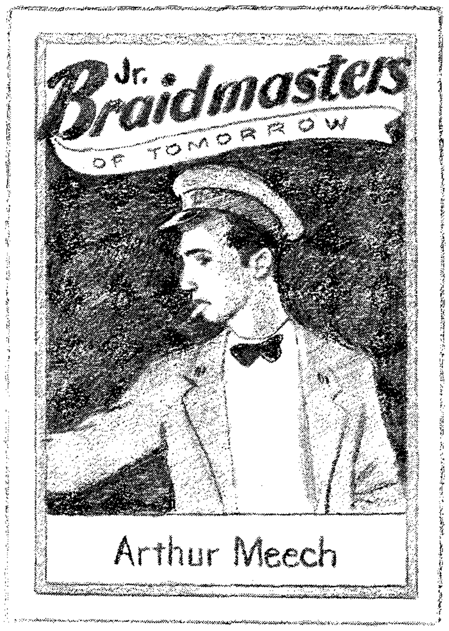
Federated Linen's 1978 *Cabstoppers* line depicted doormen of the oft-neglected one-star and unrated hotels—like Emil Cudahay of the Kibitzer. A worthy idea, but the interest just wasn't there, and Federated cancelled the series the next year. Ironically, the Kibitzer "cancelled" Emil the week this card was issued; one of the great natural whistlers of our time would never hail a cab professionally again.



If face and headgear don't quite seem to match, consult the trivia file! Wally Mattice subbed at the Knud-Imperium in late '81 while vacationing from his regular door spot at the Albumen, and they didn't have a regulation Knud-Imperium shako that would fit. More trivia: the made-in-Canada *DoorMania* series features not a single Canadian.



The handsome new *Jr. Braidmasters of Tomorrow* series tries to skirt escalating royalty demands of established hotel doormen by concentrating on up-and-comers like Dwayne Smickley, night elevator man at the newly renovated Esperanto. A future Foyer of Famer? Don't bet against it! No hotel has matched the Esperanto's 12 Silver Whistle winners since 1940!



Note that Artie Meach's name has been misspelled as "Meech," and that the guy alleged to be Artie in the picture is actually Boyd Pratt, night relief doorman at the Alpaca. Somebody sure goofed—making this *Jr. Braidmasters* card, not yet even a year old, one of the most highly prized collectibles on the market.

—Bruce McCall

THRIFT

MARGERY was fifty-six when she signed up for her first college class. It was 1973, the year that the war in Vietnam more or less ended. Leonard Cohen was still singing "Bird on the Wire." Margery said that Leonard Cohen would last. She had said this of others. Nellie Lutcher. Harry James.

"I never heard of Harry James or Nellie Lutcher," her grown daughter, Janet, complained once. "What do you mean by 'lasting'?"

"The balance of experience and desire," Margery told her. She wiped the corner of her mouth with her little finger, a lifelong habit. The red smear of lipstick on the tip of that finger was one of Janet's earliest memories.

Margery's pronouncements were reserved for Janet, who was an only child and obliged to listen, but not without annoyance, for her mother's crisp claim to wisdom seemed unfounded to her. "My mother has made a good wife," she would say, holding forth to her friends. "Literally. She has *made* a good wife out of herself." What Janet did not say, and perhaps did not know, was that her mother could just as easily have become a harmless old maid; she had the requisite canniness and prudence.

THE class was "English Literature: From Wordsworth to Eliot," taught by a Mr. Sterling Travers, a name that appealed to Margery. It was the second half of a survey course offered by the Houston Community College, held at the neighborhood high school, which by night was a branch of the college. Walking down the school corridors, which always smelled pleasantly to her of mashed potatoes, Margery was disturbed by the creakiness of her new shoes, afraid they would attract attention. She was very much aware that these city walkers and her navy-blue pants suit were out of place among the jeans and fringed leather vests, but Margery did not want to give the impression that she yearned for youth and was engaged in some ludicrous attempt to recapture it. "I'm not going to be any Grandma Hippie just because I'm going to college," she'd told her husband, Francis.

She could easily have got away with it. Her skin was smooth and her white hair was thick and lustrous, as if it had whitened prematurely. In a long skirt, full-sleeved blouse, and leather weskit, Margery could have looked like an Irish folksinger. But signing up for the course had taken all her audacity, and decorum would have to see her through.

Margery chose a seat at the back of the room, underneath a platter-size clock with Roman numerals and a thin red arrow sweeping the seconds. The clock hummed throughout the hour and at first bothered Margery; she had exceedingly sharp hearing and was sensitive to noise. But it was not long before she stopped noticing it.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid
thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad
may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary
floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing
wind.

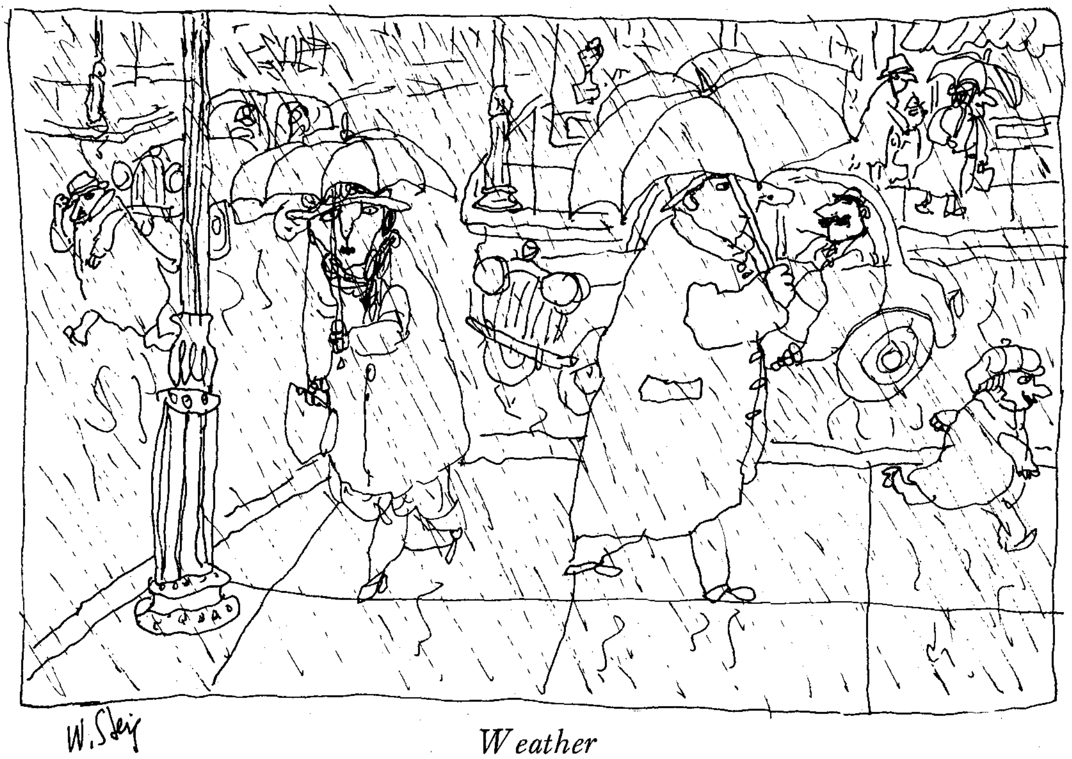
The words stilled Margery; an utter tranquillity set in. She was sure that her teacher's voice was to the ear what Keats himself must have been to the eye—glowing with dark, secret fire. Margery did not say these words aloud, of course. She told Francis that she was afraid Mr. Travers would not last.

They were at breakfast. Francis was not listening; he was in one of his moods. In one of his moods Francis neither listened nor spoke. Once ten days passed before he said a word in Margery's presence.

His muteness had the effect of amplifying the sounds he did make. His step thundered on the stairs, his chair shrieked beneath his weight when he pulled it up to the table, his coffee cup crashed to its saucer. But his moods never erupted into the violence they seemed to threaten, and eventually he would simply reappear one morning as the orderly, somewhat pompous, and entirely successful lawyer that he in fact was.

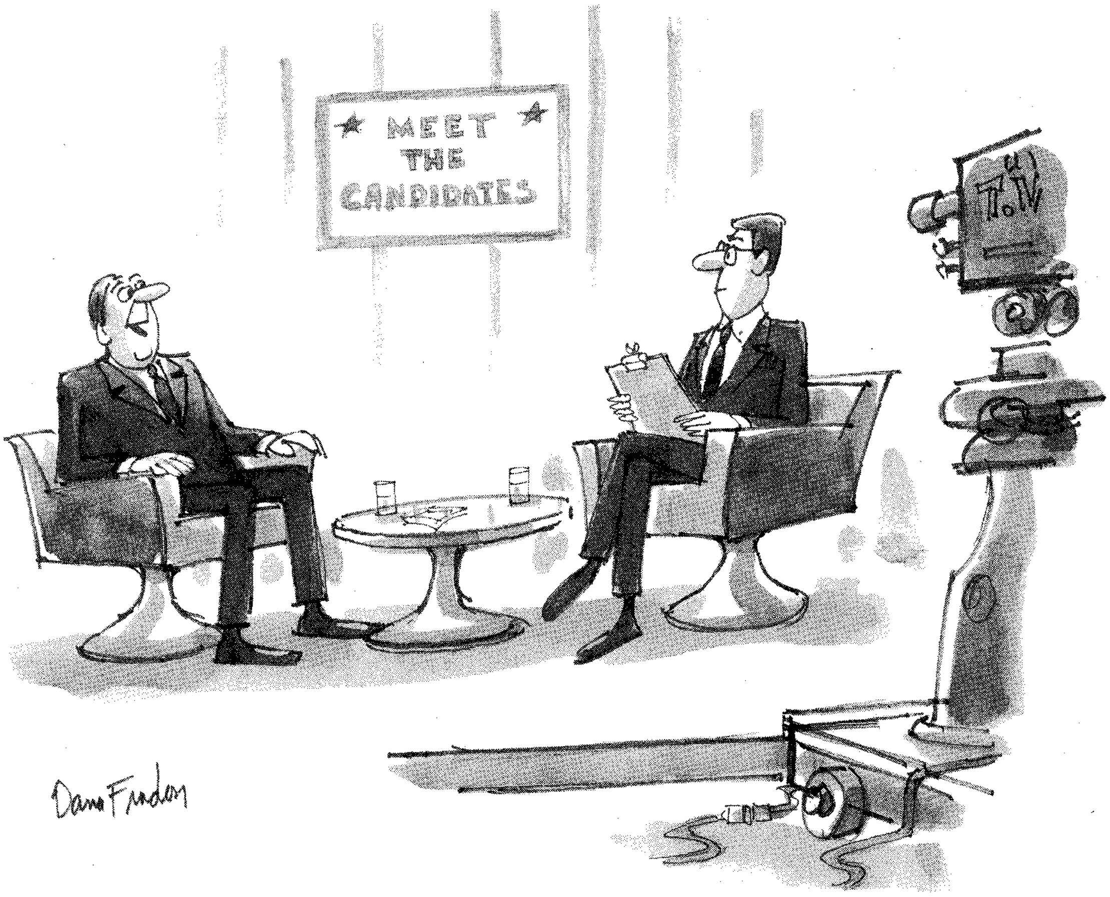
Margery had not been in love with Francis when she married him, but she hadn't known it at the time. His pursuit had filled her with an unexpected sense of power and immodesty that she did not recognize as an eagerness for sex, and she said "I love you" when she meant "It's time." She knew little of men and saw them as alien and vulnerable. When Francis asked her to marry him—so nervous, so obviously anxious to get the business over with—she hadn't the heart to hurt his feelings by saying no or that she'd like to think it over. She was afraid of doing some great damage, but she did not connect this fear with pride.

Their wedding night was one of ter-



Weather

rifying discovery, with Francis crying out to her for help and Margery frozen in uncertainty and alarm. She had her first orgasm, on a burro ride in Greece, years after Janet was born. But all of this was in the past. Their separate beds, Francis's gloomy late-night tinkering in the garage, her own elusive ailments Margery accepted as signs of old age rather than accretions around a grain of dissatisfaction.



"It's true, Dave, that I have an unsavory past, but if elected to public office I hope to hold myself up to a higher standard."

From her minister, Margery had learned that Francis's moods were congenital in men and not her fault, and over the years she had grown used to them, as she had to almost everything about Francis except his chewing. At meals she still chattered loudly to drown out the wet, sucking sounds he made when he ate, as he was doing that morning at breakfast. His attack on his grapefruit called for a special effort.

"Mr. Travers says he does not believe in the vaccination theory of education!" Margery said with emphasis. "Where you take a course in order to *get* it, and when you've *got* it you never have to take it again, because you've *had* it!" Margery laughed. She had a very youthful laugh, agile and venturesome, which often surprised people. "He's clever with words. Maybe too clever," she went on. "The boy who sits in front of me—you should see him: eyes like two burned holes in a blanket—says he's already in trouble with the head of the department. Mr. Travers, not the boy. That boy doesn't have the spirit to get into trouble."

She paused, trying to think of what else she could say about Mr. Travers that would be acceptable. She didn't want to say that he had long, undulating red hair that reminded her of Renaissance paintings, that he wore a black leather jacket that struck her as touchingly vincible, that she thought the blue eyes behind his glasses must hold a score of distilled moments to give him that air of being poised on the edge of a revelation.

"Mr. Travers might have an inner-ear problem," she said finally. She thought this could be the reason that he walked with a slight list, hugging the walls. One evening she had followed the brown starbursts on the floor where he'd spilled the coffee he was never without. They marked his route through the corridors.

STERLING TRAVERS' classes were performances; he would often recite the poetry assignments, accompanying himself on a dulcimer. Margery listened and watched, fascinated, as his mouth curled and flexed around the words. "O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being." He spoke of the magic of words, and when he did Margery's heart raced.

This uncommon attachment to words seemed to her a reckless foray into women's territory. The men she knew—her father, her brothers, Francis—were taciturn. For them, words were tools, to be used only when needed. "Lawyers," Janet said scornfully, but Margery thought there was more to it than that. She suspected that men held a devotion to words to be unmanly somehow. A man might speak, but he must not be talkative.

Mr. Travers was very talkative. The other students gloated over the ease with which they led him into digressions, but Margery admired his fluent versatility. She even began to think that Mr. Travers was a man she herself could talk to the way people talked in books, and as she dusted, swept, scrubbed, sponged, rubbed, and buffed, Margery began to discuss things with Mr. Travers.

"I have observed, Mr. Travers, *your* observation of Miss Bowdon." (Margery referred to a black girl who argued persuasively in class.) "Do you not find it remarkable the way she laughs with her teeth together? She makes a hissing sound that I think somewhat sinister."

"*Sinister*. My dear Mrs. Carmichael, what an interesting choice of words! By sinister, do you mean lucky or unlucky?"

"Why, I do not believe I mean either, Mr. Travers. I believe I mean simply *ominous*, perhaps *portentous*."

"Ah, yes, but 'sinister' originally

signified *left-sided,* Mrs. Carmichael, which to the early Roman augurs meant lucky, to the Greek and later Romans unlucky, for the early Romans faced south as they sought omens in the flight patterns of birds, with the east side, the lucky side, on their left, while the Greeks, on the other hand, faced north, making the lucky side the right side. So what say you, Mrs. Carmichael? From which side does Miss Bowdon laugh? The lucky or the unlucky?"

"I'm quite sure, Mr. Travers, that only a man of your erudition and experience would ever dare venture a speculation as to the nature of a woman's smile."

And so on, as Margery removed the streaks from a window or dark smudges from a copper teakettle.

The course was Sterling Travers' first teaching job. He had earned an M.A. from the University of Houston the year before and was hired at the last moment, when another teacher quit the day before classes were to start. His résumé had been sitting on Sondra Ballard's desk at the time. Head of the English Department, she was a distraught and ambitious woman who tended to mistake quick decisions for decisive action. She hired him over the phone.

Sterling had no qualms about walking into class unprepared; he believed in serendipity. The first session, he tossed out the department's suggested syllabus and announced that the class would evolve organically from dialogues between himself and the students. There would be no tests; he would assign papers.

None of this might ever have reached Sondra Ballard's ears had Sterling not described her to illustrate the word "philistine." "Sondra Ballard belongs in the Petroleum Club, or would if they were men enough to allow women," he insisted. Someone repeated this statement to a composition teacher, who reported it in an aggrieved note to Miss Ballard and accompanied it with a filched class memo of Sterling's. A comma splice and a misspelling were circled in red.

Sondra Ballard had called Sterling on the carpet—a puce-colored carpet, he confided to his students in class the next day. He went on to say she had accused him of unprofessional conduct. Sterling found this a dreary analysis. Then she enumerated his unorthodox teaching methods. Sterling warmed to this criticism, pointing out to her, and now the class, that paradox was considered the opposite of orthodox by the Greeks, and that he had always thought of himself as a paradoxical. She retorted that "paradoxical" was an adjective, not a noun, giving Sterling the chance to feel disdainful.

NOW

It's spring out, and the acrid
hiss of rain on Madison
heaves in the wake of the buses.

Such a long time we've been sitting here.
The dusty fronds are old green loden coats,
heavy around us, the crushed

clouds of tissue roses are
light-resistant, and a little torn.
Watery, thin, the daylight

is whittled down by the revolving door,
becoming another day
entirely, a scrimshaw of "Later on,

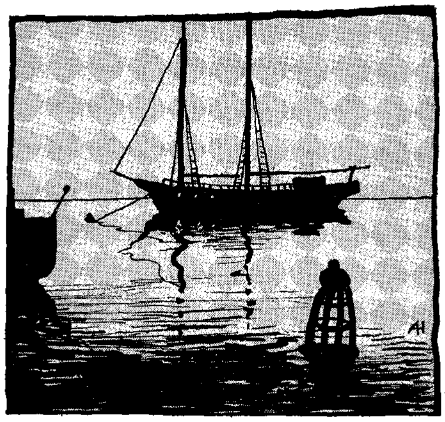
when things get better" that is always in front
and also behind us, junky and bleached,
like the word *now*, that small atom, that pearl.

—Cynthia Zarin

• •

Nevertheless, Miss Ballard's misgivings proved well founded in the end. For most of his students, who viewed Sterling with derision and affection, his teaching proved uninstructive. Margery was an exception. His topics inspired her: Revolutionary Hope in "The Prelude;" The Supernatural in Beauty; Shelley's Apocalyptic Expectations. She labored over her papers late into the night, perspiring and exalted, shoulders compressed in tense effort.

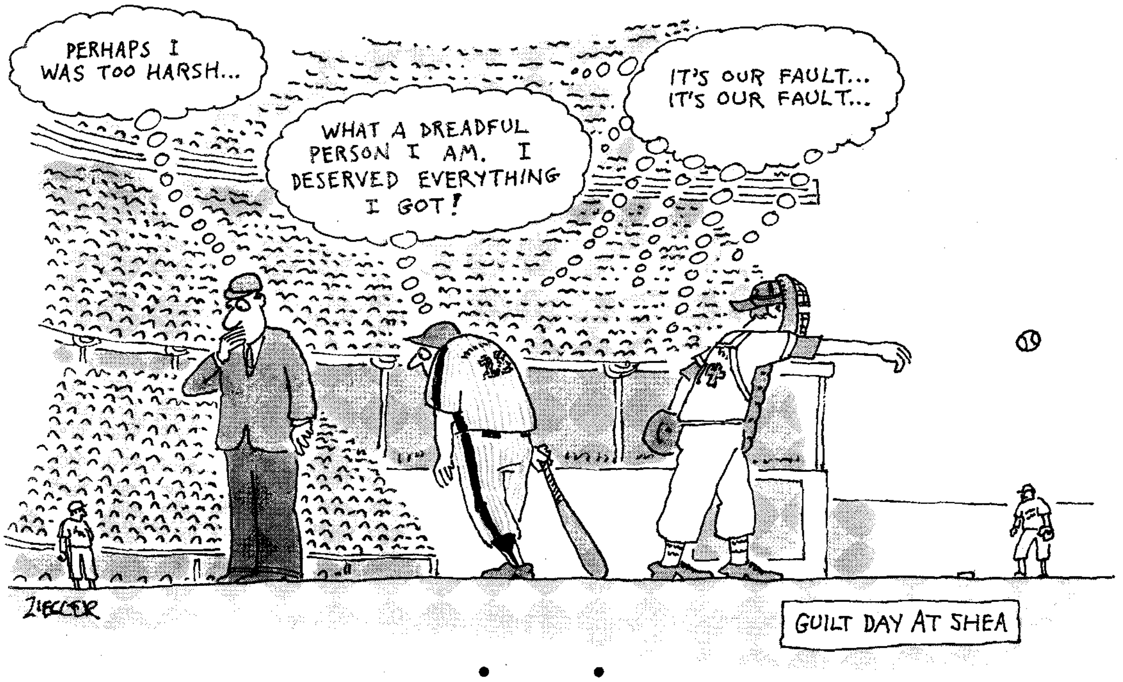
Sterling often read Margery's papers to the class, praising their acuity and sensibility. Margery would listen, her mind turbulent, her face flushed, her hands folded on the paddle-shaped arm of her seat, which was inscribed with dirty words she had never in her life uttered. She rarely spoke in class; she never joined the cluster of students at his desk afterward. As soon as their hour was up, she hoisted her books to her chest and left, head lowered, her glasses slipping down her nose.



At the end of the semester, Sterling Travers gave himself a going-away party and invited the class. His contract had not been renewed; he was leaving for San Francisco. "Haight-Ashbury," he told them. Margery did not know where that was, but she was impressed that Mr. Travers knew where he was going.

Margery began entreating Francis to accompany her to the party a week before. "It probably won't be very entertaining," she apologized, "but we can arrive late and leave early. He's been such a remarkable teacher and has had such bad luck I feel obliged to go. To show support, you know—appreciation. His talents have been wasted here, I can tell you."

Francis had brought work home that evening and was brooking no interruptions. His large head did not stir above the islands of white papers spread out on the dining-room table, and Margery was not sure whether or not he had agreed to go until the night of the party, when he got out his mustard cardigan, which meant he was about to suffer a social occasion.


PERHAPS I WAS TOO HARSH...
WHAT A DREADFUL PERSON I AM. I DESERVED EVERYTHING I GOT!
IT'S OUR FAULT... IT'S OUR FAULT...
ZIEGLER
GUILT DAY AT SHEA

Margery was relieved when they pulled up in front of a suburban house. She'd feared that Mr. Travers might live in an old water tower or an abandoned potato-chip factory, like that Unitarian minister she'd met once, which would have soured Francis before they even walked in the door.

Margery had made a new dress for the party. She did not admit this to herself, and refused to connect the purchase of the soft wool challis with the party's announcement, or the feverish late-night sewing with its approach. Hemming the skirt the afternoon before the party, she'd said to herself, in an offhand way, that she might as well wear it. She looked elegant in the dress's graceful folds, its pattern of russet and blue, and had she been more confident she would not have felt overdressed.

"Red or white, Mrs. Carmichael?" Sterling asked. He held out two bottles of wine, as some singer—a woman with a hoarse voice, probably Janis Joplin—pleaded from the stereo.

She looked at the labels, although she and Francis never drank wine at home. "Red," she announced. She could tell from Mr. Travers' smile that it was the superior choice. He introduced them to his housemates, one of whom was a lawyer, and for a moment Margery thought Francis might have someone to talk to, but the young man turned out to be a people's lawyer, who wanted to discuss rent control.

Francis stayed by Margery's side at first, for which she was grateful. It forced her to approach her classmates in order to introduce him, and to carry on conversations with them for his sake. She talked of grades and papers, asked advice on whom to take for the first half of the course, and chipped in with her own muted outrage at the actions of Sondra Ballard. Meanwhile, she silently speculated on who the spy might be. There had to be one; she'd figured that out from the first. How else would Sondra Ballard have known of Mr. Travers' indiscretion? She settled (incorrectly) on Mary Lee Bowdon.

"Impetuousness was Mr. Travers' only crime," Margery stoutly asserted. Her classmates seemed polite and pleased. This was the period of the "generation gap," and many of them may have felt adrift and abandoned by their parents, as well as misunderstood. For Margery, so quiet and self-effacing, so *unjudgmental*, they practiced the good manners they'd been taught.

In the middle of a discussion on whether or not smoking should be allowed in the classroom, Francis picked up a copy of the school's literary journal from a pile of magazines on a bright-red footlocker that served as a table and retired to a corner where the light was especially bad. Panicked by his desertion, Margery fled to the bathroom, looking over her shoulder to see Francis turn a page with determined interest.

Since there was no answer to her knock, Margery was surprised to open the door on Mary Lee Bowdon, who was combing her straightened hair with a toothbrush. Margery murmured something about waiting outside. "I'm finished," said Mary Lee, replacing the toothbrush in the chrome holder attached to the wall. She sashayed out. "Sashayed"—that was the word Margery whispered to herself as she set her wineglass on the sink and turned on the water to let anyone who came along know that the bathroom was occupied.

Sterling waylaid Margery as soon as she emerged. She blushed, thinking of the natural function she had just attended to. "Mrs. Carmichael," he said, wagging his head at her as if she were a naughty girl (he was a little bit drunk). "Miss-is Carmichael. Do you know that you said exactly eighty-six words in my class this semester? I kept track." He hadn't, Margery assured herself. He was teasing. "And you, my prize student! Now, how can we explain this, Mrs. Carmichael? What is at the bottom of this aberrant behavior?"

"Misanthropy." The word darted from her like a chased mouse, his laugh in pursuit. She quickly took a sip of her wine; she knew she would not be able to say another word. He took her free hand and she felt his, delicate and narrow. Marvelling at its unyielding bones and soft skin, the pillowed flesh of the palm, she allowed herself to be led to a sagging sofa covered with striped sarapes.

"My prize student," he said, relinquishing her hand with a bow as she sat down. He half fell onto the sofa beside her, bouncing her a little.

James Joyce, he confided, was his main man, a man who had the courage to endure exile in the service of art. "He couldn't write in Ireland; he was stifled, his creative spirit shackled. Political boundaries were meaningless to him—his country was art. Trieste, Paris, Zurich—they were all the same to him. Dublin, now, Dublin was another story. In a sense he never left

Dublin. He said that if Dublin were ever destroyed it could be re-created from his books. Dear, dirty Dublin. Ambiguity, the curse of wanderers.”

As he spoke, Margery watched her pulse throb against the stockinged ankle of her crossed leg. She met his eye occasionally, to let him know she understood. She did, too. She heard the posturing and the self-absorption, the hyperbole, the justification. But she also heard generosity and a willing heart; she discerned the plumb line of his intentions. He told her he was going to San Francisco to become a poet. She agreed that he could not do otherwise. Destiny had its laws.

“May I try on your glasses?” he asked, taking off his own. Conscious of an alert tightening in her breasts and the heat rising to her face, she nevertheless slid the bifocals from her face, using both hands and tipping her head slightly, first one way, then the other, so as not to catch a bow on an ear.

As she handed her glasses over to him, he gave her his. “Put them on,” he said. Margery trembled.

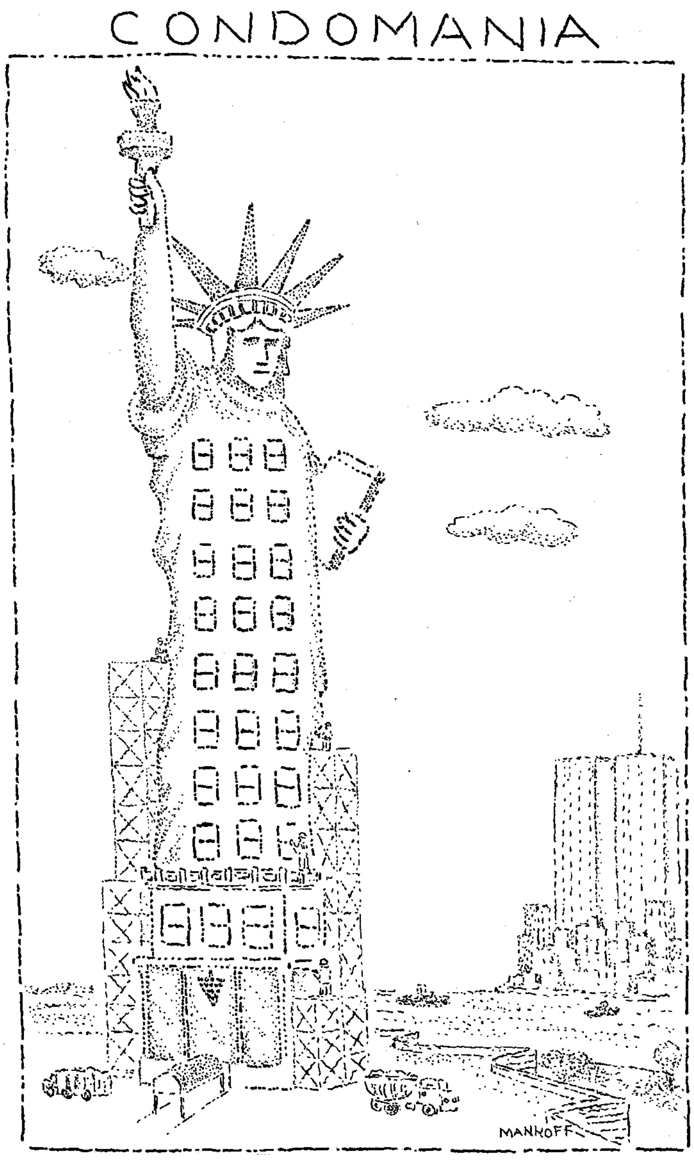
They gazed at each other, he through pale-blue aluminum frames, she through round wire rims. He blinked, and the feathery movement of his eyelashes seemed to proliferate in her lungs, making it impossible to breathe. “I . . . I can’t see,” she gasped. “Everything is blurry.” She lowered her head, and for an instant had the sensation that it rested on his cool shoulder. His glasses slipped from her face into her lap and lay there, staring up at her, the lenses blank.

She and Francis did leave the party early; he reminded her and she did not object. It happened that Mary Lee Bowdon left at the same time, alone and cranky. Sterling tried to persuade her to stay, sounding apologetic, which Margery thought unnecessary for this flit of a girl, but Mary Lee left anyway, or, as Margery put it to herself later, “flounced out.” Sterling closed a sliding patio door after them. Then he pressed his tongue to its glass, leaving a heart-shaped imprint. Mary Lee hissed contemptuously, although she might have been laughing; it was hard to tell.

“Send me a postcard from San Francisco!” Margery called back, suddenly bold.

Sterling slid open the door again. “Count on it! Do you want a picture of the Golden Gate Bridge? It was built by a poet, you know.”

Margery didn’t, but she took note.



MARGERY never took another course. She told Janet that she had learned enough to last her a lifetime. “Repetition erodes perfection,” she pronounced.

“Economical, as always,” Janet commented, acknowledging that there was no arguing with Margery once she sealed a decision with an opinion.

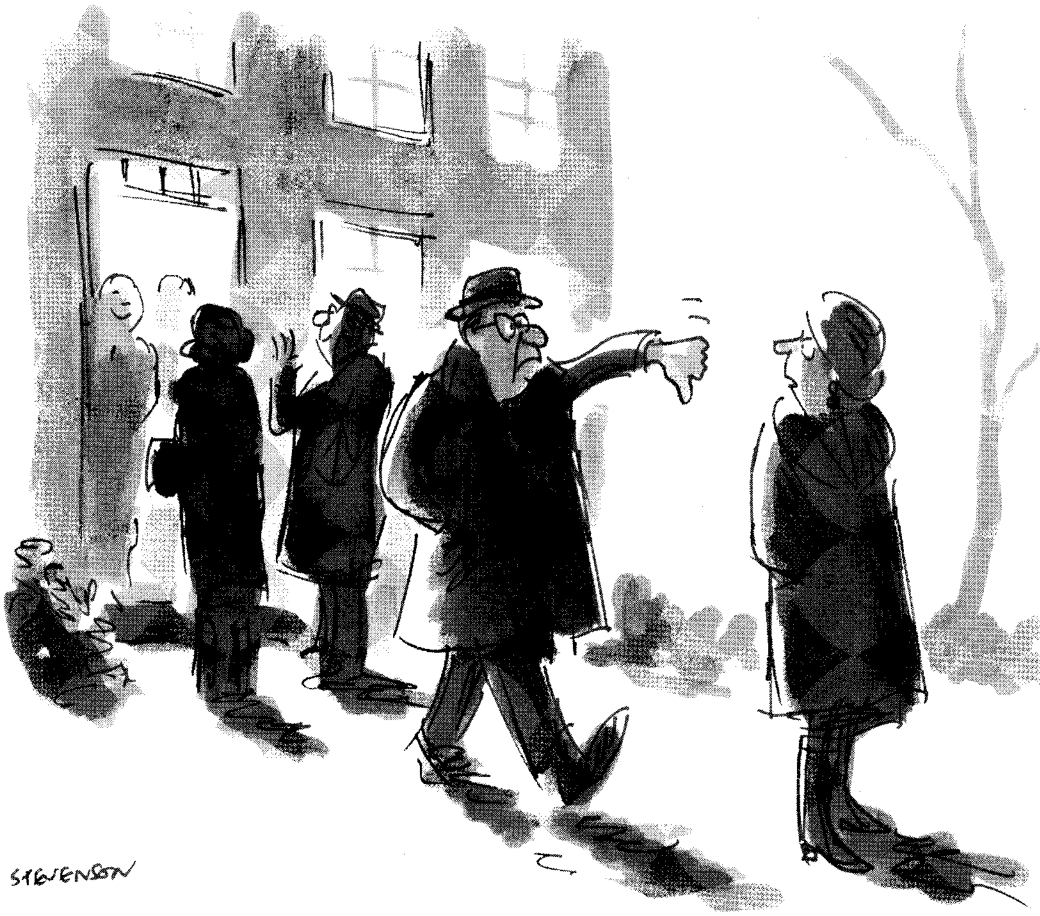
A few years later, Francis died of a heart attack; he was sixty-six. People thought that after a decent mourning period Margery might “step out.” Her narrow life with Francis had not gone unnoticed. But this did not happen. She did not attend socials at the Senior Citizens Center, as her friend Martha encouraged her to do—Martha, who tried to limit foods served by the Center to those low in cholesterol, because, as she explained, “the men are dying off on us.” Margery considered cholesterol a fad and, furthermore, was unconcerned with the declining number of available men. She politely refused invitations intended to introduce her to those still surviving. “No, thank you, if you don’t mind,” she would say. “No, thank you *very much*.”

For the most part, Margery lived as she had while Francis was alive. She spent a great deal of time keeping house: polishing furniture until it looked buttered, sweeping ceilings free of cobwebs, tenaciously removing tarnish from between the tines of forks. Her lips moved soundlessly as she worked.

She also read books with the same passion and stealth as she had before, even though there was no Francis now to snort noisily as he walked past her reading chair. She discovered Jean Rhys, Barbara Pym, Simone de Beauvoir. “Why should I join a reading group?” she said, countering Janet’s suggestion. “I enjoy my *own* company.”

Nor did Margery tour. Her cousin Millie, also widowed, tried to entice her first with a Mediterranean cruise, then with a trip to China. “Before it’s too late,” she said. But Margery would have none of her cousin’s pert desperation. “I already have a home,” she said, as if Millie had suggested looking for one. Yet when Janet invited Margery to San Francisco, where she had recently taken a job in an educational publishing house, Margery accepted without hesitation.

It was summer, and the city was cold and foggy. “I



"Can we dispense with the exit poll, Norris?"

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expected this," Margery said, her color high, in answer to Janet's apology.

They spent a week seeing the sights, except for the Golden Gate Bridge, which Margery wanted to save until last. She tirelessly trotted after her daughter, taking it all in with a quiet enchantment that baffled Janet, who was emphasizing sights like the International Hotel in Chinatown, from which nearly destitute old people had been evicted; the cheap shops of Fisherman's Wharf; the savvy panhandlers working the Powell Street cable-car stop.

As an antidote, Janet insisted on taking Margery to the "real" places she had found: the fishhook-shaped pier where people crabbed and fished, chatting and shouting in a variety of languages; the hidden lanes with wooden sidewalks on Telegraph Hill; an Italian bakery in North Beach whose owner grew morose when anyone left partially eaten cannoli on the plate. One night they went to a movie theatre that had Victorian furniture instead of the usual theatre seats. They sat on a velvet love seat, ate oiled popcorn, and watched Greer Garson in "Pride and Prejudice."

"Ah, love," Janet said mockingly when the movie was over.

"Oh, that's not love," Margery assured her. "That's money. Love involves a far more perilous innocence than that, and far less pride." She might have said more. She might have said that love could bring out the wild and indecent in you, that you could lose your head. To fall in love was to be possessed, to surrender to something that would change who you were, perhaps even change who you *had* been. Margery had thought all this over rather carefully. "There's nothing wrong with money," she said to Janet, who was nonplussed.

Margery was to leave on a Sunday afternoon. They visited the Golden Gate Bridge that morning. "Well, you gambled and won," Janet told her, for the day was sunny, if windy.

Margery got out of the car and walked past the bronze statue of the builder and up the ramp that led to the bridge itself.

"It takes at least forty minutes to walk across," Janet warned her.

"We have plenty of time," Margery said.

"One way," Janet added.

Margery kept walking. She thought she felt the bridge swaying beneath her feet, and she was careful not to walk too close to the edge.

"I thought it was supposed to be gold," she heard a child complain, and she smiled. She had expected no such thing; she had always known that the bridge was lobster red. Maybe not always, but for several years now. It was about the same color that was on the postcard that lay in her lingerie drawer, between a dimity camisole and a plissé nightdress, maybe not quite as bright.

Hearing a rumble behind her, she turned to see a young boy on a skateboard bearing down on her. He held his jacket out to the sides, forming a sail, and wore a cocky smile. "O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being." These were the words in Margery's head. The boy slipped past her with a graceful swerve, and she turned to watch the scores of boats tacking this way and that on the dishevelled blue of the bay. "Look at the sails!" she urged Janet.

Instead Janet looked at her mother. Braced against the wind, Margery looked youthful and unspent, her straight-spined posture hinting at something held in reserve, something put by. Old now, Margery would get older. Not so much stoical as inventive, she would husband her resources, budget her provisions.

—PATRICIA PAGE

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If you unplug a non-working phone and replace it with another phone that will work, the problem is most likely with the phone that doesn't work.—*Leaflet from Ohio Bell.*

Noted.

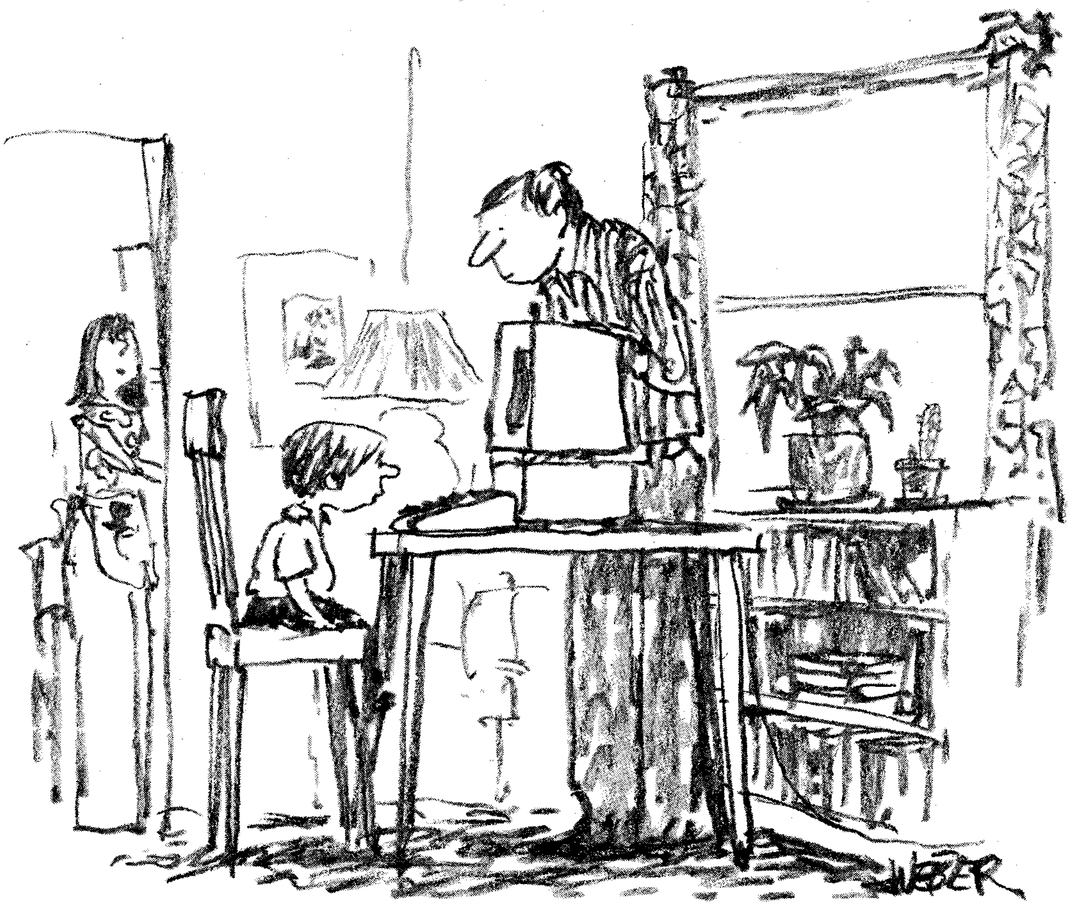
A REPORTER AT LARGE

A KIND OF COMMONS—II

IT is a brisk fall morning as I head north along the Mississippi River on Missouri Route 168, which runs from Hannibal to Palmyra. Coming around a sweeping curve in the road, I suddenly see clouds of white steam rising over stubbled cornfields into the cobalt-blue sky. This marks the home of the American Cyanamid Company's Agricultural Products Plant—one of three plants that make American Cyanamid the nation's largest producer of the antibiotic tetracycline for use in livestock feed. The particular form of tetracycline that Cyanamid produces is chlortetracycline (Aureomycin); it was the first of the tetracycline drugs to be discovered. As these and other antibiotics began to be manufactured in great quantities in the early fifties by American Cyanamid and other companies—both for human therapy and for use as a feed additive to promote growth and control subclinical disease in livestock—the bacterial world was assaulted with a barrage of bacteriostatic and bactericidal compounds. It was faced with an evolutionary challenge to respond or succumb. And respond it did, becoming resistant in increasing numbers by the transfer of *R* plasmids—genetic material that carries resistance to drugs—as if it were an army refitting itself for modern warfare.

While I wait in the plant's reception room for my arrival to be announced to the plant manager, I leaf through a copy of *National Hog Farmer*, a trade journal, and come upon a two-page advertisement for one of American Cyanamid's products. On the first page, the words "ASK YOURSELF: Can I afford to finish my hogs with Aureomycin during a tight year?" stand out in bold red lettering against a plain white background. On the opposing page, in the same red lettering, are the words "THEN ASK YOURSELF: Can I afford slow growth, poor feed efficiency, cervical abscesses, bacterial enteritis, and the drag of atrophic rhinitis during any year?" Below this, in black, is the statement "Aureomycin doesn't cost, it pays."

Actually, as I look through the magazine, I am a little surprised to find myself sitting in this lobby at all. Getting corporate permission to visit Cyanamid's Hannibal plant has not been an easy undertaking. When it comes to publicity that cannot be controlled by their own staffs or advertising firms, most large drug companies would rather do without. In preparation for my visit, I had put in a call some weeks earlier to Cyanamid headquarters, in Wayne, New Jersey, and I was referred to Richard Gustafson, at the company's research facility in Princeton, who, I was told, has a Ph.D. in microbiology from Rutgers and is an associate research fellow in charge of "antibiotic defense" in Cyanamid's Agricultural Research Division. ("He defends the product when it is attacked," his secretary told me when I inquired about the meaning of his title.)

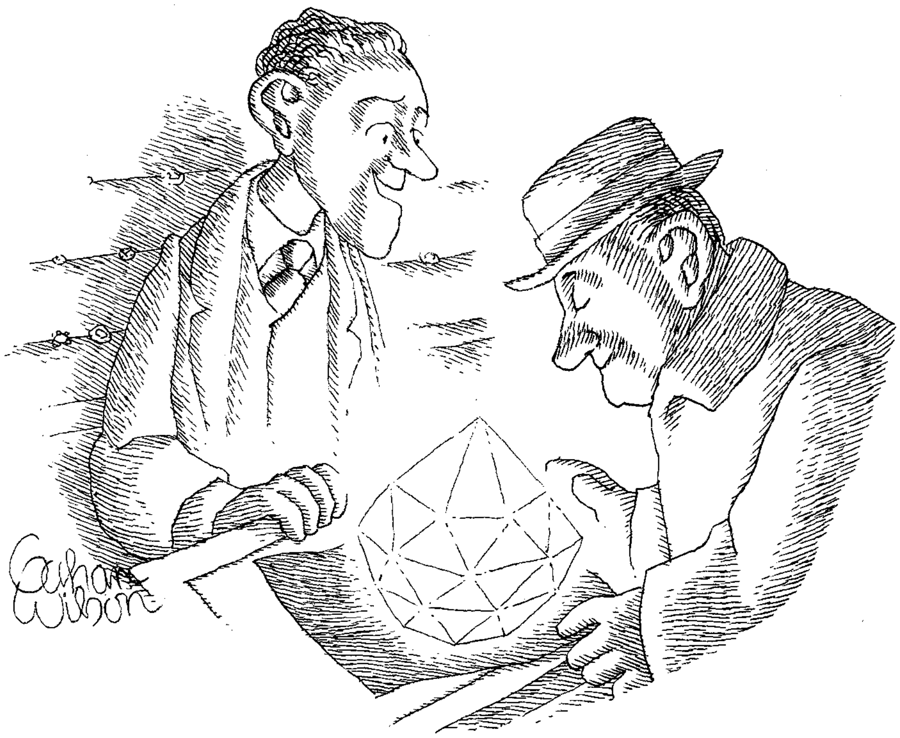


"Please, Daddy. I don't want to learn to use a computer. I want to learn to play the violin."

Gustafson began his defense cheerfully enough. "I think the most significant question to ask in all this is: Are antibiotics useful in livestock production?" he said. "Now, I'd have to answer: Yes, they sure are. Very useful. It's important to control animal disease and produce food efficiently. So I think for us to reject technology like antibiotics on the chance that their use in animals is imprudent is—well, I don't think any practice should be regarded as imprudent if it's an important technological device for the production of food. I think that we should require some evidence of its harm before we give it up."

"Do you feel that the evidence so far suggests that there might be such harm from the use of large amounts of antibiotics in animal feeds?" I asked.

"As you probably know, a number of organizations, such as the National Academy of Sciences, have been studying this question," Gustafson replied, a suggestion of weariness in his voice. "None of them have been able to come up with any conclusive data for or against the hypothesis that



"I take it this is a very special occasion."

significant resistance to antibiotics is being passed from livestock to human beings. My view as a microbiologist is that animal bacteria provide an insignificant source of antibiotic resistance in man. I think the evidence shows that the increase in human resistance to antibiotics we are witnessing results from the medical treatment of human beings rather than from the use of animal-feed additives. I don't doubt that a person who is in contact with antibiotic-resistant bacteria from animals is going to occasionally consume some of those bacteria—particularly if he is working in an environment where he might get feces on his hands. We all consume things we don't know about, whether we're working in a chicken house or preparing food. But the question is whether or not this represents a significant source of drug resistance. I don't think it does."

After a pause, he continued, "The evidence that *we* have seen doesn't support the assumption that it's all that easy for animal-borne bacteria to establish themselves in human beings. You may have heard about the experiments that H. W. Smith did a number of years ago at the Houghton Poultry Research Station in Huntingdon, England. He cultured up a bunch of *Escherichia coli* from chickens and drank them. He wanted to find out how well animal bacteria could survive in a person. What he found after monitoring the levels of these bugs in his own gut by taking periodic fecal samples is that they disappeared fairly rapidly."

"But couldn't a substantial number of *R* plasmids have been transferred to his own bacteria during that interim period?" I asked.

"Well . . . I just don't know the answer to that question," Gustafson replied. "I guess it's not implausible to think that it could happen. But you need contact. Bacteria have to conjugate before that can happen."

"Why wouldn't they conjugate?"

"This may happen in vitro—in lab studies, where you can arrange it so that a hundred per cent of the bacteria are potential *R*-plasmid donors or recipients. But it has rarely been demonstrated in vivo—in the guts of living animals, where the concentration of bacteria involved in conjugation is far less."

"What about Dr. Smith? Did he show any sign of *R*-plasmid transfer to his own intestinal bacteria?"

"Under circumstances like that, where Smith was introducing trillions of organisms into his system, I would say that there was a very good chance of transfer to his own resident gut flora. But we don't know, because particular plasmids are devilishly hard to follow in human and animal gut bacteria."

"So you're not saying that it isn't happening—just that we aren't sure of the degree to which it is happening?"

"I think that finally we have to admit that this is a very elusive subject," Gustafson said amicably. "There are so many facets to this problem that dealing with it is a little like grappling with smoke."

Alfred Nagy, the manager of American Cyanamid's Hannibal plant, turns out to be a tall, fatherly-looking man with a thick dark mustache. He left his native Hungary in 1946 and six years later emigrated to the United States to study engineering; he still speaks English with a slight accent. In his office, we sit across from each other on chrome-tubed, executive-style furniture set among potted ficus trees. Nagy asks his secretary to bring us each a cup of coffee, and, leaning back in his chair, he fills me in on information about the plant. As manager, Nagy is in charge not only of chlortetracycline production—like other Cyanamid officials to whom I have talked, he refuses to give statistics about how much Cyanamid manufactures each year—but also of the production of Prowl (an agricultural herbicide), Thimet (an insecticide), and ammonium nitrate (a chemical fertilizer).

After this brief introduction, Nagy hands me a hard hat and a pair of protective plastic goggles. Thus armored, we head out to the parking lot. For ten minutes or so, Nagy and I drive around the plant while he explains the functions of the various buildings, cooling towers, tanks, ducts, storage bins, freight areas, and incinerators for the burning of hazardous wastes. We finally pull up in front of a large silvery building with a corrugated-metal roof. Inside, we enter a laboratory, where Nagy introduces me to an owlish-looking man in a white smock and round safety glasses. This is Prahled R. Joshi, a microbiologist from Porbandar, India, who is in charge of the plant's Animal Feed Ingredients Microbiology Laboratory.

"Our job is to make sure that the plant always has a good supply of seed microorganisms to keep the chlortetracycline production line moving," says Joshi, standing in the midst of an array of bottles, scales, coolers, sterilizers, microscopes, centrifuges, and other tools of his trade. "You might say that our lab is like a nursery," he continues, his Indian accent giving his

THE DREAM OF SOUTH

I dream, now, of a dream vacation,
Of unpaved roads that reach to desert towns
Filled with children brown as pine cones,
With goats that rattle off acacia leaves,
And the simple faithful plainly dressed
In black and white, who, on cool mornings,
Filter in to ornate churches to observe
The patron saints and obscure holy days,
Candlemas or Lammastide. It is a charm
Of travel to walk among the butcher stalls
And fishmongers of a village as neglected
As one's own, and in dank passageways
To sense the loom of local history,
The martyr freed or foreign king turned back,
Then, afterward, in language one cannot pronounce,
To order coffee and, while waiting the eternity,
Imagine what a life here might be like—
The curate, maybe, who, at appointed hours,
In solemn comedy bisects the central plaza,
Knowing himself mocked, or the pale woman
Who shyly glances back, in a small apartment
With squeaking clothesline and tiny, filthy kitchen,
Whose love is such that, from time to time,
One could be lifted wholly from oneself.

—Norman Williams

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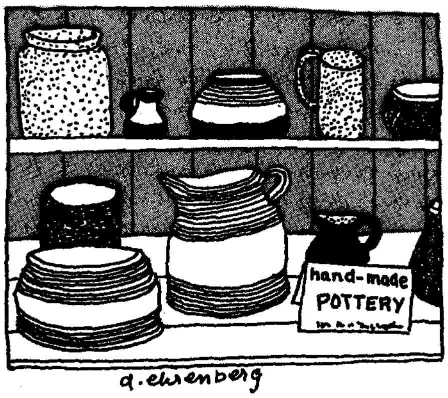
voice a cheerful lilt. "This is where we raise the bugs that will actually produce the chlortetracycline."

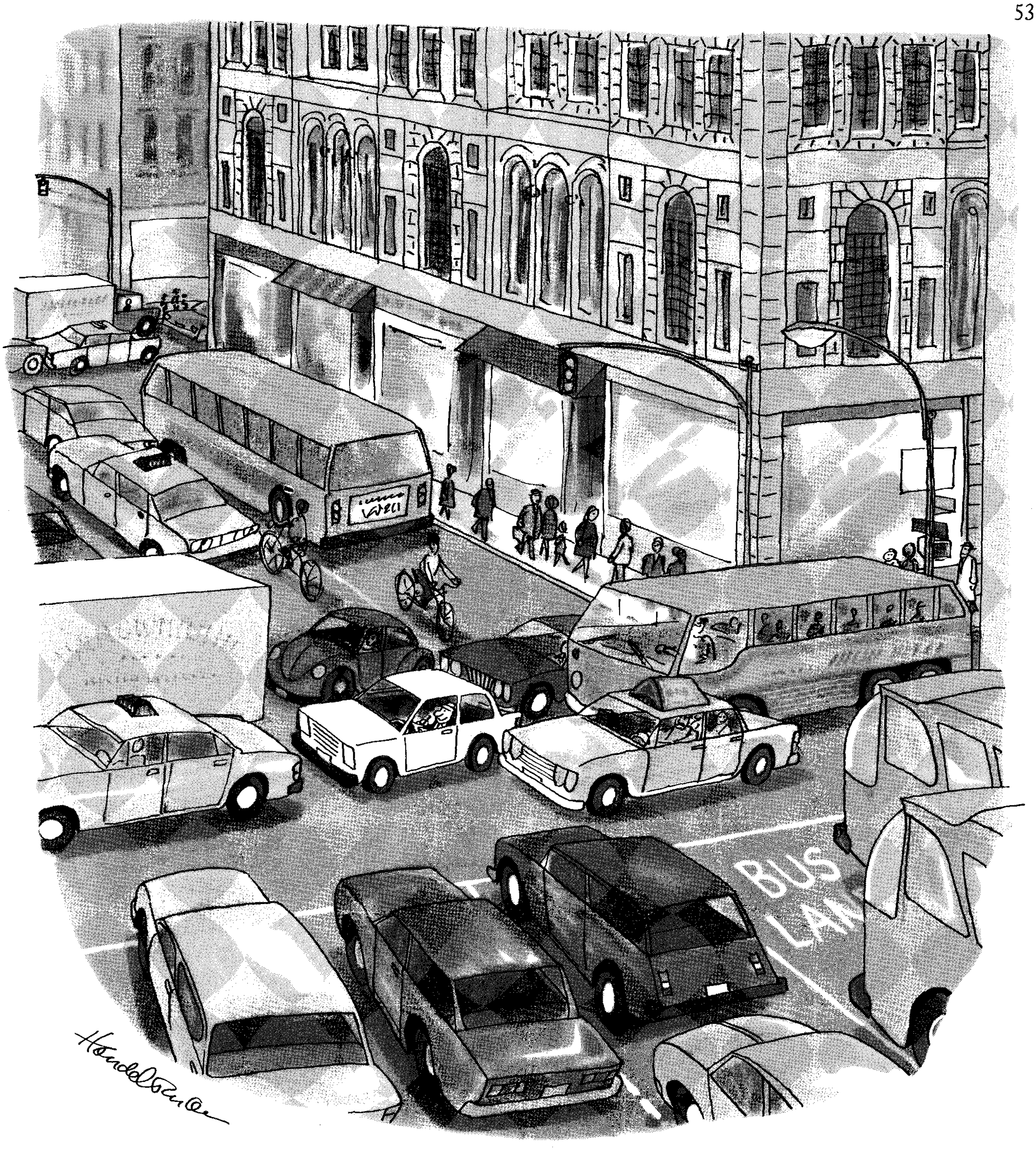
What Joshi refers to as "the bugs" are the Actinomycetes class of microorganism called *Streptomyces aureofaciens*. "What is unique about *Streptomyces aureofaciens* bacteria is that they are able to reproduce by means of spores, like a mold, as well as by simple cell division. They are a bridge in the evolutionary chain between bacteria and molds," Joshi says. "They are quite prolific reproducers," he adds, speaking of his tiny wards proudly, the way the principal of a school for gifted children might speak of his pupils. "Let's have a look here," he says, turning toward a microscope on a counter behind him. He squeezes a single tear of liquid from an eyedropper onto a slide, places it on the microscope tray, and peers down at it through the eyepiece. "Ah, yes. Have a look for yourselves." He adjusts the focus and beckons Nagy and me closer. Looking down through the eyepiece into the warm yellow light, I see a spiderweblike growth of gray vegetable matter magnified on the slide. "What you are seeing are the mycelia —the moldlike filaments of which the culture is composed," says Joshi.

The production of the chlortetracycline itself takes place in an adjacent building, inside huge tanks known as fermenters, similar to those used in breweries. Joshi's responsibility is to grow breeding stock and have it on hand each time a fermenter has been emptied and is ready to be restocked. From a Sears Coldspot refrigerator, he removes a glass flask. "This is part of the master culture," he says. "One cc. contains nine hundred million bugs." He shakes the flask as if it were a bottle of salad dressing. "To produce our seed microorganisms, we take some of our inoculant stock from the master culture and put it in an incubator at a controlled temperature. We've used the same strain of inoculant organisms since the beginning," he says, reminding me of the owner of a sourdough-bread company in San Francisco, who was given to boasting that his family had used the same "mother" yeast culture in its bakery for three generations.

Before Joshi's bugs can graduate from his lab and proceed to the fermenters in the next building, he tells me, they must be tested. "We put them into this miniature fermenter with a slurry of food," he says, pointing to a small cylindrical machine standing on a countertop at the far end of the lab. "After they have been warmed and agitated awhile, I will extract a sample and culture it. We must keep our seed culture absolutely clean. By culturing the bugs, we can see if any other microorganisms have got mixed in with them. If that happened, it would throw off production in the large fermenters. And then we'd have a problem." As Joshi speaks, he picks up a petri dish containing a peach-fuzz growth of mold on a gelatinous surface, and examines it carefully.

After a tour of the lab, Nagy and I once again don our goggles and hard hats, and step outside into the din of the plant. As we cross the road, Nagy stops to point out large silos and tanks along a railroad spur, which hold nutrients fed to the *Streptomyces aureofaciens* during the fermentation process. He leads me up a steel staircase in the Fermentation Building and, opening a door at the top, ushers me into a noisy, windowless space, filled with immense round tanks that rise through the building's three floors like intercontinental ballistic missiles. Nagy surveys the scene before us for a moment and then, cupping his hands between his mouth and my ear, yells over the industrial roar, "These little tanks over here are seed tanks, where we grow organisms in volume from Joshi's culture before pumping them into the fermenters!" He is pointing to three relatively small tanks standing to one side of the large fermenters. Then, pointing toward the middle of the room, he shouts, "Over there is the cook tank, where we sterilize all the food for the organisms after it comes in from the outside silos. And there are our thirty-eight-thousand-gallon fermenters." With an outstretched arm, Nagy makes a sweeping arc across the rest of the room, where the fermentation tanks are grinding away, each with a large electric motor perched on top driving an internal agitator. "Since the fermentation process is an aerobic one, requiring a supply of oxygen, we must constantly inject the slurry inside the tanks with air," he continues, pointing out compressed-air lines leading past clusters of gauges and valves into the tanks. "Another problem is that fermentation generates heat, and if the bugs become





"Dear Folks: Well, here I am at Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, and everybody is honking like crazy."

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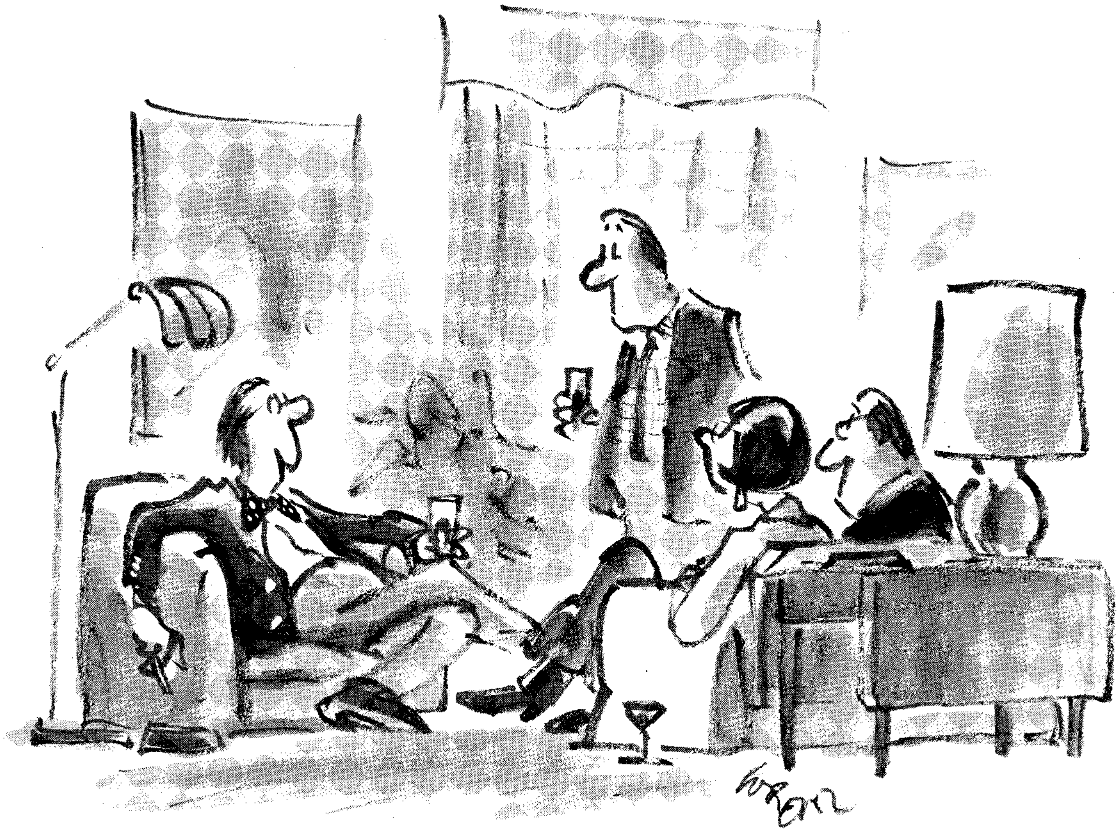
too hot, they stop producing, and can even die," he says. "So we also have to pump cold water through coils inside the fermenters to cool the slurry."

In the midst of all this machinery, it is hard to imagine that these leviathan industrial tanks are filled with life. But as we stand watching it occurs to me that the assembly line of *S. aureofaciens* is quite similar to the hog farms, cattle feedlots, and poultry factories to which the chlortetracycline will ultimately go. Here Nagy and Joshi are overseeing the husbanding, fattening, slaughter, and sale of microorganisms just as the proprietors of farms oversee the husbanding, fattening, slaughter, and sale of meat animals. There may be no roping, branding, or sitting on the corral fence with a bag of Bull Durham at American Cyanamid's Agricultural Products Plant, but the principle is the same.

"Sometimes it all seems more like an art than a science," remarks Nagy after a moment. "We're really at the mercy of these organisms. They need such a delicately balanced environment. If they don't like the temperature, the food, the pH level, or the oxygen content, they rebel and die." He smiles and shakes his head.

After the bugs have been eating,



"I guess I'm sort of like Argentina—I don't have the slightest idea how much I owe, either."

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reproducing, and secreting chlortetracycline for about a week, a sample is bled out of each fermenter and tested. If technicians feel that an optimal level of production has been reached, the bugs are pumped from the congenial environment of the fermenters into two large vacuum filters, where unwanted liquid is separated out. Then the brown gooey mash of microorganisms (which are rich in protein and thus left in the feed additive) and their antibiotic excreta are dropped on a conveyor belt and whisked away to a dryer, where all the bugs are killed. Before it is shipped across the country to feed-additive formulators, the mash is loaded into a huge storage bin capable of holding a hundred and fifty thousand pounds of mash, about a fifth of which is chlortetracycline—part of the twelve to fifteen million pounds of antibiotics for animal-feed additives currently shipped each year in the United States. I am accustomed to thinking of antibiotics in terms of a few small capsules or several cc. of an injectable solution in a rubber-tipped bottle; the idea of the thousands of tons of chlortetracycline that have passed through this plant in Hannibal, Missouri, is just barely comprehensible.

"Our plant is right in the middle of the corn belt," Nagy says with satisfaction at the end of our tour, as we stand on a steel catwalk and watch the antibiotic mash disappear down the conveyor belt through a hole in the wall to the dryers. "We're right here where we belong, within five hundred miles of the major hog-producing areas of America."

THE hog farm of Arthur Lehmann, outside the small town of Strawn, Illinois, is some hundred and seventy miles from American Cyanamid's Hannibal plant—well within the radius described by Alfred Nagy. Lehmann Farms is acknowledged by many Midwestern hog farmers to be a well-run operation. In January of 1981, Arthur Lehmann was chosen Illinois Pork All-American—an honor bestowed by the National Pork Producers Council in conjunction with the Illinois Pork Producers Association. Several months after Lehmann's award, I decided to pay him a visit.

Built on a slight knoll above the otherwise flat prairie, Lehmann Farms is visible from some distance, its long, low steel hog barns looking more like industrial warehouses than places of animal husbandry, and its two cylindrical grain bins silhouetted like the turrets of a castle against the early-morning sky. I turn in at a long driveway, passing an R.F.D. letter box with a tin pig perched on top, and drive up through fields white with frost toward a green shingled house. As I pull to a stop beside a huge John Deere combine, a man emerges from the back door of the house and walks to my car. He appears to be in his mid-thirties, and he wears a cap with the words "Lehmann Farms" embroidered just above a patch that shows two smiling pigs nuzzling each other; a bright orange parka embossed with the American Cyanamid logo for Aureo S·P 250; Levi's; and manure-encrusted galoshes.

"Hello, I'm Art—Art Lehmann," he says, removing his work gloves so we can shake hands. "I'm just on my way to the barns to do the morning chores."

When I suggest accompanying him, so that we can talk, he appears slightly hesitant, like someone who suddenly realizes just as a guest arrives that the beds aren't made and there are unwashed dishes in the sink.

"Well . . . suit yourself," he replies. "I haven't really had a chance to tidy up."

In fact, there is nothing untidy about the farm, which he runs with his brother Ken—Art caring for the pigs while Ken looks after the surrounding eight hundred acres of corn and beans, much of which is fed to the livestock. As we head for one of the barns, I ask Lehmann how he came to be a Pork All-American.

"First, you got to fill out this long application," he replies with a laugh. "Then the state Pork Producers Association takes it. Then, if they like what they see, they come out and pay you a visit. Then either you get it or you don't."

Other than our voices and the hiss of the wind as it blows unobstructed across the miles of flat cropland, there is no sound. But when we reach one of

WASHINGTON—If you think 1982 looks dicey, consider the rough patch the planet hit 63 million years ago. It is not only consoling, it is germane to goings on in a Little Rock courtroom, where Arkansas' attorney general is trying to whittle a scientific theory from thin air.

He and the state legislature say "creationism" is a science, so presenting it as well as evolution theory in public schools does not violate the constitutional separation of church and state. But the Arkansas legislature and others similarly inclined should be less concerned with their constitutional rights and more concerned with their responsibilities toward the idea of science. They should ponder a photograph in the current *Scientific American.*

It shows two centimeters of brown clay between slices of gray Italian limestone. It also may show why at the end of the Mesozoic Age 75% of the previously existing plant and animal species, including dinosaurs, suddenly disappeared, leaving no land animal weighing more than 55 pounds.

The photograph may be [illegible] "catastrophism," the s[illegible] that Earth's [illegible]

The New York Daily News, December 31, 1981
Creationism

record that the [illegible] or to the controversy ove[illegible] are conducted in terrain far different from that of the Soviet Union. The long-standing debate over the accuracy of intercontinental ballistic missiles, which was raised again in the November issue of *Scientific American,* also goes unnoticed.

But when it comes to the nuclear weapons stockpile, tactical nuclear weapons or the deployment of U.S. weapons overseas, the book raises issues that often get overlooked. The databook is chock full of figures and technical jargon. But its principal contribution may be to help broaden the nuclear debate. ☐

National Journal, December 17, 1983
Nuclear Weapons

[illegible] the [illegible] adequate "verification" [illegible] nuclear ban—as well as to two key treaties that limit atomic testing—is available from current technology. They contend that the Administration is using a technical rationale for a political decision—namely, that testing is in the nation's security interests.

The scientists' attack on the Administration's position began in earnest last October in Scientific American, when Jack F. Evernden, a program manager at the United States Geological Survey's National Center for Earthquake Research, and Lynn R. Sykes, a geologist at Columbia University and former member of the delegation that negotiated a threshold treaty in 1974, said: "We are certain that the state of knowledge of seismology and the techniques for monitoring seismic waves are sufficient to insure that a feasible seismic network could soon detect a clandestine underground testing program involving explosions as small as one kiloton." Mr. Sykes said in an interview that a "sufficient" network for monitoring a comprehensive test ban would be 15 seismic [illegible]

The New York Times, March 8, 1983
Nuclear Test Ban

consultants, chatting with his associates, and, on occasion, from interviewing executives of small companies in which Explorer already owns stock.

An article appearing several years ago in Scientific American led Explorer eventually into buying two companies engaged in antisubmarine warfare—Sippican Ocean Systems and Diagnostic/Retrieval Systems.

* * *

There are now 170 stocks in the portfolio, co[illegible] pared with 130 a year ago. Explorer's five large[illegible] holdings, generally oriented toward the military and[illegible] typically purchased at much lower prices than the[illegible] now command, are these:

DBA Systems (computerized image process[illegible] systems for military applications); Ba[illegible] (microprocessor-based systems [illegible] dustrial products); OEA [illegible] sive activated devic[illegible]

The New York Times, February 18, 1983
Investment Portfolios

[illegible] as much as 3,000 Harpoon and [illegible] missiles ($700,000 each), even a few of which might destroy the carrier.

Numerous points in this article were made in more detail in the August 1981 issue of Scientific American by Paul F. Walker, a defense specialist. Recounting the development of precision-guided weapons, he suggested that in future "an aircraft-carrier task force ... or an amphibious landing group will be forced to remain far behind the battlefronts out of range of missile attacks."

Large surface ships, Mr. Walker concluded, "will ultimately become obsolete for virtually all war-fighting tasks." John Lehman and his admirals obviously think differently, but one thing that single Exocet surely teaches us is that Congress should think twice before approving more Nimitz-class carriers that could become Sheffield-class disasters.

The New York Times, May 28, 1982
Precision-guided Weapons

[illegible]magnetic energy, known as electromagnetic pulse, that would flash across a continent and burn out communication links.

"The probable failure of land lines would interrupt the transmission of warning information and high-data-rate military communications," writes Dr. Steinbruner in "Launch Under Attack" in the January issue of Scientific American. "With only partially disseminated warning signals and disrupted communications, normal command procedures would almost certainly delay protective firing."

Trying to protect against an electromagnetic pulse is now a top priority of the American military. President Reagan, in unveiling his plan to strengthen the strategic forces in October 1981, said the No. 1 job was "to strengthen [illegible] rebuild our communications and [illegible]tem."

The New York Times, December 12, 1983
Missile Deployment

[illegible] 1966. An oft-cited text, heavily mathematical.

"Electromagnetic Flight." Henry Kolm and Richard D. Thornton. *Scientific American,* October 1973. Good basic-physics explanations of maglev trains.

"Large Superconducting Generators for Electric Utility Applications—the Prospects." J.S. Edmonds and W.R. McCown. Proceedings of the 1980 American Power Conference (Volume 42). Contact: J.S. Edmonds, EPRI, P.O. Box 10412, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

"High Gradient Magnetic Separation." Henry Kolm et al. *Scientific American,* November 1975.

"Superconductivity: Will Its Potential Be Realized?" Eric J. Lerner. *High Technology,* April 1980.

"The Supercool Wire That Could Be a Hot Item." *Business Week,* March 15, 1982.

"Superconductors in Electric-Power Technology." T.H. Geballe and J.K. Hulm. *Scientific American,* November 1980.

"Organic Superconductors." K. Bechgaard and D. Jerome. *Scientific American,* July 1982.

High Technology, February 1983
Superconductivity

[illegible] light, [illegible] than electric[illegible] provide [illegible] speed. And if "optical" comput[illegible] prove practical, they could lead to programs with more flexible logic, making them more powerful still.

A computer is basically made up of tiny sandwiches of semiconductors—part insulators, part conductors. When a current fed into a sandwich is altered slightly, the force that comes out the other side is changed dramatically. Thus, the semiconductors move switches from "on" to "off," or from 1 to 0 in the usual binary notation. Collections of semiconductors can produce more diverse results and store information, but two positions are basic.

Passage of the electronic impulse through the semiconductor takes time—not much, given the thinness of the sandwich, but there is a delay, measured in nanoseconds, or billionths of a second. Electricity can move just so fast.

Three scientists at Heriot-Watt University in Edinburgh have built switches that can be altered by light beams. They report in the current issue of Scientific American that switching time has been reduced to picoseconds, or thousandths of a billionth of a second.

The device works like this: A steady laser, a highly focused beam of light, is directed at a crystal. Most of the beam is reflected, but some passes through. On the far side of the crystal, most of the internal

The New York Times, February 10, 1983
Optical Computers

Name a more important magazine.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

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the hog barns and Lehmann opens the door the solitude is broken by a thunderous burst of squealing, oinking, and trumpeting. Lehmann's arrival signals breakfast. Two hundred and sixty-five sows and fifteen boars shriek in anticipation of food and rattle the steel gates of their individual stalls with their snouts. As if we were superstars walking onstage as a sold-out house explodes into a delirious accolade, Lehmann and I step across the threshold into the full volume of this porcine pandemonium. Although the noise is deafening, there is a sensation that is even more overpowering—the smell. The moment Lehmann opened the door, a tropical zephyr of ammonia-saturated air came billowing out into our faces.

This is Art Lehmann's gestation-and-breeding barn—an example of what is known among hog farmers as a "confinement barn." Animals live within such buildings "from farrow to finish," or from birth to the last stages of growth. Confinement systems rely heavily on modern technology to deliver feed and water to each stall, to remove manure, and to care for the young piglets. While this new technology has revolutionized hog farming during the last twenty years and made it possible for one man, like Art Lehmann, with a minimum of outside assistance, to maintain a herd of some three hundred pigs, which annually produces approximately six thousand piglets, it has also created some new problems. The crowding for efficiency's sake of so many animals within such close indoor quarters renders them highly susceptible to disease, so a heavy reliance on drugs has become an integral part of modern livestock production.

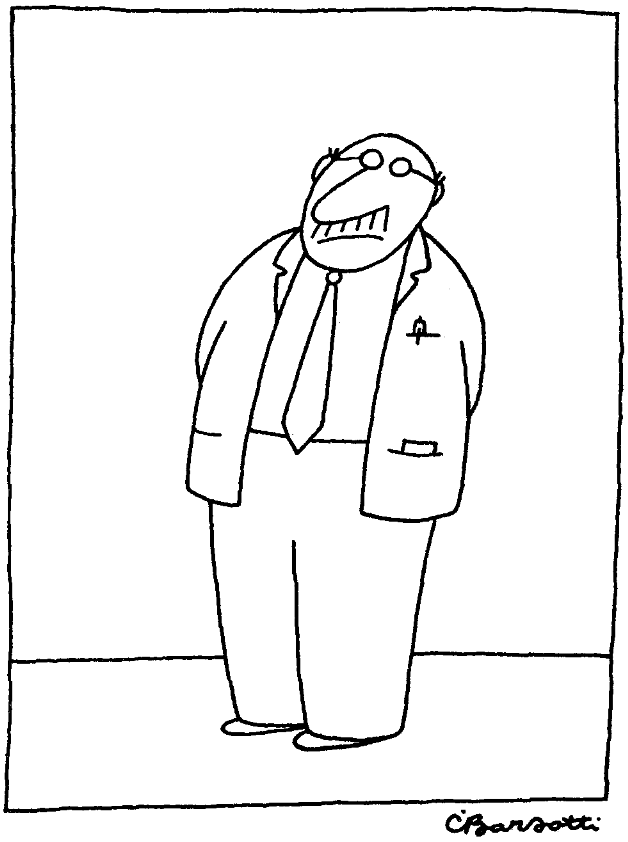
Lehmann's barn reeks of ammonia because it is constructed over a large pit, into which the feces and urine of the animals fall through a slatted floor. In the nineteen-sixties and early seventies, such buildings were considered state-of-the-art, and farmers built thousands of them. It soon became apparent, however, that serious health problems could be caused by the toxic gases—ammonia, methane, and hydrogen sulfide—that the excreta produce, which rise from the pits and become trapped inside the barns. Recognition of the problem—particularly in the Midwestern states, where farmers are forced to close all barn windows during the cold winter months—brought about a new design. Instead of confinement barns built over pits, farmers began building barns equipped with flush gutters, which remove the animal wastes outside to storage lagoons as often as several times a day. But, like many other farmers caught up in a rapid technological advance, Lehmann still has several barns over pits. Because his fields are covered by mud and snow during the winter and by crops during the summer, he pumps out the pits and spreads the manure only twice a year; he has had to work around his problem by adding various ventilation systems, which apparently have not completely solved it.

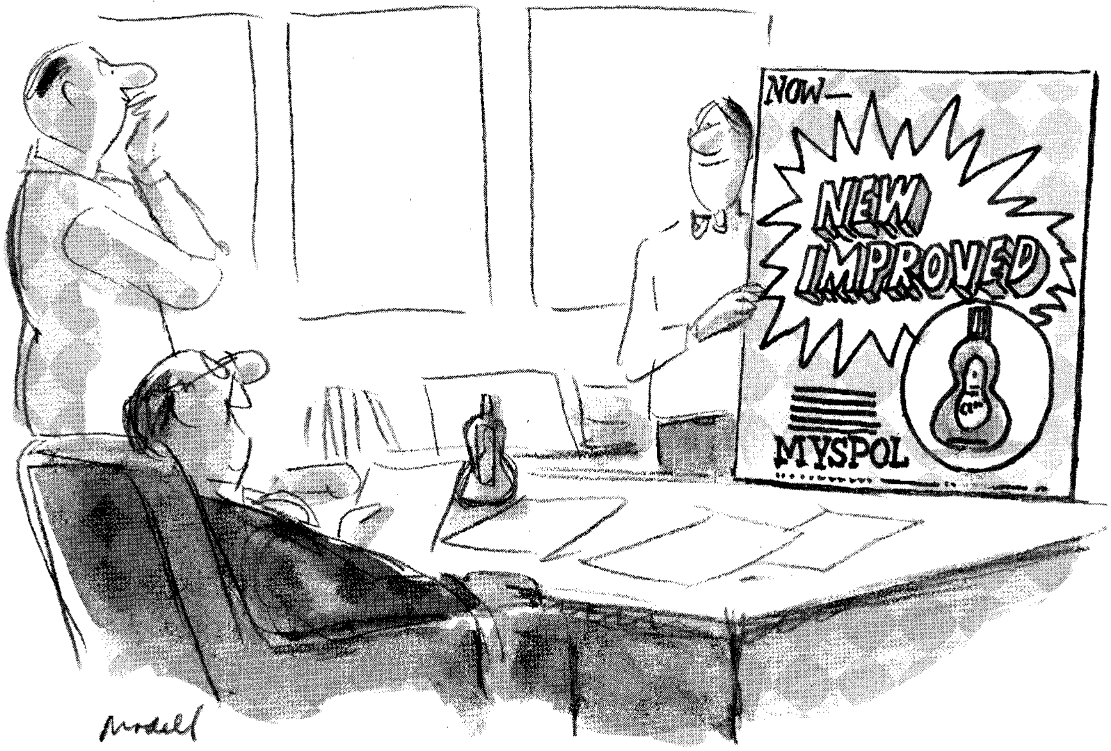
Although Lehmann Farms is in truth a "family" farm, it is far from the bucolic scene of years ago with a few sows in an outdoor sty and a family milk cow in the barn. Like most other aspects of American agriculture, hog farming has become an industry, and men like Art Lehmann have had to modernize to stay in the running. Four rows of seventy stalls each stretch to the end of the hundred-and-thirty-eight-foot-long building, creating an eerie Op-Art effect. From where Lehmann and I are standing, at the front of the barn, all we can see of the rows of confined pigs is a chorus line of moving extremities—a snout or an ear that will momentarily bob up above the top of a stall, or a trotter thrust for a moment through the bars of a front panel as the animals continue their pre-feeding frenzy. Lehmann turns, reaches up, and grabs an overhead lever at the end of one of the aisles. Giving it several strong yanks, he triggers a mechanism that drops measured portions of feed into individual feeders bolted to the front of the stalls in that aisle. In a single instant, the clamorous row of pigs is becalmed. Lehmann releases the morning ration into the dump feeders of each row in turn, and soon all that can be heard is the sound of masticating pigs.

"Some people think raising hogs in these small indoor stalls is inhuman," Lehmann says defensively, as he returns from the last aisle. "We're getting a whole lot of flak from the animal-rights people about having hogs in confinement. Sure, it might be nice to let your hogs out every now and then for a run." I try to imagine his six thousand pigs released from their barns like so many furloughed prisoners to jog across the fields surrounding his farm. "But in January it will be twenty degrees below zero. All the waterers will freeze up. The feed troughs will freeze up. You wouldn't even be able to get in with a tractor to feed the animals. You're going to have pigs with frostbitten ears and feet climbing over snowdrifts and ice trying to find shelter. Or in August the temperature hits one hundred, and if your pigs don't have shade they're going to die fast, because pigs can't sweat to cool themselves. All the pigs will be thinking about then is survival. To heck with being comfortable and gaining weight fast!"

For a moment, it appears that Lehmann's argument in favor of confinement barns has come to an end. But one more point occurs to him. "And then you've got to think about how expensive land around here has become recently. Good crop-

30-YEAR CLUB





"It would sure fool the hell out of me. What about you, Thompson?"

• •

land costs four thousand dollars an acre. So how can you afford to let pigs run around on it?"

The barn door opens. A momentary gust of welcome fresh air sweeps in as a young blond man enters. Lehmann introduces him as Bob Frase, who became herdsman at Lehmann Farms in 1978, after graduating from Western Illinois University's swine-management program.

"What effect does the ammonia in the air have on the pigs?" I ask Frase, as Lehmann strolls down an aisle to check on the feeding pigs.

"These barns built over manure pits aren't so hot, if you ask me," Frase replies, somewhat apologetically. "The ammonia really chews up the animals' lungs. Some of them get listless and don't want to eat. They start losing weight, and the next thing you know you've got a real respiratory problem—pneumonia, or something. Then you'll see them huddled down real low against one another trying to get warm, and you'll hear them coughing and gasping. The bad air's a problem. After I've been working in here awhile, I can feel it in my own lungs. But at least I get out of here at night. The pigs don't, so we have to keep them on tetracycline, which really does help control the problem." As Frase says this, he points upward to the feed-delivery system, which brings ground corn and soy, mixed with the proper subtherapeutic levels of drugs, into the barns from a feed mill outside.

Respiratory diseases are not the only problems that Art Lehmann and Bob Frase have to be on the lookout for in these barns. Bacteria that cause animal diseases like scours (bloody dysentery) and atrophic rhinitis (a disease that destroys the tissues and bones of a pig's snout) can spread very quickly in close confinement and can knock the profit out of an operation or, worse, decimate a whole herd. When the piglets are born (about four months after conception), in one of Lehmann's two farrowing houses, they are almost immediately given their first treatment of drugs—a prophylactic injection of Upjohn's Lincocin (lincomycin), an antibiotic named after its parent microorganism, *Streptomyces lincolnensis*, which was first isolated from a soil sample found near Lincoln, Nebraska. ("It helps the little fellas through the first few days, when they might pick up something around the barn," Lehmann explains.) The piglets spend the first four weeks of their lives with their mothers, in barred steel structures called farrowing crates, which permit the sows either to stand or to lie down but not to walk, or even to turn around. The object of this seeming cruelty to the sow is to protect her piglets from being rolled on by her heavy, bulky body as she lies down to nurse. ("If a sow has a litter of twelve and rolls on three, right there you've lost about a hundred dollars," Lehmann says.)

Inside the warm, low-ceilinged farrowing houses, banks of sows lie virtually immobilized in the farrowing crates, with their piglets squeaking like bats as they scamper around at the teats. Weighing an average of just over two pounds at birth, these piglets will double their weight in the first week of life, triple it by the second week, and weigh some twelve pounds by the end of the third week. The sows, like patients in an intensive-care ward, are kept alive by life-support systems that minister to most of their needs. Automatic devices provide water to each crate. A system of augers brings in feed containing one pound of tetracycline per ton—a subtherapeutic dose, approximately ten times lower than that required to treat a disease. The two farrowing houses, unlike the gestation-and-breeding barn, have gutters that automatically flush away the manure and urine. Heat lamps warm the piglets during the cold months. Underground plastic ducts pipe cool air onto the sows' faces during the warm months. At the end of each crate is a chart, like a clipboard hanging at the foot of a hospital bed, that details the sow's farrowing record and medical history.

To wean his piglets, Lehmann moves them into a climate-controlled nursery, and there they are put in pens by litter to minimize stress. This is a critical stage in their lives, when they are particularly susceptible to disease. So in the nursery Lehmann begins feeding them a twenty-one-per-cent-protein "starter" ration with fifty grams of Mecadox per ton. (Mecadox is a synthetic antimicrobial, manufactured by Pfizer and used for controlling intestinal disease and promoting growth.) When the young pigs reach forty pounds, they are moved from the nursery to the growing barn. Now Lehmann feeds them a sixteen-per-cent-protein "grower" ration of corn

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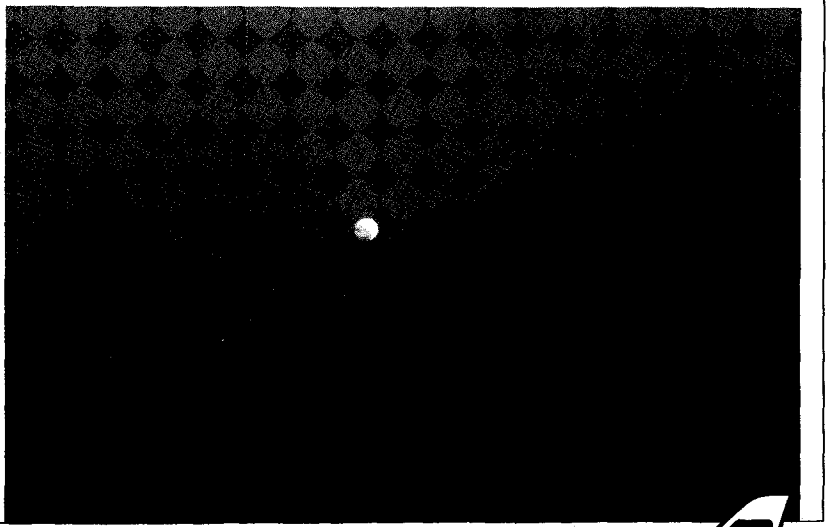

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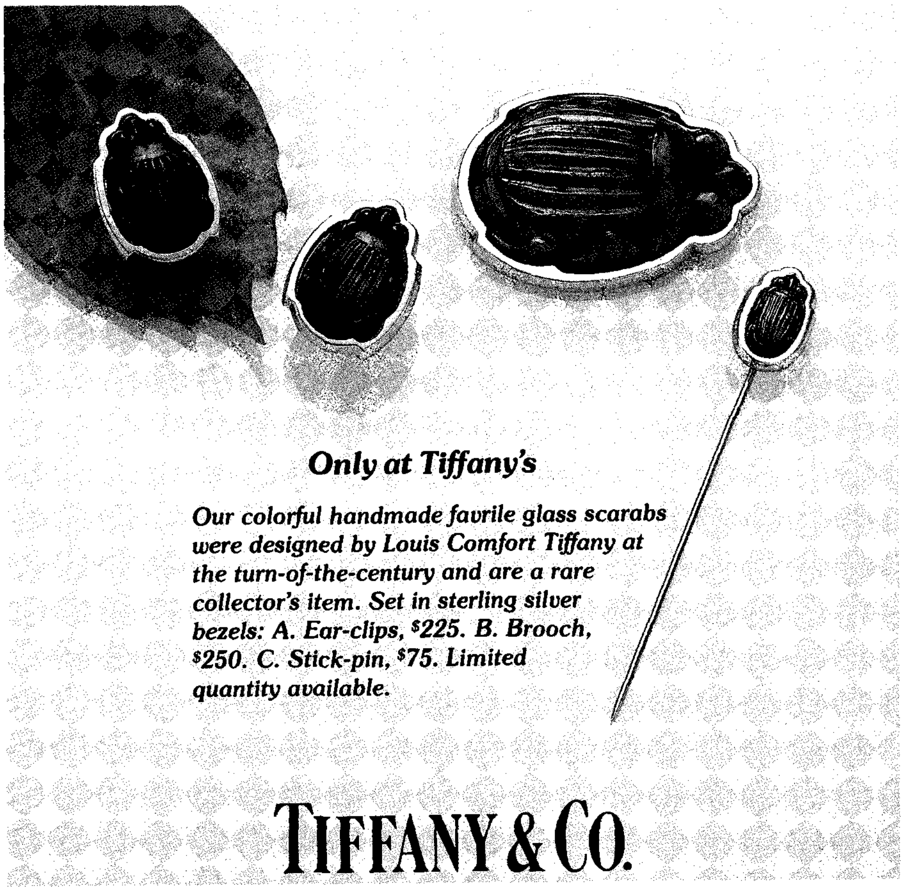

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and soy, laced with a hundred grams of tetracycline per ton. After the animals on this pig assembly line reach seventy pounds—about eleven weeks after birth—they make their last big move on Lehmann Farms: they go into the finishing barn, a vast building that has been partitioned into forty small pens. Here they are cut back to a fifteen-per-cent-protein feed containing fifty grams of tetracycline per ton. When they reach a hundred and twenty pounds, they may eat as much as they wish of a fourteen-per-cent-protein feed, which may or may not contain fifty grams of tetracycline per ton, depending on Lehmann's assessment of their health. By the time the pigs finally leave this building and Lehmann Farms for the slaughterhouse, each of them will have gained, over a period of six months, up to two hundred and twenty pounds on approximately six hundred pounds of feed and antibiotic feed additives, mixed in Lehmann's own feed mill. There is no withdrawal time for chlortetracycline-supplemented feed for poultry and pigs; regulations of the Food and Drug Administration allow them to consume this particular antibiotic right up to the day they are slaughtered. If, however, the antibiotic is mixed with other drugs, there is a nominal withdrawal time. For example, the F.D.A. requires that farmers stop feeding their pigs Aureo S·P 250—chlortetracycline, sulfamethazine, and penicillin—fifteen days before slaughter.

As we emerge from the warm, ammoniated air of the gestation-and-breeding barn into the clear cold air outside, I feel as if I were surfacing from a subway station after a long ride on a hot, crowded train. My parka and my hair are permeated with the barn's odor. (Several weeks later, my parka still emits an acrid smell.) Even though a chill wind is blowing and my teeth are soon chattering, I am relieved to be out in the fresh air.

As we continue to tour his farm, I ask Lehmann what he knows about transferrable antibiotic resistance; he replies with uncharacteristic irritation. "Sure, I've read some articles about it, but I'm bothered when I hear people in the cities, who don't know anything about animals, criticizing farmers for contaminating their meat with drugs. City people use cleansers, sanitizers, bug bombs, weed killers, solvents. Half the kids are on dope, and their parents are on tranquillizers and all kinds of other stuff. The way I see it, these things are just as dangerous as the drugs we give our animals and the chemicals we put on our fields. I say that before all the city people criticize what we're doing they ought to stop and compare what the Japanese, the Germans, and the Russians are paying for their food. Then I think they'd realize how cheaply they're getting off. American farmers have made some amazing advances in animal health in the last twenty-five years. Before we give them up, I want to see all those people who criticize us riding a horse or a bicycle to work and giving up their garbage compactors and automatic garage-door openers. Why should farmers go back to a peasant way of life and let everyone else live in the twentieth century?"

Soon we come to several small outdoor pens, where a few pigs, stretched out in the sun, doze blissfully on the ground, their nostrils making little puffs of dust each time they exhale. Compared with the interior of the gestation-and-breeding barn, where row upon row of sows stand in their steel stalls all facing the same direction, like parked cars in a lot, this haphazard assemblage of pigs sprawled in the open air next to an antiquated feed trough seems like something out of a time warp. "You could say that this is my hog sanatorium," Lehmann remarks, as we stop for a moment to survey the unlikely scene. "I bring sows and gilts out here when they fail to cycle—come into heat—and give them one more chance before I get rid of them." He shakes his head and laughs in seeming embarrassment at the primitive pens, as if he were a renowned scientist caught consulting a fortune-teller. In these makeshift enclosures, where the animals sleep on straw bedding in rough wooden shelters, none of the sophisticated technology—and none of the drugs—employed on the rest of the farm is in evidence. Here in this "hog sanatorium," the only curative powers are the sun and the fresh air, as well as the change of night to day, the progression of the seasons, and the waxing and waning of the moon—all the normal rhythms of life which the hogs in confinement are only dimly aware of.

"I don't know what it is about putting a pig out here in the dirt," Lehman continues meditatively. "All I know is that after an animal gets out here she often shapes right up and comes into heat. I've saved quite a few that way."

Walking back toward the gestation

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barn, Lehmann asks me if I would like to have a look at the feed mill, which he built himself. It is here that the corn raised by Ken Lehmann is cracked, ground, and mixed with soybean meal and feed additives—antibiotics, sulfa drugs, vitamins, minerals. Then, like blood pumped by the heart to the organs of the body, the mixed feed is sent by augers through an intricate network of conveyor tubes to the various barns. Behind the milling-and-mixing apparatus is a small padlocked room, where Lehmann keeps his pharmaceutical arsenal. Unlike drugs for human use, which can be bought only with a doctor's prescription, agricultural drugs are usually available to a farmer in any amount he wishes, in spite of F.D.A. regulations. Recommended dosage levels and required withdrawal times before slaughter which have been established by law are printed on the containers, but it is difficult for government inspectors to monitor compliance with these instructions. Although farmers like Art Lehmann take great pride in their operations and strive to administer drugs with intelligence and caution, there exist numerous other livestock operations where proper dosage levels and withdrawal times are frequently ignored. Some farmers heavily overdose their animals with antibiotics to control diseases brought on by filthy and poorly heated barns. Others, desperate to get weak, or even sick, animals to market, will continue to administer a variety of drugs to their stock right up to the day they are shipped to the slaughterhouse. Still others will use illegal or banned drugs. More often than not, these violations will go undetected by the Department of Agriculture's meat inspectors, who must examine hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of carcasses a day in busy packing plants.

Although most farmers do not deliberately misuse the drugs and chemicals at their disposal, farms and ranches are rough-and-tumble places, where mistakes and accidents are not infrequent. Every herdsman, hired hand, or cowboy in effect becomes a veterinarian when he administers drugs, and not all are graduates of agricultural-college programs, as is Bob Frase. The constant presence of these drugs on the farm can breed a dangerous sense of familiarity. They become so much a part of the daily routine that it is easy to lose respect for the hazards their continued use poses.

Like everything else around Art

Lehmann's feed mill, his drug room is covered with a film of dust. Although most of it is doubtless ground feed that has sifted out of the milling machinery, there is also, mixed in with this fallout of corn and soy, a modicum of each of the drugs that Lehmann keeps neatly stacked in their paper sacks. As he explains the design of his mill and how he built it, Lehmann leans with one hand on the V-shaped hopper that funnels the mixed feed into the auger system. Then, standing upright, he scratches his face with his dusty hand, leaving a powdery blotch on his upper lip. As he continues his explanation, I am unable to take my eyes off this smudge, which bobs up and down as he talks. Then, unconsciously sweeping his tongue around his mouth to wet his lips, he licks off part of the dusty smudge. I find myself thinking about resistant microorganisms, and wondering what goes on among the flora of Arthur Lehmann's gut.

I ask him if he is ever concerned about working around so many drugs and toxic chemicals on the farm. (His pigs are dipped in lindane, a carcinogenic and extremely toxic compound, to control lice, and Ken uses herbicides for weed control on all the cropland surrounding the farm.)

"Well, I'm not so worried about the stuff," he replies. "We're pretty careful here. Actually, I'm trying to cut down a lot on antibiotics. I know it's something that people are getting concerned about. What I would like to do is to make our management so good that we won't need them."

Then, after pausing to consider what he has just said, he adds, "Of course, I don't know if we could actually attain that state. Anyway, more and more of the smart farm money is going into vaccines to make animals immune to diseases so we won't end up having to treat them." He walks over to a dusty refrigerator standing against one wall and opens the door to reveal scores of rubber-tipped bottles, full of vaccines and other injectable drugs. "Sure, there are a lot of guys using drugs instead of cleaning up their barns, as a substitute for good management and sanitation," Lehmann continues. "They get a problem and they just throw drugs at it, hoping they can get by. I don't go for that technique. I use drugs, but I'd like to get the pigs off them as much as possible."

Art Lehmann's ambivalence about feed additives that contain drugs eventually caused him to reduce their use significantly. When I checked back with him this spring, he told me, "A few months after you came here, we began to use a new nursery where we can keep the young pigs—those from four to eleven weeks—separate from the older ones, who've had more exposure to diseases. The additional room also gives us time to clean out the building before each new group of piglets is weaned and brought in—something we couldn't do before. All of this means that we don't have to depend regularly on antibiotics for preventing diseases."

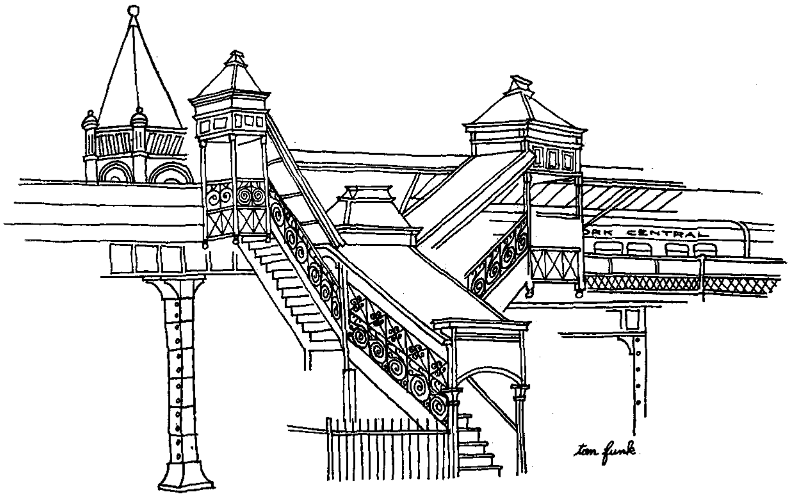
I asked him why so many other farmers seem convinced of the efficacy of antibiotics as growth promoters.

"Maybe they've had success, or maybe they choose to believe the claims of the drug companies," he replied diffidently. "Everybody's just trying to make a living."

Whether or not drug-company claims of increased profits from antibiotic feed additives are accurate (and there is disagreement on this point, even in veterinary circles), farmers are constantly confronted with what can only be described as a propaganda barrage from additives promoters. Trade journals such as *National Hog Farmer*, *Pig American*, and *Hog Farm Management* are filled with articles extolling the use of drugs and with glossy full-page color advertisements singing their praises. "I think you end up paying as much for antibiotics as what you get out of them," Lehmann told me. "My sense of the situation is that if you don't overuse them then you get a much better response when you really need them, because you haven't built up all those resistance problems."

At every national livestock and feedstuffs convention, like the American Pork Congress or the National Cattlemen's Association Annual Convention and Trade Show, and at regional and state gatherings for industry people, the companies that manufacture antibiotic feed additives have display booths and sales staffs. Lest livestock producers grow skeptical of the glowing encomiums, drug companies sponsor numerous and costly field trials, which measure the weight gains of animals fed their products. According to Helen M. Maddock, the swine-program manager at American Cyanamid, tests performed on three Iowa farms in 1981 showed that hogs fed Aureo S·P 250 (at two hundred and fifty grams of drugs per ton of feed) and then Aureomycin (at a hundred grams per ton of feed) gained weight ten per cent faster on about five per cent less feed than those that were fed no additive. After tests the same year at a research farm of Cargill Incorporated, a Minnesota manufacturer of livestock feed, Dr. Kent Ekstrom, a swine-research nutritionist at Cargill, reported that for every dollar invested in antibiotic feed additives farmers could expect to get approximately a two-dollar return at the marketplace. However, in an independent study carried out by Vaughn Speer, a swine nutritionist at Iowa State University, and published in *Pig American* in October, 1982, results were less conclusive. After comparing the growth of thousands of hogs on subtherapeutic antibiotics with that of a control group, Speer concluded that, while piglets seemed to show noticeable weight gains from antibiotics right after weaning, "improvement in gain . . . as a result of antibiotic feeding begins to diminish" once pigs reach the finishing stage.

Suffice it to say that the data on weight gains in such trials are conflicting. Nonetheless, for a struggling cattleman or hog farmer, the prospect of increasing profit margins even a few percentage points simply



by using a feed additive is almost irresistible. Many farmers will admit that they are not eager to use subtherapeutic drugs but that they feel they must do so as an insurance policy. “These drugs are the source of a lot of revenue,” comments Stanley Falkow, a Stanford University medical microbiologist who is very much concerned about increased bacterial resistance to antibiotics. “Of course their manufacturers want to defend them. It’s hard to know why antibiotics contribute to growth promotion, because most of the research the drug companies have done has been aimed at justifying their claims rather than understanding the actual mechanisms of what happens when these drugs are used.”

Dr. Stuart Levy is a professor of medicine and of molecular biology and microbiology at the Tufts University School of Medicine. Although the drab, gray-and-red brick building that houses his office and laboratory on downtown Boston’s Harrison Avenue seems a far cry from the farms of the Midwest, the research Levy has been conducting on antibiotic resistance may ultimately have a profound impact on the way livestock is raised in the future.

I find Dr. Levy in a small, cheerful corner office that affords an unspectacular view of the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority car yards. He is of medium height, with dark, curly hair and a well-trimmed mustache, and is wearing neatly creased slacks and a pullover sweater. His interest in antibiotic resistance, he tells me, was first aroused in 1962, while he was on a leave of absence from the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine and working at the Institut du Radium, in Paris, on radiation genetics. Learning of the work of Dr. Tsutomu Watanabe, one of the discoverers of drug resistance, he arranged to go to Tokyo in 1964 to work with him for several months at Keio University’s School of Medicine. Through his work with Watanabe, Levy recognized that drug resistance was a highly transferrable trait. Since then, he has become aware that the overuse of antibiotics in human medicine is accountable for much of the increased resistance that clinicians around the world have witnessed, but, like a growing number of other scientists, he is also concerned about the other half of all antibiotics manufactured in this country: those being fed to livestock.

“We simply *must* think in terms of establishing appropriate uses for antibiotics, whether for human beings or farm animals,” Levy says when I ask him about antibiotic feed additives. “To allow people who do not understand how these drugs work to use them by the ton without even a prescription is to my mind worse than just throwing the drugs to the wind. It is exactly this kind of indiscriminate use that has made them less effective. My intention is not to try and make the animal-health people seem to bear the responsibility for all our antibiotic-resistance problems. Even if farmers stopped using tetracycline and penicillin in animal feed, we would still have a problem. But the use of such drugs as growth promotants is one clear area where we can cut back on the total quantity of antibiotics being pumped into our environment.”

With funds from the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Disease and the Animal Health Institute, a drug-company trade organization in Washington, Levy and several colleagues began a study on *R*-factor transfer, in September of 1974. On a small Massachusetts family farm, they set up six cages of leghorn chicks, fifty to a cage. Testing the enteric bacteria of the animals at the outset, they found that from one to ten per cent of the organisms in the birds were already resistant to tetracycline. During the second week in October, Levy and his colleagues began to give the chicks in one of the cages feed supplemented with oxytetracycline, one of the tetracycline family of drugs. Within two weeks, fecal samples showed that virtually all the tetracycline-sensitive *E. coli* from the intestinal tracts of ninety per cent of these chicks had been replaced by resistant ones. As had been expected, resistance levels measured in the fecal samples from the other chicks, which, as a control group, were not receiving tetracycline-supplemented feed, remained unchanged. Then, in December, the researchers observed an unexpected phenomenon: the chicks in the control group began to show higher and higher numbers of resistant organisms, even though they were in cages fifteen yards away from the birds that had been receiving the tetracycline feed additive. By January, thirty per cent of the control-group chicks were excreting enteric bacteria at least half of which were resistant. Was it possible that resistant organisms were somehow being passed from cage to cage? “We were not set up to ascertain what sort of transfer was actually going on,” Levy says. “But it did seem quite logical that wind blowing debris around the barnyard, or insects like flies, could be responsible. Although we couldn’t draw any scientifically based conclusions about such transport from our observations, we were reminded that there are a lot of natural vectors that move bacteria from place to place.”

By April, six months after the oxytetracycline feed had been introduced, Levy and his colleagues found dramatic increases of resistant intestinal bacteria in seven of the eleven farm-family members. Their fecal samples contained levels of bacteria that were as much as eighty per cent tetracycline-resistant. What was even more surprising (Levy described it as “alarming”) was a finding that several members of the family also showed rising levels of resistance to sulfonamides, to a synthetic antimicrobial, and to five other antibiotics completely unrelated to tetracycline. This suggested that the antibiotic in the chicken feed was selecting for strains of bacteria that were resistant not only to tetracycline but also to several other drugs.

The increase of resistance levels in the seven farm-family members provided Levy with strong circumstantial evidence that they were being affected by the animals. That the acquisition of this resistance was not a regional phenomenon was demonstrated by the lack of similar findings among families living within a two- or three-mile radius and among students at a nearby school. Nonetheless, Levy and his colleagues had not yet established a direct cause-and-effect relationship. It could still be argued—as representatives of drug companies had often argued in

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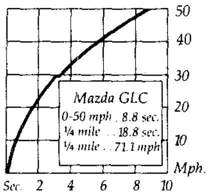

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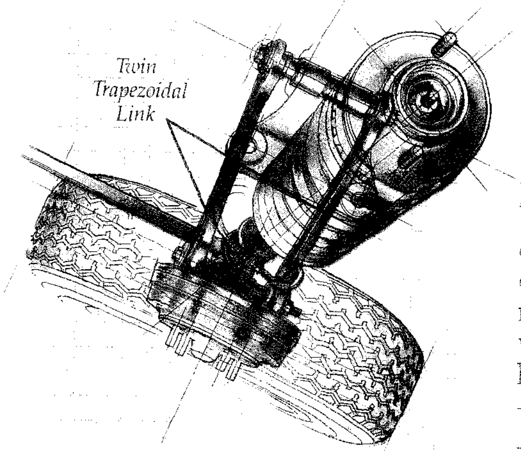

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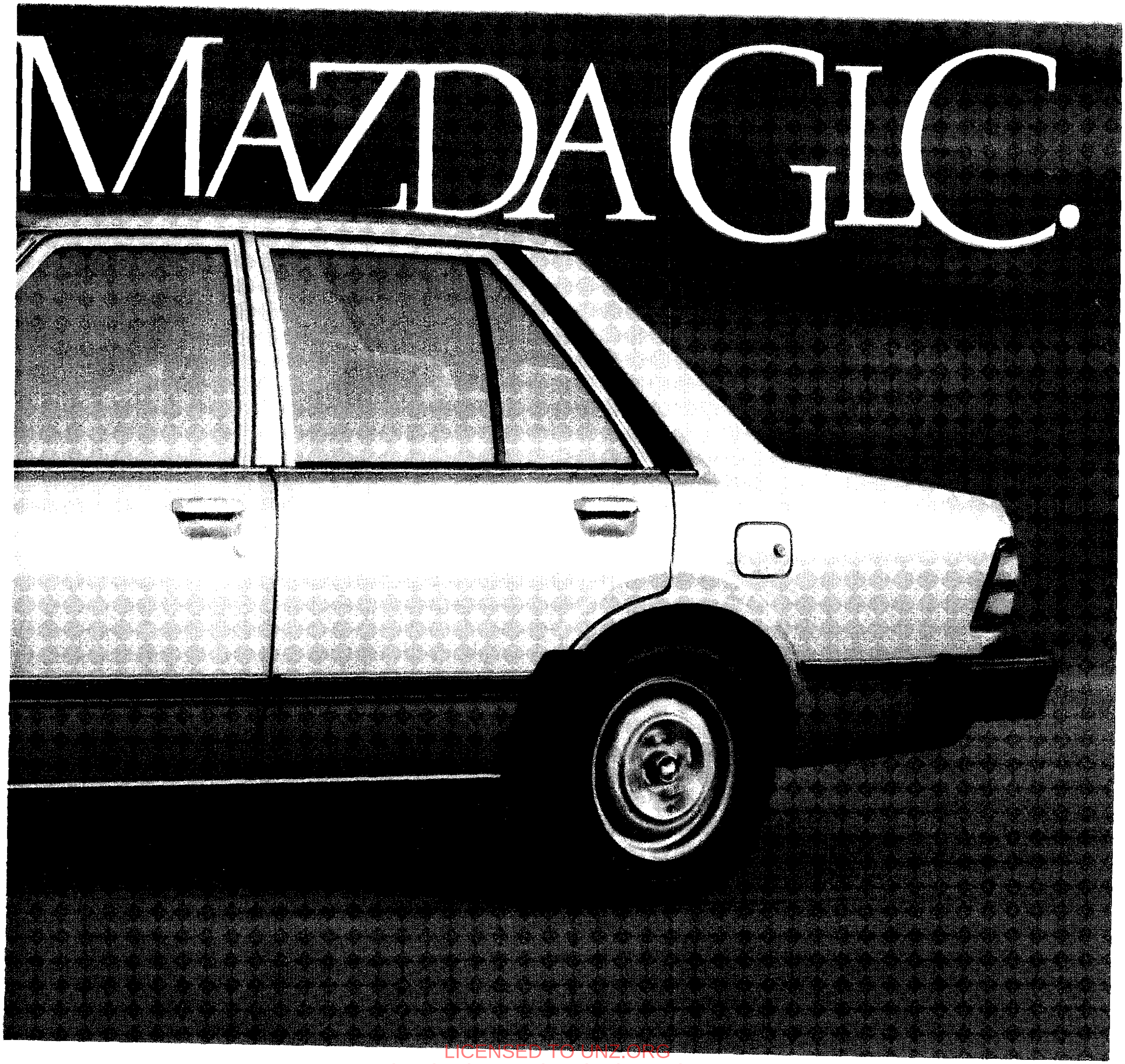

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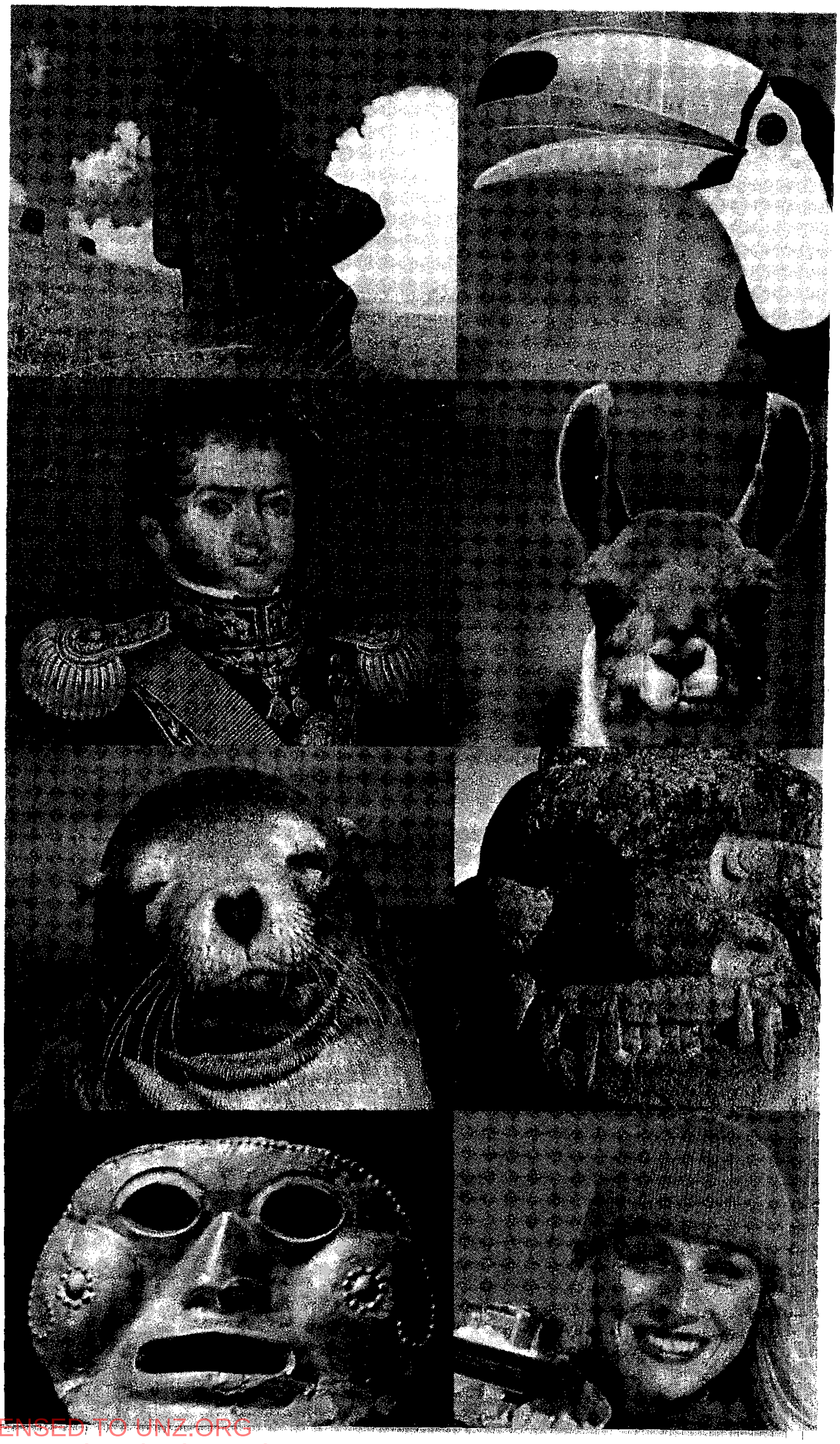

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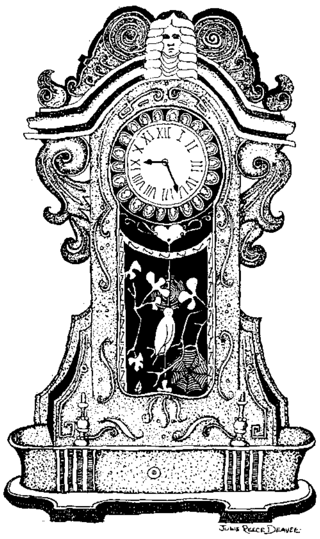
the past—that the resistance showing up in bacterial cultures from the human beings might be coming from some unidentifiable source, even though the people were in contact with animals fed on antibiotics. Moreover, while Levy assumed that the resistance was coming from the chicks he did not know whether it was because bacteria from the chicks were colonizing the guts of the farm-family members (where their *R* plasmids could be easily transferred to indigenous microorganisms) or because the antibiotic feed additive itself was inadvertently being ingested and then selecting for resistant strains already present in small numbers.

Returning to his lab in Boston with bacteria isolated from both the chicks and the farm-family members, Levy attempted to mate resistant strains of chicken *E. coli* with sensitive laboratory strains to see how readily different types of *R* plasmids transferred. Once again, he made a curious discovery. He found that *R* plasmids that carried only genes for tetracycline resistance did not readily transfer in vitro, but that plasmids bearing multiple resistances (to streptomycin, ampicillin, and carbenicillin as well as tetracycline) successfully transferred from every donor cell tested. This suggested to Levy that, at least in *E. coli*, *R* plasmids with multiple resistance are more readily transferrable than those with only one resistance.

In an effort to trace the pathways of the *R* plasmids that seemed to be spreading so widely, Levy and his colleagues returned to the farm and set up two more cages of fifty chicks each; they inoculated two birds in each cage with a special brew of *E. coli* harboring *R* plasmids with four resistances, one of which (the gene for resistance to chloramphenicol) had been tagged with a temperature-sensitive marker so that its host plasmids would be easy to distinguish from any other multiple *R* plasmids already present. One cage of chicks was put on oxytetracycline-laced feed, while the chicks in the second cage were given feed without any additive. Within a week, *E. coli* with marked plasmids began showing up in the fecal samples of other birds in the first cage. They did not, however, spread throughout the second cage of birds, which were not ingesting oxytetracycline-supplemented feed, and, in fact, began to disappear from the fecal samples of the two inoculated birds in that cage. Levy concluded that the tetracycline feed additive was the critical variable determining whether or not these resistant organisms were able to establish themselves and thrive in new hosts. To his surprise, Levy noted that after two weeks the marked plasmids began to appear in a third cage of chicks, some forty-five feet away from the other two cages, who were also being given tetracycline-supplemented feed. The plasmids also appeared in bacterial isolates from the feces of two of the farm-family members, which, as Levy wrote in an article describing his experiment in *The Journal of Infectious Diseases*, “clearly indicated a chicken-to-human transmission of resistant bacteria.” Although in this particular case the antibiotic resistance that was derived from the chicken strains was not detected in any pathogenic bacteria, Levy went on to warn in his article that “the transfer of these plasmids from non-pathogenic to pathogenic bacterial strains, and from animals to humans, is a potential consequence of the widespread use of antibiotics in the farm environment, as well as in other settings.”



During our conversation in his office, Levy says, “What I would like to ask all of these drug companies who claim that antibiotic resistance isn't being spread around from animals to man is this: Where *do* you think it's coming from? In a study we've been working on, seventy-five per cent of the healthy people we have observed are carrying *E. coli* at least ten per cent of which are resistant to one antibiotic or another. We are finding that even people who are not taking antibiotics harbor strains of *E. coli* commonly resistant to anywhere from one to three drugs. Those who are under antibiotic treatment harbor strains with resistance to anywhere from four to seven drugs. Where are these people picking up the original *R* factors? Obviously, from the environment, but we're not sure where. That's the disturbing part. But if we look at the total use of antibiotics we do know that almost half of what is manufactured is going into animals, so I believe we have to look very carefully at this as a potential source. Meat and various animal by-products are shipped all over the country, finally coming in contact with the consumer. I don't see how anyone can say that there isn't much possibility of bacterial cross-over.” He throws up his hands in exasperation.

“We're talking about a reservoir of microorganisms shared by animals and human beings,” he continues. “And what is the most important complement of that reservoir? The humble *E. coli* from the gut—bugs that get around and share a common pool of genes, which they readily swap with other bacteria. What the people who sell animal-feed antibiotics want us to believe is that we have picked up elevated levels of *R* factors almost exclusively from hospitals and from people under antibiotic medication. But I am not aware of any study showing that gut bacteria are exchanged frequently between human beings. On the other hand, there are plenty of studies showing that human beings pick up bacteria from animals and from a great variety of other sources—like fruits and vegetables—which may come in contact with animal waste. Cows, chickens, and pigs are not being kept on some outer planet. They're right here in our own environment!” Levy stabs the air in front of his chest with an index finger. “The drug companies like to look at these animals as closed systems—as a kind of dead end. But I don't accept that. I recently heard that the staff at the New England Aquarium, which had been treating their marine mammals with chloramphenicol, suddenly began to encounter a lot of resistance to that drug. Where did the seals get the resistant bacteria? From the dolphins?” Levy raises his eyebrows to express his incredulity. “I would think it more likely that they picked it up from the general environment, or possibly from their handlers. If a marine mammal can acquire resistance from man, one must assume that the process also works in reverse. Just think about it! We have at least five hundred million chickens eating antibiotics every week, and that's just the chicken population. What about the pigs, cows, goats, sheep? How many billions of bacteria does that make resistant out there each day? It's beyond me why it is so hard to understand that eventually these bacteria and their *R* factors are going to migrate, so that finally it doesn't matter whether you're using antibiotics on animals or on people."

SALMONELLA are a genus of bacteria most varieties of which can colonize both animals and human beings with little difficulty. The ability of the salmonella bacteria to survive on both sides of the animal-human divide renders people vulnerable not only to the diseases they induce but also to increased levels of antibiotic resistance from whatever transferrable *R* plasmids these bacteria may have acquired while in their animal hosts. In 1968, following an epidemic of salmonellosis which originated in cattle and then spread to human beings, the British Secretary of State for Social Services, the Secretaries of State for Scotland and Wales, and the Minister of Agriculture, Fisheries, and Food convened a special Joint Committee on the Use of Antibiotics in Animal Husbandry and Veterinary Medicine, known as the Swann committee, to determine whether or not antibiotics commonly used in human therapy, such as tetracycline and penicillin, should be regulated as animal-feed additives. In 1969, the Swann committee released a provisional report that recommended banning the use of these antibiotics in livestock feed and requiring veterinary prescriptions for *any* antibiotic used for cattle. Two years later, the committee expanded its recommendations, calling for all subtherapeutic antibiotics for swine and poultry to be sold only by veterinary prescription. These recommendations were adopted by the British government, and during the nineteen-seventies an increasing number of other European countries, including Norway, Sweden, Denmark, West Germany, and the Netherlands, imposed similar restrictions.

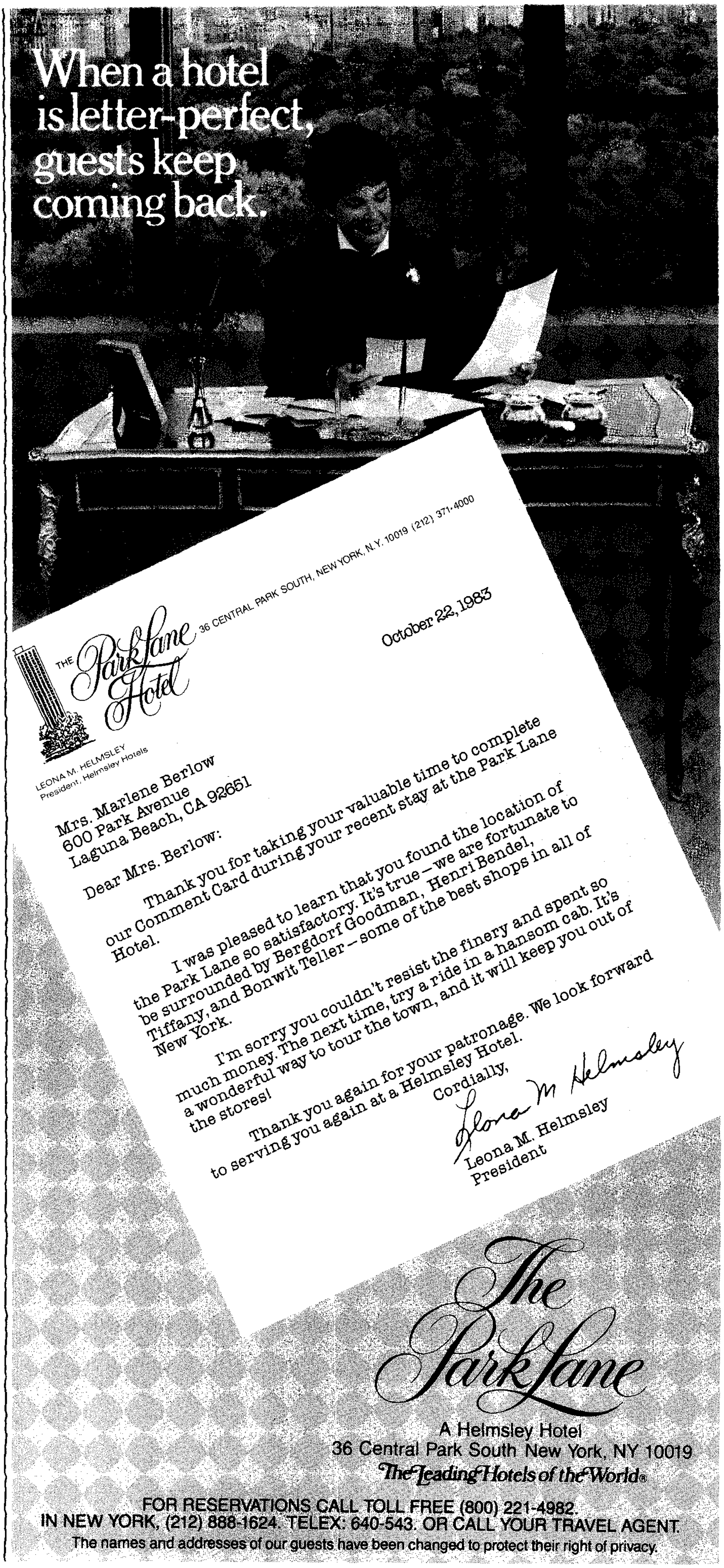
Repeated attempts to regulate the use of antibiotic feed additives in the United States have failed, however—in no small measure because of the enormous pressure that farm lobbying groups and drug companies have succeeded in bringing on the F.D.A. and on members of Congress. As one of the largest producers of farm antibiotics used in Great Britain, American Cyanamid was, of course, concerned that the willingness of England and other countries to restrict the use of subtherapeutic drugs would encourage a similar move in this country. A pamphlet entitled "The Swann Report: An Appraisal," printed and distributed here in 1970 by the company, disputed the conclusions of the Swann committee, stating, "More than one hundred billion head of livestock and poultry have been given medicated feed and water [in the United States and Canada] since 1950. Yet not a single medically-annotated case of disease outbreak in humans caused by the use of antibiotics in animals has been recorded." Invoking the name of their former employee, Dr. Thomas Jukes, the discoverer of the benefits of subtherapeutic doses of antibiotics in livestock feed, the pamphlet went on to claim that the Swann committee had provided no credible evidence that "the use of antibiotics on the farm will develop resistant pathogens that will make antibiotics useless in the treatment of disease."

Another pamphlet, which Cyanamid issued in the late seventies, when the F.D.A. was considering the regulation, by veterinary prescription, of penicillin and tetracycline as feed additives, was called "Antibiotics Under Fire." It urged farmers to begin a letter-writing campaign in defense of the unrestricted use of these drugs. Under the headline "MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD—YOUR SUPPORT IS NEEDED," the pamphlet announced, "The F.D.A. Commissioner's proposal to restrict the use of tetracycline feed additives can be reversed. . . . Tell the Commissioner and your Senators and Congressmen how necessary these antibiotics are to farmers. . . . Tell them you don't believe American farmers should lose valuable, economical, disease-preventing antibiotics because of a speculative hazard—a 'possibility' which has never actually occurred in more than a quarter of a century of widespread testing. . . . Don't put off writing until it is too late."

In 1978, the Congress asked the National Academy of Sciences to convene a Committee to Study the Human Health Effects of Subtherapeutic Antibiotic Use in Animal Feeds. After an exhaustive review of the existing literature, the committee issued its report in March, 1980. The writers of the report refused to recommend any action, because of what they termed "a lack of data." They did, however, make at least a theoretical admission of the problem, noting that the salmonellosis epidemic in Britain presented a "clear demonstration that the entire sequence of events involved in transmission of *R*-factor organisms to humans via food is possible." And they acknowledged that in their survey of completed research "the majority opinion . . . was that an increased prevalence of antimicrobial-resistant organisms presents a threat to human health and that the subtherapeutic use of antimicrobials increases the prevalence of *R*-factor organisms in animals" and noted that "majorities of the individuals in these various studies recommended policies aimed at restricting the subtherapeutic use of antimicrobials in animal feeds, particularly for those agents used in the therapy of diseases in humans." But when it came to ascertaining the degree of risk and recommending guidelines the report backed off: "The postulations concerning the hazards to human health that might result from the addition of subtherapeutic antimicrobials to feeds have been neither proven nor disproven. The lack of data linking human illness with subtherapeutic levels of antimicrobials must not be equated with proof that the proposed hazards do not exist. The research necessary to establish and measure a definite risk has not been conducted and, indeed, may not be possible." At present, the F.D.A. is awaiting the results of further studies that it has contracted out on the likelihood that drug resistance can be transferred from animal-borne organisms to those capable of colonizing humans. No action on the use of penicillin and tetracycline is anticipated before these studies are completed in July, 1984. In the meantime, the F.D.A. has proposed a change in federal regulations which would allow new pharmaceutical companies to submit applications for permission to sell feed containing subtherapeutic dosages of the two drugs. In the February 1, 1983, issue of the Federal Register, Arthur Hull Hayes, Jr., then the F.D.A. commissioner, concluded that "it is unlikely that such additional approvals will significantly increase the risk of human exposure to bacterial organisms resistant to penicillin and the tetracyclines." Concerned by the government's failure to act to stem the use of these drugs as feed additives, the Natural Resources Defense Council, a nonprofit law firm concerned with environmental issues, circulated a petition last fall, calling on President Reagan and Secretary Margaret Heckler of the Department of Health and Human Services to take "expeditious action to ban subtherapeutic uses." More than three hundred scientists, physicians, and biologists—including some within government entities, such as the National Center for Disease Control and the National Institutes of Health—signed the petition, which warned against the "indiscriminate use" of antibiotics in animal feed and called the refusal to act "unconscionable."

"I just can't understand all this delay," Levy says, his voice rising in frustration. "I try to stay unemotional about this issue, and just stick to the scientific facts. But, as I see it, there is simply no justification for refusing to deal with the problem." In a recent book that Levy and two colleagues edited, entitled "The Molecular Biology, Pathogenicity, and Ecology of Bacterial Plasmids," two British contributors—Bernard Rowe and E. J. Threlfall, of the division of enteric pathogens of the United Kingdom's Public Health Laboratory Service—present evidence that the epidemic that led to the Swann committee's recommendations was far from unique in England. Even after the ban on subtherapeutic doses of antibiotics, strains of *Salmonella typhimurium* carrying multiple *R* factors swept through cattle herds in various parts of England—once in 1974, twice in 1977, and twice in 1979. These strains of salmonella were not only multiply resistant but unusually virulent: they killed as many as half the animals in some herds. Furthermore, British medical authorities reported that from 1977 through 1980 at least five hundred and five people became infected with resistant strains of salmonella which were demonstrably of animal origin. Most of the infected patients survived after eventually receiving treatment with alternative drug therapies, but three people died.

A similarly well-documented case of animal-to-man transfer of resistant pathogens occurred in the United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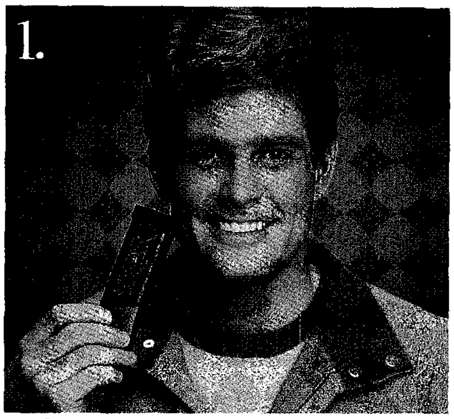

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States, in 1976. On August 16th of that year, a shipment of calves arrived on a farm in northern Connecticut. When the farmer unloaded them, he found that several of the animals had severe cases of diarrhea. Within a day or two, one of the calves died. Four days after the animals arrived, the farmer himself contracted a mild case of diarrhea. Then, on August 24th, his pregnant daughter, who had been helping him feed the young animals by scooping milk up to their mouths with her hands, began labor and went into Hartford's St. Francis Hospital, where she gave birth to a son. Immediately afterward, she, too, suffered from diarrhea. Three days later, her newborn son began running a fever, and he also contracted diarrhea. By August 31st, two other infants who had shared a common nurse and nursery in the hospital with the infected child exhibited the same symptoms. What was unusual about this case was that the St. Francis Hospital staff, having learned about the infected calves, was able to document the transfer of the resistant disease organisms. In most cases, of course, even when human salmonellosis is suspected of being of animal origin it is difficult or impossible to locate the particular animal so that a bacterial culture can be taken and compared to the human isolate. In this instance, however, the medical staff at the hospital were able to study stool cultures both from the afflicted animals and from the sick people. A salmonella variant known as the Heidelberg strain, and resistant to tetracycline, chloramphenicol, sulfamethoxazole, neomycin, streptomycin, kanamycin, and nitrofurantoin, was found in isolates from the farmer and from his calves. Similar strains were isolated from the mother and the three infants. These, however, were resistant only to tetracycline, chloramphenicol, and sulfamethoxazole.

Dr. Robert W. Lyons, the director of the section of Infectious Disease and Epidemiology of St. Francis Hospital, was the attending physician in the case. When I asked him if he was convinced that the case provided evidence of a transfer from animals to people of bacteria carrying *R* plasmids, he replied, "Yes. My own feeling is that the case quite clearly suggests that connection." And how did Lyons account for the fact that the bacteria isolated from the mother and the babies were resistant to four fewer drugs than those isolated from the farmer and the calves? "We postulated that

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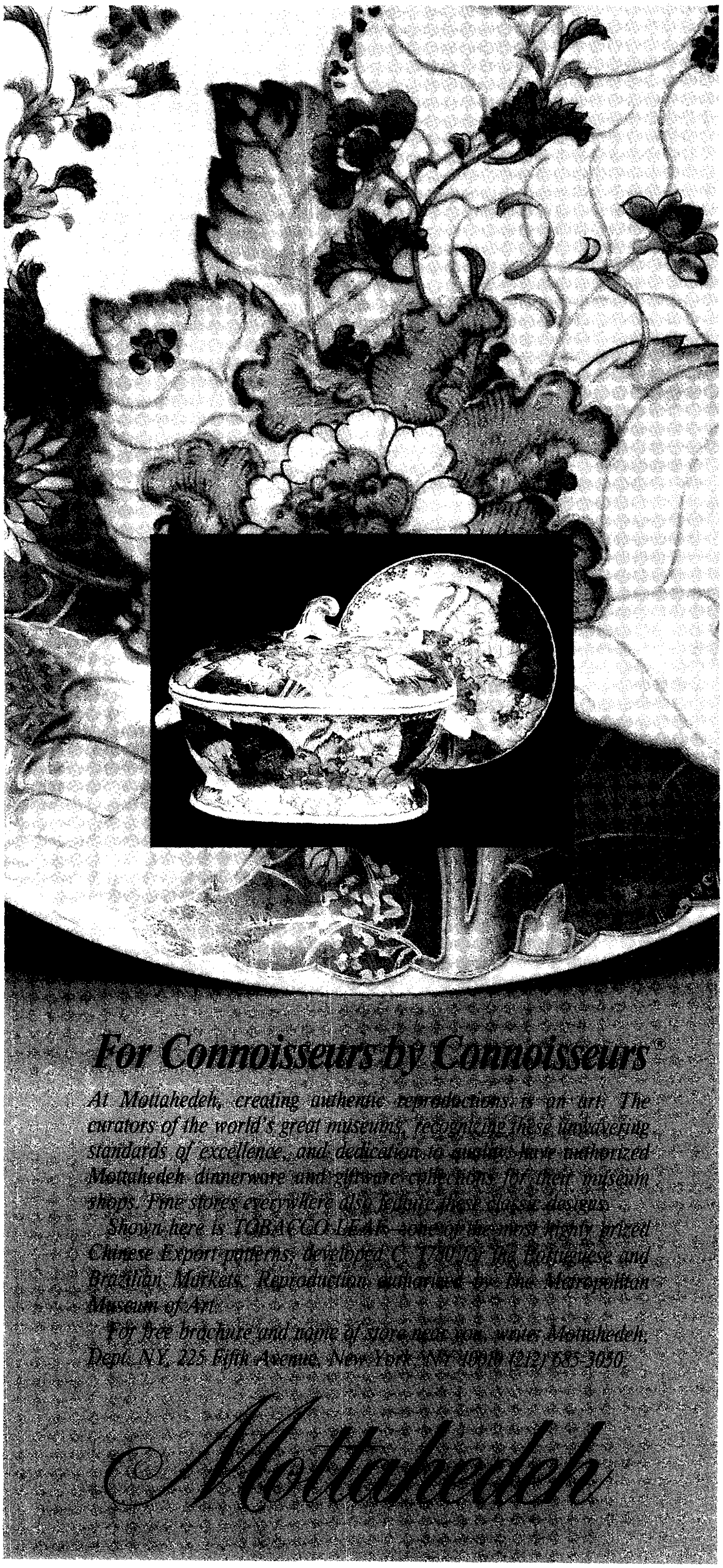
the missing resistances in the mother and the children were lost in transmission," Lyons told me. "What impressed us was not the missing *R* factors but the fact that our tests showed that all the strains, both from people and from animals, were resistant to chloramphenicol. Resistance to that drug is extremely rare in New England. This in itself suggested to me that the resistant disease organisms found in the humans had a common animal origin." In an article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Lyons concluded, "The spread of salmonella from animals to humans is not unusual, and hospital epidemics of salmonella are far from rare. The occurrence, however, of a hospital epidemic with a multiple drug-resistant salmonella strain that had its origins in a herd of infected farm animals is remarkable." His findings were disputed in *Reviews of Infectious Diseases* by Dr. Charles E. Cherubin, of the Microbiology Laboratory of the Jewish Hospital and Medical Center of Brooklyn, who wrote that "the episode does not prove the argument," because the strains isolated from the children and the mother contained four fewer *R* factors than those from the farmer and the calves. Lyons replied wryly in a letter to the editor, "As Thoreau said about watered dairy products, 'Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk.' "

In the Hartford case, all the patients ultimately recovered. However, multiresistant epidemic pathogens such as *Salmonella typhi* have been responsible for many thousands of deaths—particularly in the Third World.

"The Hartford case was an unusual one," says Dr. Richard P. Novick, the director of the Public Health Research Institute of the City of New York, when I ask him about its significance. "There are, in fact, very few cases where we have actually been able to trace human infections caused by resistant bacteria to specific animals. The drug companies and the agricultural lobby always raise this paucity of data by way of defense. The truth is that without marking plasmids and doing complicated genetic analysis it is very hard to determine where the resistance genes came from. It's not that we're lazy; it's just that we don't have the money or the facilities to perform such studies. We know that these genes are moving around in an enormous pool of interacting bacteria, but it has rarely been possible to trace



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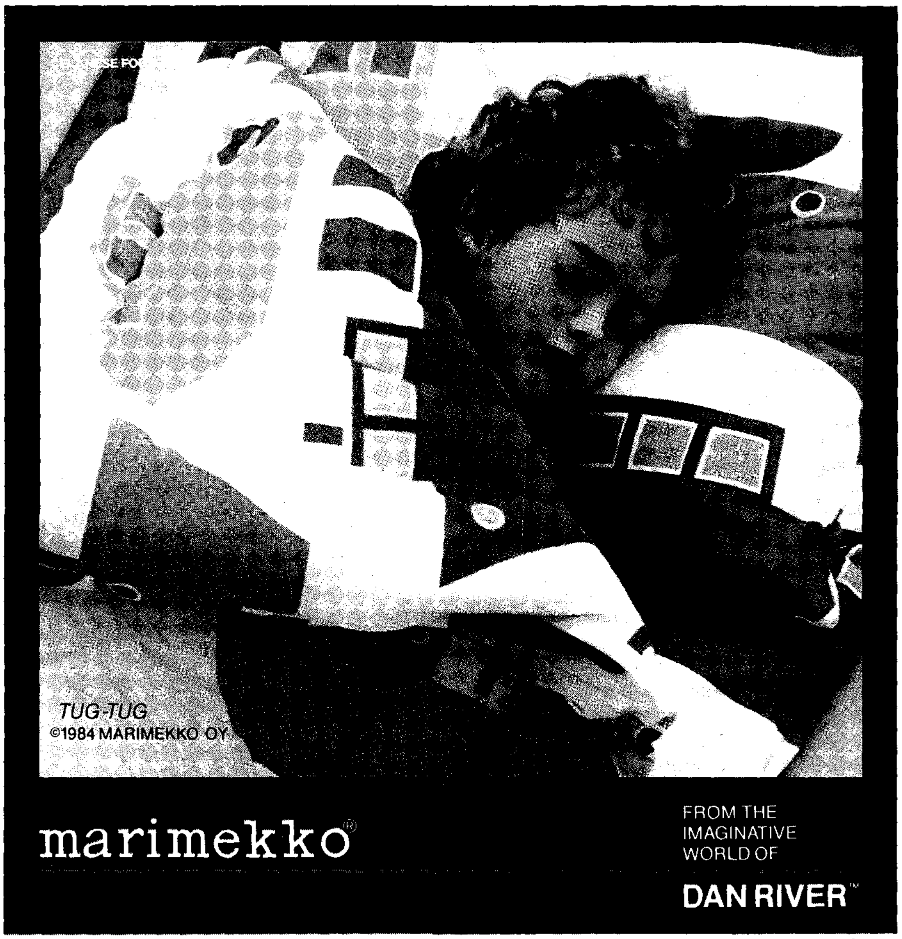

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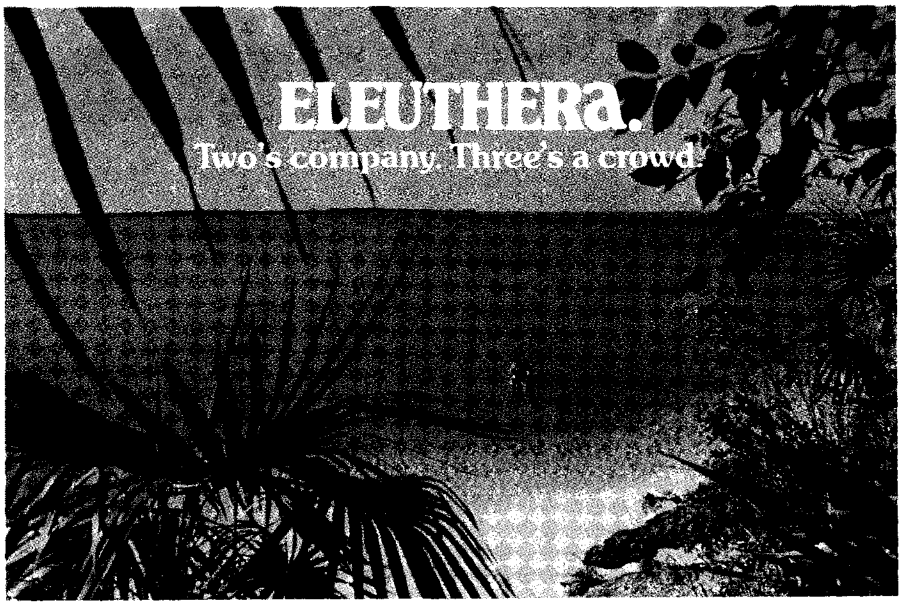

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IT is not simply the transmission of resistant pathogenic bacteria that concerns men like Novick and Levy, because there are only a few dangerous microorganisms that readily survive in both animals and man, salmonella being one. They are infinitely more exercised over the transmission of relatively innocuous bacteria like *E. coli*, which, although not readily spreading disease, most emphatically do spread *R* plasmids. In their view, the showering of the bacterial pool with plasmid-borne *R* factors is far more dangerous in the long term than a few outbreaks of salmonellosis.

Dr. Dwight Hirsh, professor of microbiology and medicine at the University of California's School of Veterinary Medicine at Davis, has long been interested in animal-to-man *R*-plasmid transfer. As the head of the school's microbiology diagnostic lab, where susceptibility tests for resistances to antibiotics are done on animal bacterial cultures from all over the western United States, Hirsh is in a unique position to keep track of such resistance levels in the field of veterinary medicine.

"I wish that those who are playing down the problem of resistance were in our lab every day and could see the nature of the strains that come through here," Hirsh says, in a tone of exasperation, when I visit him in Davis. "There are strains of bacteria of both human and animal origin around today that were very sensitive to antibiotics up until five or six years ago but are now resistant, because they have acquired genes that they never had before, from the resistance pool in our environment. To my mind, the greatest contributor to that resistance pool has been the food-producing animal."

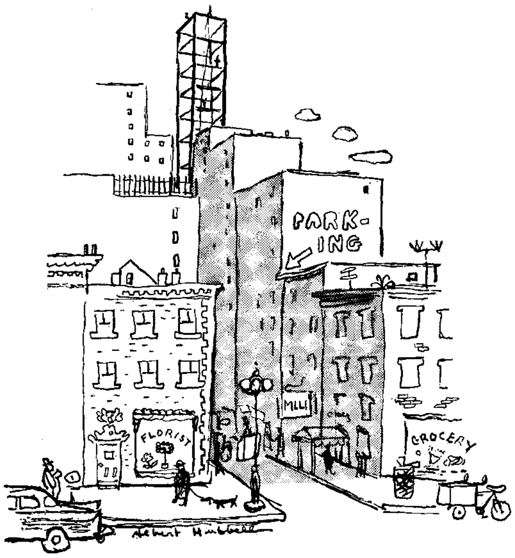
Hirsh's first work with antibiotic resistance began at the University of Missouri at Columbia twelve years ago. Taking resistant strains of *E. coli* from cows, Hirsh and his colleagues fed them to human volunteers. "We wanted to find out two things," Hirsh recalls. "Could these bacteria of animal origin live in the human gastrointestinal tract? And if we fed antibiotics to the volunteers how would these organisms respond?" The results of Hirsh's first tests confirmed the conclusions of the drug companies, for they demonstrated that it was indeed very difficult for most animal strains of bacteria to thrive for any length of time in the human intestine. But when he administered antibiotics to his volunteers at the same time as he fed them the bovine *E. coli* the situation changed. "We found that antibiotics enabled the animal bacteria to survive a lot longer," says Hirsh. "This was quite logical, because there is an inborn resistance in every animal to being colonized with alien bacteria. It works quite simply. The bugs in the human colon live there, and not in a cow's colon, because they are optimally suited to that environment. It would even be difficult to take an *E. coli* from me and give it to you, because of your own colonization resistance." One good way to overcome colonization resistance, Hirsh found, is to administer antibiotics. This seems to give the resistant alien bacteria the competitive advantage they need in order to survive.

"Antibiotics can make it easier rather than more difficult for transmitted disease organisms to establish themselves," Hirsh says. "Apparently, the drug companies and the government want to see dead bodies before they admit that there is an inherent danger here. But we're not talking simply about disease—we're talking about resistance to drugs. If you're going to get sick from a particular microorganism, you'll get sick whether or not it is resistant to antibiotics. The problem arises not in the numbers of people that contract the disease but in whether or not they can be successfully treated. Obviously, if you're dealing with resistant bacteria the disease will be harder to treat. But that's not what the government and the drug industry seem to be concerned with. They're asking for some proof that there is an increase in infectious disease as a result of the overuse of antibiotics. That would be an irrelevant piece of evidence. It just sidesteps the real issue—resistance. There is no connection between the problem of widespread resistance, on the one hand, and the prevalence of disease-bearing organisms, on the other."

Another researcher who became interested in the role that *E. coli* play as vectors for drug resistance was the British bacteriologist A. H. Linton, of the University of Bristol. "Since salmonella reach man via the food chain, no doubt animal *E. coli* also reach man by the same route," he surmised in a June, 1977, article in the *Royal Society of Health Journal*. "The question then arises as to their ability to colonize the human gut, or even if this does not happen, to transfer their *R* plasmids to resident flora during temporary passage through the human gut."

Linton had designed an experiment that enabled him to analyze this ability. Stopping at random over a period of three months in different grocery stores in the Bristol area, he bought fifteen frozen chickens. Taking them back to his lab, he thawed the birds and took samples from seven sites on each of the carcasses to determine the kinds of resistance factors their *E. coli* harbored. After he had catalogued these, he distributed the chickens to five volunteers, all of whom, not having taken antibiotics for at least a year, had relatively low levels of resistant enteric bacteria. He told each volunteer to prepare and eat the chickens over a period of several weeks. Linton took fecal samples from his volunteers at various points during the experiment, to see if any of the strains of resistant organisms he had identified in the chickens or any of the plasmids from those strains appeared in the human beings. Even without the selective pressure of antibiotics, one of Linton's volunteers became colonized by the poultry *E. coli*, and Linton concluded, in his article, that "it is probable that substantial numbers of antibiotic-resistant *E. coli* reach man by way of the food chain and, under certain circumstances, are able to colonize the human alimentary tract for significant periods of time."

Later, he wrote in the *Journal of Applied Bacteriology*, "What we do not yet know is how often this sort of event may occur. But upwards of three hundred million frozen or chilled chickens were consumed in the U.K. in 1975, and therefore [this] type of event . . . is likely to occur widely." Noting in the *Royal Society of Health Journal* that calves and pigs as well as poultry appeared to provide major reservoirs for resistant bacteria, Linton reminded his readers that even nonpathogenic animal-borne bacteria were capable of transferring *R* plasmids to pathogenic bacteria that could cause potentially virulent epidemics among human beings, and he warned that "every effort should be made to limit this flow as far as possible."



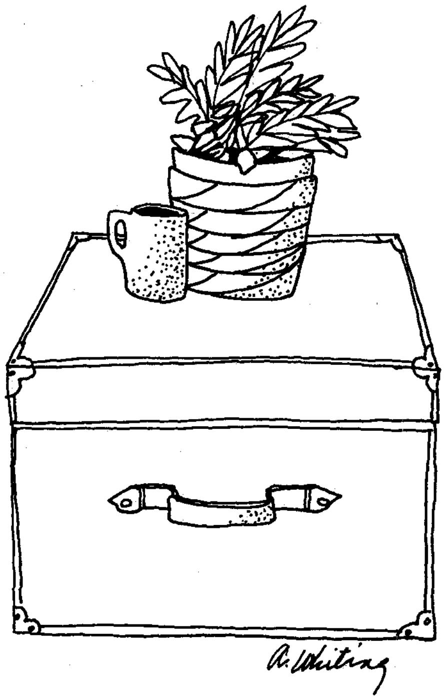
As Richard Novick pointed out, even when there has been overwhelmingly convincing circumstantial evidence (as in some cases of salmonellosis) of the connection between animal bacteria and human disease it has been difficult to identify with absolute certainty the specific source of a piece of DNA. The problem confronting clinicians is that the presence of a given combination of resistances in, say, bacteria isolated from calves and bacteria isolated from human patients cannot be regarded as conclusive proof that the same plasmid or plasmids were involved, or that the resistances were transferred from animal to human bacteria. Since a particular combination of resistances could arise by a variety of evolutionary pathways, what is needed is a means of determining the provenance of the genes themselves. In the last few years, using recently developed techniques to analyze the sequential arrangement of the DNA nucleotides, or sub-units, that make up a plasmid, molecular biologists have been able actually to "fingerprint" and compare *R* plasmids that they suspect have been transferred from animals to people.

A recent study documenting *R*-plasmid transfer from animal bacteria to human bacteria, which was contracted by the Food and Drug Administration and undertaken by Dr. Thomas O'Brien, director of the Microbiology Laboratory at Brigham and Women's Hospital, in Boston, was published in the *New England Journal of Medicine* in July, 1982. For two and a half years, O'Brien and his colleagues studied isolates of several subspecies of animal-borne and human-borne salmonella which they had collected from a number of bacterial reference laboratories around the country. They tested each isolate to see which resistances it carried. Then they extracted the *R* plasmids and, by using a restriction enzyme, fragmented them. Restriction enzymes are a kind of “chemical knife,” and each type will fragment a particular type of plasmid in a characteristic way. This enables researchers to compare the DNA sequences from one plasmid with those from another. Using this technique, molecular biologists have been able to show conclusively that a plasmid from a human-borne bacterium and one from an animal-borne bacterium share a recent ancestor.

According to O’Brien’s report in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, “identical or nearly identical antibiotic-resistance plasmids may be found in salmonella isolated from animals [and] persons in widely separated parts of the United States.” Lamenting the fact that no other researchers had thus far systematically searched out such identical plasmids in other bacterial species common to human beings and animals, the authors pointed out that “our findings . . . using a limited sample of human isolates, suggest that comprehensive surveillance in the United States would uncover additional examples,” and went on to note, “Although suited as tracers of the spread of resistance, isolates of salmonella may greatly under-represent its magnitude. Among human beings, each culture-documented case of infection due to salmonella has been estimated to represent as many as a hundred undocumented cases. Moreover, other far more prevalent Enterobacteriaceae such as *E. coli* may acquire resistance plasmids as readily, and spread in much larger numbers through the same routes as the rare but traceable salmonella.”

Richard Novick, working with Gary Dunny, an assistant professor of bacteriology at the New York State College of Veterinary Medicine, at Cornell, carried out a study for the F.D.A. to determine how readily staphylococci and streptococci in animals become resistant to antibiotics in feed and to ascertain whether or not such resistant bacteria and their resident *R* plasmids can be transferred from animals to human beings. In their experiment, test pigs were fed subtherapeutic levels of Tylan, a popular animal antibiotic manufactured by Eli Lilly & Company. Novick and Dunny’s report on the bacterial isolates in the Cornell study was completed in late 1982, and parts of it have appeared in the *American Journal of Veterinary Research*. By using similar techniques for fingerprinting the DNA sequences found on *R* plasmids in staphylococci and streptococci isolated from the test pigs and their handlers, and human-borne strains from F.D.A. reference laboratories across the country, Novick and Dunny discovered that many of the *R* plasmids they isolated were “similar or indistinguishable,” and “freely transmissible between livestock and humans.” They concluded that *R*-plasmid transfer was possible across the animal-human divide and, indeed, that it is common, since there is “no obvious barrier to interfere with the transmission of resistance from animal to human bacterial flora.”

When I visit Novick later, he tells me, “What impresses me about data of this sort is the fact that, molecularly speaking, the plasmids found in animals do not differ from those we are finding in human bacteria. This overall similarity is, I think, strong proof of significant interaction. If the two pools were really separate, one would expect that evolution would have changed them in very different ways, because, after all, DNA is evolutionarily a very active substance. Instead, what we are finding is a striking molecular resemblance. The pools of animal and human bacteria are like two huge tanks connected by a thin pipe at the bottom: although the result may not be immediately evident, the level in one tank is inevitably influenced by the level in the other. After seeing the Cornell results and O’Brien’s study, I am more firmly convinced than ever that livestock feed additives contribute to the high levels of antibiotic resistance we are finding in bacteria from human beings.”



“THE discussion about transmission of all this stuff from animals to man may sound a little esoteric to a layman,” says Stuart Levy after we have talked over some of these studies. “But when you’re involved in actually treating patients as well as doing lab work, as I am, you begin to see the problem of antibiotic resistance—wherever it’s coming from—in terms of its impact on individuals. I encounter the problem as a practicing physician, particularly in the treatment of cancer. In this field of medicine, one of the severest problems we face is vulnerability to infection. A cancer patient may be given some kind of chemotherapy that while treating the cancer temporarily wipes out his bone marrow, so that he gets an infection because of his reduced white-blood-cell count. What do we do? We try treating him with one or two antibiotics. What happens? The infection turns out to be resistant to those drugs, and by the time we get other antibiotics on board their mixed toxicity and the bone-marrow suppression have ganged up on him, and he dies of the infection. And what kind of infection? Just a resistant strain of *E. coli* which the system of any normal person could handle but the system of an older person or a cancer patient can’t.”

Levy pauses, and then says, “This is where the question of antibiotic resistance really comes home to me. Just recently, I had a cancer patient—a man from Brazil. We treated him with chemotherapy, which wiped out the leukemia cells. Unfortunately, an *E. coli* from his gut had got into his bloodstream—causing fever and infecting major organs—and proved to be resistant to everything we tested. We couldn’t find *any* drug combination that would work, and eventually the man died. It’s true that he arrived at the hospital with the resistant organism in his gut, and certainly his own indiscriminate use of antibiotics without prescription had helped to establish it. But where did this resistance originally come from—animals or human beings? We don’t know. This is the critical question, and it’s still unanswered. I think, however, that any intelligent person who is familiar with the data will come to the same conclusion; namely, we’ve got a problem that

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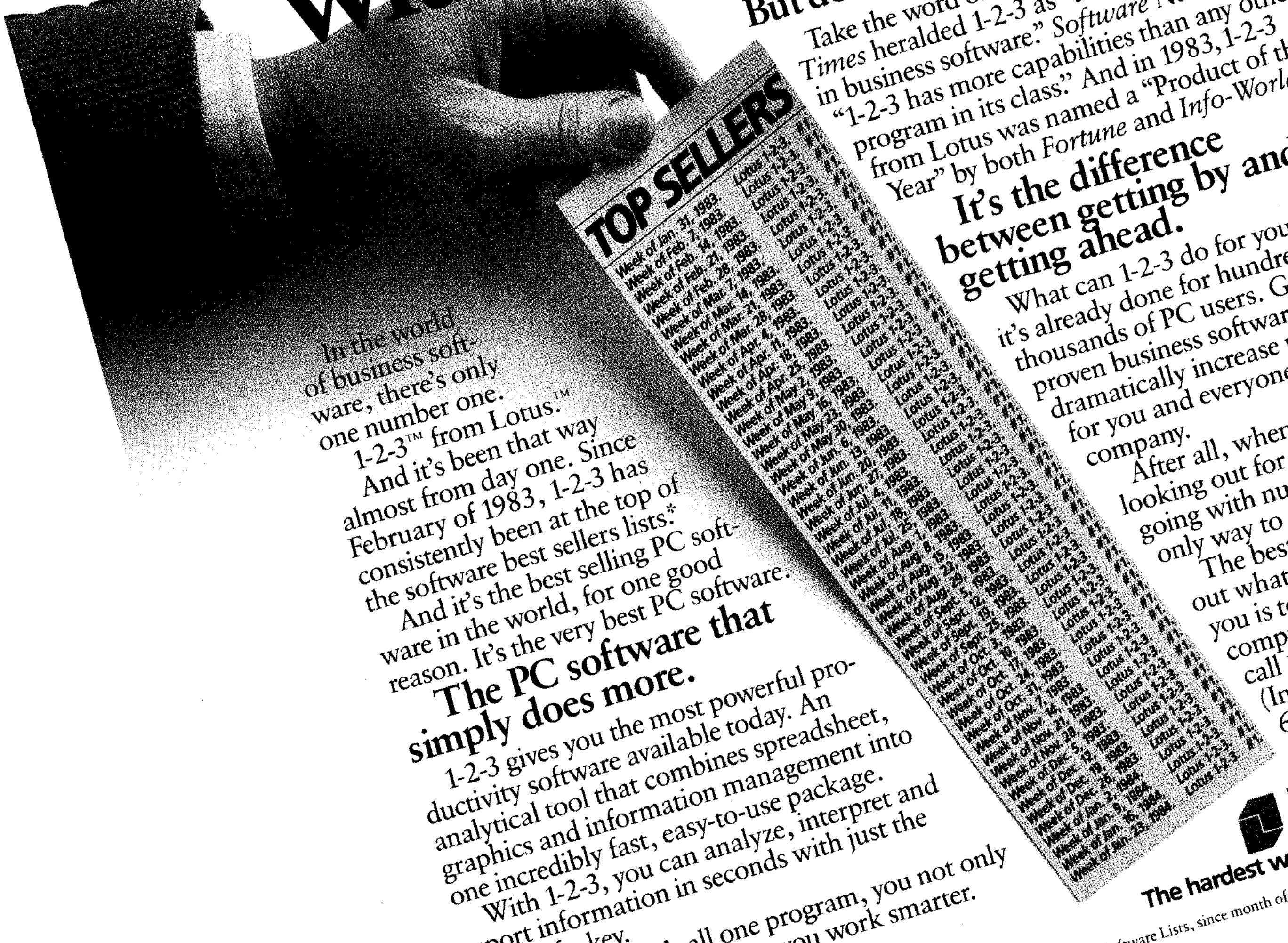
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concerns the whole community of modern man, and we can't just blame hospitals for it when half the antibiotics in this country are going into animals. One of the things I find unsettling is that most countries don't have a ghost of an idea what their present inventory of *R* plasmids is. What's in India, Indonesia, Africa? We just don't know. But whatever they have is slowly being spread around the world."

With a fatalistic shrug, which does nothing to dispel my impression of his obvious concern, Levy continues, "People simply don't want to take notice! But when they have to pay three hundred to five hundred dollars for some of the new drugs instead of five dollars for the old first line of antibiotics that do not always work, they're going to start asking, 'Hey, what's wrong with penicillin and tetracycline? Why can't we use those terrific cheap drugs anymore?' And if the cost of the new drugs is hurting people in a rich country like ours, think of the impact on a poor Third World country, where even now there is barely enough money to keep epidemic diseases under control. We're caught in a global web. Bacteria don't pay attention to international borders and customs. Bacteria don't even acknowledge the boundaries that we once thought were so absolute between animals, men, and plants. They're moving around! That's their evolutionary imperative. It's getting harder and harder to stay ahead of resistance. The old drugs have already become less effective, and the new generation of antimicrobials are not only more costly but more toxic. Wouldn't simple prudence dictate that we should try to salvage the ones we already have by cutting back on their overuse? As soon as we cut back, sensitive strains of bacteria will return. It will take time, but it will happen. And when it does we will have succeeded in extending the lives of some drugs that in my estimation are irreplaceable."

—ORVILLE SCHELL

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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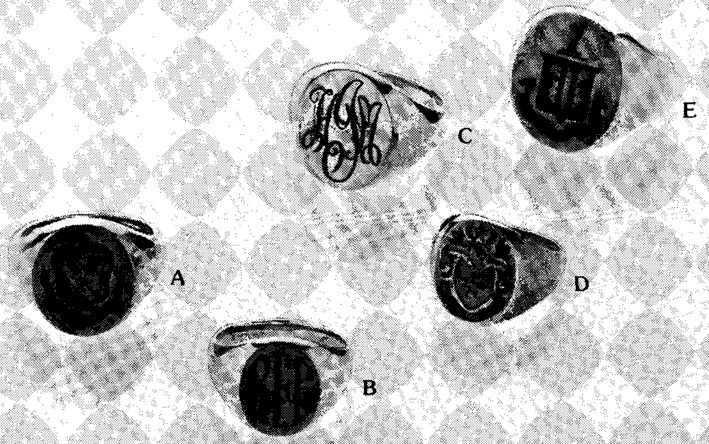

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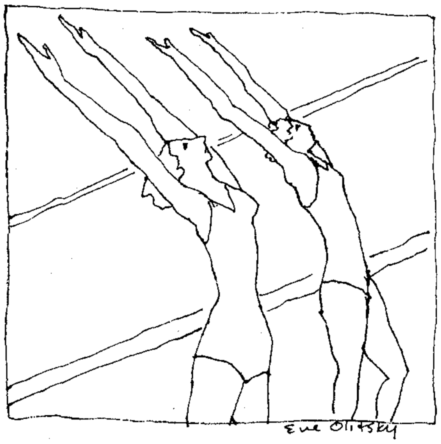
A POLITICAL JOURNAL

WASHINGTON, APRIL 15

THE best thing about the political season just ended is that the cherry blossoms came out in time for a beautiful Sunday—the Sunday between the New York and Pennsylvania primaries, and as the news was breaking that the C.I.A. was participating in the mining of Nicaraguan harbors, and a bitter controversy was developing over a speech by President Reagan criticizing Congress for interfering in foreign policy. At such a time, the cherry blossoms were particularly needed, as was the beautiful Sunday. (The cherry blossoms sometimes come out in cold weather and quickly die, leaving us with a feeling of being robbed.) The political season had been such an intense one that even its observers were left feeling exhausted. The candidates themselves were beyond exhaustion: when I last saw them, not long ago, Gary Hart seemed pale and drawn, Walter Mondale looked as if he had reached the bottom of his reservoir of energy, and Jesse Jackson, who has a great deal of energy, was weary and complaining about the demands of the campaign. While it is not uncommon for nomination contests to go on for several months, or through the entire calendar of primaries and caucuses, the intensity of the period just ended, and the fact that there had been widespread expectations that the contest would end early—first with a Mondale victory and then with a Hart victory—left the sense of a campaign that just wouldn't behave. (The Mondale and Hart camps had shared these respective expectations.) The fact that there would be only minor contests for almost a month after the Pennsylvania primary led to talk about a "lull"—as if everyone could go to the beach for six weeks. In fact, there would be no real lull—and the campaign may be headed for the most interesting period yet. Meanwhile, President Reagan, who, to the relief of his key aides, had been essentially out of sight, and out of the reach of controversy, while the Democrats battled, reëntered the picture in a big way.

Even before Hart's substantial defeats in New York on April 3rd and in Pennsylvania on April 10th, he and his aides were talking about carrying the battle to the end no matter what happened, and there was a certain logic to that. There is, after all, a history of the voters in the later primaries registering their dissatisfaction with the apparent nominee: this happened to Carter in 1976 and, to a lesser extent, in 1980; and it happened to Reagan in 1980. Hart's aides were also talking about retuning the candidate and his campaign after Pennsylvania even before the vote there. And the Mondale people were concerned about the "lull," and what might follow, even if they were successful in Pennsylvania.

Hart seemed to enter the New York primary off stride, following his large defeat in Illinois on March 20th, and never regained his footing. And as he began his New York campaign he made what both his own associates and the Mondale people believe was a very big mistake. This was when, in speaking before a Jewish organization on March 22nd, he said, as he had in Illinois, that he favored moving the American Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, and said that this had been his position all along, even though it was a recorded fact that he had previously said that this question should be the subject of negotiations. Then, to make matters worse, he blamed his staff for a letter that had gone out in his name saying that the move should be the subject of negotiations. Both James Johnson, Mondale's campaign chairman, and Oliver Henkel, Hart's campaign manager, say that by making the speech Hart appeared to be "pandering," thus neutralizing an issue that he had tried to use against Mondale. The Mondale people were delighted with Hart's statements about the embassy, because it gave them more ammunition with which to attack Hart's "character." What become issues in a campaign often—perhaps usually—have little to do with their intrinsic importance or the merits of the arguments. They are fanned by one camp or another for tactical advantage. No one was pretending that the question of moving the embassy had much to do with the large questions of the Middle East; nor, according to several accounts, is it, compared with other matters, of great importance within the Jewish community. But the subject was on the agenda because Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Democrat of New York, had introduced a bill calling for the embassy to be moved, Mondale endorsed it, Hart did his about-face, and Mondale pounced. The key to the Mondale strategy has been to use issues against Hart which the Mondale people think could help them portray Hart as "naïve," "unsure," "inconsistent," "unprepared to be President." Thus, Mondale made a big thing about Hart's positions on the Persian Gulf and Castro and the windfall-profit tax and the Chrysler bailout not because his campaign believed that this would gain Mondale two per cent here and three per cent there but because they fit the case Mondale was trying to make. Johnson says, "We have endless issues we could use. The question is which ones cut the most. Our theory is that those that cut the most are those that show Hart to be weak and unsteady on foreign policy, and not on the side of the average family." Some issues were rejected by the Mondale people as too complex, requiring too much explanation, and not as strong as others. For example, though they felt there was a case to make against Hart's idea for Individual Training Accounts—tax-deductible contributions by workers and employers for retraining workers—they did not do so, for these reasons. Moreover, they did not particularly want to showcase a Hart idea at all, and make it seem important. Shortly before the New York primary, Johnson told me he believed that if Mondale won the nomination it would be because, following Hart's victories in New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont, the Mondale campaign was able to get Hart "out of the stratosphere"—something it was not sure for a while that it would be able to do—and onto political ground. Johnson added that the four days before the large number of March 13th contests, and then the four days before the Illinois primary—days when, as Johnson sees it, Mondale succeeded in raising questions in the voters' minds about Hart—will have been the critical ones.



"The more I own of it, the more I realize what a beautiful country it is."

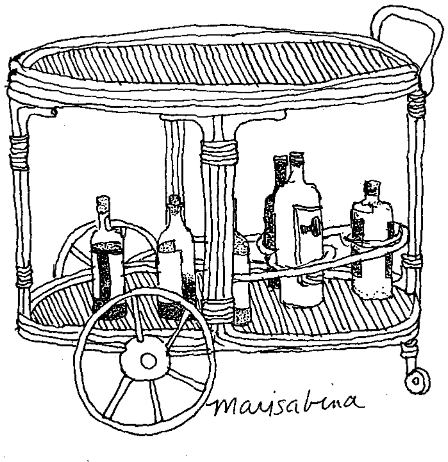
• •

The Mondale campaign itself had a few bad days early in the New York contest. Hart, inevitably, seized on a foreign-policy speech that Mondale had made in Chicago in which, among other things, Mondale said that he would withdraw only part of the American forces stationed in Honduras until Nicaragua agreed to certain conditions. Hart said that "if the Mondale or Reagan policies" were followed in Central America, "not only will this country light a fuse leading toward an explosion . . . but I am absolutely convinced this decade will see a rather large loss of American lives." To underscore the point, Hart ran an ad with a picture of a lighted fuse, and a voice saying, "When President Reagan sent our troops to Central America, he called them advisers. Remember Vietnam? Our troops now serve as bodyguards to dictators—and are a slow-burning fuse to war. Vice-President Mondale agrees with President Reagan and said he, too, would leave some of the troops there—as bargaining chips with Nicaragua. . . . Our sons as bargaining chips—will we never learn?" (Some members of the Hart camp thought this ad went too far, and Hart was never able to explain where American troops are serving as "bodyguards to dictators.") On Monday, March 26th, Mondale was seen on the television news programs unable to explain under what circumstances he would keep troops in Honduras. It was apparent that Mondale, in another attempt to suggest that Hart hadn't thought things through, had opened up this issue without himself thinking it through. Hart continued to say, as he had begun to in Chicago, that Mondale had not learned the lesson of Vietnam, and Mondale continued to say that Hart had learned the wrong lesson from Vietnam. This argument was one that some young liberal Democrats in Congress, among others, who support Mondale, wished hadn't been started, and so informed the Mondale people. Mondale's camp was divided over the political wisdom of having got into the whole thing, but the prevailing view was that it was useful to paint Hart as to the left of Mondale. The Mondale campaign was proceeding on the basis of poll data indicating that forty per cent of the Democrats in New York describe themselves as liberals, and a large proportion of those are blacks, many of whom would be attracted to Jackson. So the strategy was to try to appeal to blacks, hold the Jewish vote, and defeat Hart among moderates and conservatives. It was assumed, as it had been in Illinois, that certain elements of the foreign-policy-liberal vote would never be Mondale's anyway. The Central American strategy fit here. According to the exit polls in Illinois, Mondale did better than Hart among moderates and conservatives, and the Mondale people were pleased, for both the near and the long term, with the idea that Hart seemed to be on the way to becoming a candidate to the left of Mondale—thus limiting his appeal within the Party and putting Mondale in a stronger position for the general election. With Glenn out of the race, Mondale, beginning in Illinois, was for the first time in a situation where there was no candidate to the right of him—and this called for some delicate calibration, which sometimes missed. Hart also ran an ad in New York stressing Mondale's ties to the Carter Administration's liabilities—the high interest rates and high inflation that occurred toward the end of Carter's term. Mondale's campaign ran an ad it had run in Illinois and, before that, in the South, which showed a red phone with a large red light blinking and had a voice saying, "The most awesome, powerful responsibility in the world lies in the hand that picks up this phone. The idea of an unsure, unsteady, untested hand is something to really think about."

On Tuesday, the result of the primary in Connecticut—which Mondale, foreseeing a loss in such a highly suburban and affluent state, did not really contest—was a larger victory for Hart than had been expected, and this was played as big news. (Hart won fifty-three per cent of the vote, Mondale twenty-nine per cent, and Jackson twelve per cent.) By Wednesday, Hart, who had been running behind Mondale in New York, pulled slightly ahead in the ABC News–Washington *Post* daily sampling. The Mondale people had decided that in the debate sponsored and broadcast by CBS that night Mondale should try to turn the Central America issue back on Hart as a character issue, and thus Mondale challenged Hart: "Why do you run those ads that suggest that I'm out trying to kill kids, when you know better?" A decision had been made within the Mondale camp that Mondale should be aggressive in the debate, challenging Hart on this position and that, but the degree of Mondale's aggressiveness startled even his own people—and worried some of his supporters, who felt that he was beginning to look like a heavy. The lasting memory of the debate is one of the three candidates cheek by jowl around a table—Mondale carrying on, Hart glowering angrily, and Jackson playing the situation to his best advantage by placing himself above such goings on. Mondale, dominating the agenda, wrangled with Hart about this vote and that ("No, I didn't," "Oh, yes," "No, I didn't"), and, as is his wont, talked Washington talk—about tabling motions, and so on, often about obscure points.

Still, the poll figures began to get better for Mondale after the debate, and Hart did a few other things that played into Mondale's hands. He said that he opposed gun control, and then tried to fuzz his position. He said that the tax code was "encouraging people to have disrespect for the government and in the process, I think, Europeanizing this country," and added that Richard Nixon was "the first European President we ever had, in the sense of introducing a basic cynicism into public life." (Mondale said, "If a President had said what Mr. Hart said yesterday about Europe, he would have to spend weeks explaining what he meant.") And Hart managed to end up in the same place as Mondale on the question of troops in Honduras. (In the CBS debate, Mondale had explained that he opposed the presence of combat forces in Honduras but would continue "a modest military-assistance program" there, and later in the week Hart said that he would continue military assistance to Honduras.) Mondale's strategy worked, but perhaps at a price. He made the case against Hart, but he was still not offering something that people could be for. Most of his advisers felt, as they had since the New England shock, that there was little to be gained from positive speeches. Mondale did, as he has done throughout his campaign, say some positive things from time to time, but he did not take an opportunity to do more—to give people a reason to want to follow him. Mondale is not drawn to inspirational talk, to offering a vision—he refers to this as "words." In this respect, he is the antithesis of Reagan.

Hart was described to me by his advisers as tired and on edge as he went into New York, some of the weariness stemming from his receiving so much conflicting advice. Hart had, after all, come under enormous pressure quickly—going from being one of several back-runners to an overnight phenomenon to a national candidate under intense scrutiny from the press and faced with a battering by his opponent. No other candidate had come from relative obscurity into so much pressure so quickly: in 1976, Jimmy Carter had much more time to establish himself, and also had weaker, and divided, opposition. And the Hart camp had become a conflict-ridden place. The people who had been with Hart during the bleak months—more than a year, actually—resented the fact that a few seasoned political advisers were brought in. Other experienced political people were ready to join the Hart campaign but, seeing the divisions and tensions, stayed away. The strains between Hart and Patrick Caddell, the pollster, who had begun to help Hart early this year, and between Caddell and Hart's original campaign aides continued. Warren Beatty, the actor and Hart's good friend, went to New York to try to calm things down— with little apparent success. (Caddell was involved in the campaign and then on the sidelines several times within a brief period; now he is quite involved again.) And Hart, according to several accounts, sought to be his own campaign manager, resisting advice. The larger point is that Hart, who had been brilliant in his political tactics in New Hampshire, and who is longsighted and emotionally tough, was not prepared for the rough political struggle and the increasingly close and questioning attention from the media which followed. His message had worn thin, and his major effort to bolster it—through a half-hour address on CBS—did not come off. (Up to the last moments, Hart's aides were arguing over what should be in the address, and Hart hardly saw it before he gave it.) Hart entered New York, according to his own polling, eighteen points behind Mondale, and this is where he ended up. Also, Mondale had some advantages going in: New York is the most heavily unionized state; in contrast with most of the previous states, New York (like Pennsylvania) allows only Democrats to vote in the primary—and Hart had been drawing considerable support from independents; and Mondale had the active support of Governor Mario Cuomo and Mayor Edward Koch, who agree on little else, as well as of Senator Moynihan and other political figures in New York. The reserved Minnesotan, already more at home with ethnic politics than Hart, fit into the New York landscape more easily than did the more distant and less politically experienced Coloradan.



A number of Hart advisers say that what went wrong for Hart in New York is that he got away from his basic themes—that he was offering a new leadership and had a better vision of the future and offered change—and remained on the defensive. Some thought he should be more aggressive against Mondale; some thought that by being as aggressive, and negative, as he was he blotted his image as a fresh, nonpolitical candidate. Mondale, some realized, was turning the New York contest into a referendum on Hart. On occasion, Hart said that there were no real differences of belief between himself and Mondale, which further blurred the image. One Hart adviser told me that he felt that Hart had succumbed to the pressures of being on the road, where the mood of the immediate entourage tends to be excitable and reactive to each volley from the opponent—and that all this was exacerbated by fatigue and the speed with which the contests confronted him. One adviser told me, "A lot of our problem is that Gary still *tends to feel that he can do it all.*" This adviser added, "Gary will never be a convincing conventional politician, and when he gets into conventional politics, as he did on the embassy question, he loses his basic message, which is, Let's look at these problems in a new way."

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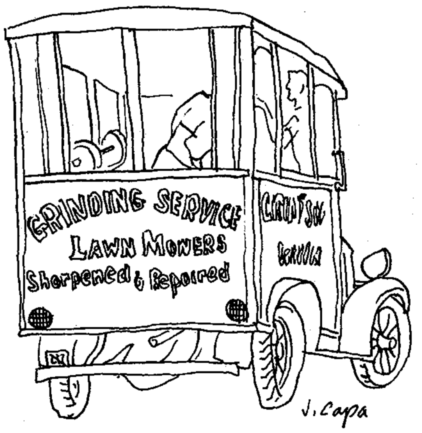
Henkel, Hart's campaign manager, told me that Hart's own polls showed him one point behind Mondale on the Friday before the New York primary, five points behind on Saturday, and eighteen points behind on Sunday. "There was no particular thing that occurred on Sunday," Henkel said. "We think what happened in the minds of the voters in New York at the last minute was that they were getting concerned with the 'flakiness' of the new and the fresh, so they opted for experience." He added, "New York was like a reverse New Hampshire. There was no reason for it to go that strongly at the end." Henkel and Caddell don't agree on much, but they do agree that there was no defining event that made New York turn out so badly for Hart. Caddell told me, "The focus came back to Gary Hart. There was no one big thing. Nobody's negatives or positives moved." Caddell was referring to the polls' indications of voters' attitudes toward the candidates. He continued, "People got up to the water's edge and said no." Mondale's victory—forty-five per cent to Hart's twenty-seven per cent and Jackson's twenty-six per cent—was across the board. He defeated Hart among the younger, more affluent voters, who had been giving Hart major support in earlier contests, and handily defeated him among union households. Jackson received the support of nearly nine out of ten black voters—and black turnout was substantially increased over 1980—but few votes from whites. (After Illinois, Jackson took to blaming whites for not voting for him, saying, "Whites have developed over their history a lack of regard for the intelligence and hard work of black people.") Hart, in his television appearances after the New York vote was in, attributed his loss to Mondale's negative campaigning (though Hart had engaged in a bit of this himself) and to Mondale's support from the political "establishment." In New Hampshire, Hart had been able to turn Mondale's "establishment" support back on him. In New York, Mondale's important backers made a point of not simply saying that they endorsed him but giving reasons, thus helping to make the case for Mondale and against Hart. "Steadiness" and "experience" were major themes of their campaign.

THE big question going into Pennsylvania—or so many people thought at the time—was whether the Pennsylvania voters would be positively impressed by Mondale's showing in New York or would wish to vote against the reëstablished front-runner. (Mondale has avoided the term assiduously.) One theory that enjoys some fashion is that the voters reject whoever is ahead. This is the theory that lies behind much of Hart's strategy for the next round. Whatever its validity, it turned out not to apply to Pennsylvania this year.

The Hart people felt that, as Henkel told me, Hart's campaign had lost its coherence in New York—a process that, he said, began in Illinois. "We got thrown off our rhythm," Henkel said. "It's important that we stay with our message." Henkel also said that the Mondale campaign had had some success in raising the questions "Do you really know who Gary Hart is? Do you know what kind of leader he will be?" and with suggesting that, as Henkel put it, "he is the candidate of media hype and lacks substance." Henkel finds it irritating that Hart, who was criticized last year for going around giving "issue" speeches, is now criticized for lacking substance. He said, "He became a national candidate overnight, and of necessity got into the airport-stop mode, with glitz and glitter and not a lot of substance. There wasn't time then for substantive speeches." Because of Mondale's success, Hart's advisers felt that, as Henkel put it, "we had been slow to fill out ourselves the definition of who Gary Hart is." So Hart, against his own inclinations, in this instance bent to the wishes of his advisers and, in Pennsylvania, started talking about his origins. In the debate that took place in Pittsburgh, on April 5th, Hart, in his closing remarks, stressed his modest, working-class background, and said, "I helped earn my way through school working on the railroads of Kansas and Colorado." The Hart campaign also ran a biographical ad in Pennsylvania, saying that Hart's was "an American story—raised in the heart of the nation—Kansas—by farming and laboring parents," and that "as a young man he worked on railroad crews." It gave his educational background and then talked about his having been attracted to politics by John Kennedy. Henkel said that it was hoped that showing Hart's working-class background would help him gain rapport with blue-collar workers, and offset the impression that he was the candidate of the upscale voters.



In planning the debate, for which I was the moderator, I deliberately set out to give these events more dignity and structure (this decision was made before the New York debates, one sponsored by CBS and the other by WNBC), on the theory that, now that the field had thinned, having the candidates sitting around in chairs competing for time and outshouting each other was avoidable and undesirable, because it was demeaning both to them and to politics. The theory was to try to get back to what debates are supposed to be—with the time allocated equally and controlled, and the candidates behind podiums, and competing on their ideas and wit, with whatever degree of combativeness they chose. As it turned out, the Mondale people had decided to lower the temperature of his debate performance—and in the course of the debate Mondale himself lowered it by more than the plan had called for. This caused the others to lower their thermostats as well. (Inevitably, a few people who had enjoyed the wrestling-match nature of the earlier debates, even while critical of it, were disappointed. But soundings taken by the candidates' camps—and by the Reagan campaign—had indicated that the public was becoming increasingly bothered by the rancorousness of the earlier encounters, and disgusted with the candidates themselves and with politics in general.) Still, the candidates did compete on a number of substantive issues, including taxes, industrial policy, and how they would try to change the way the government works, and there was a fair amount of argument, if with a different tone. None of the candidates, however, was willing to say he would, as most observers think is necessary, raise taxes on the middle class or cut middle-class entitlement programs in order to get a significant reduction in the budget deficit.

In the course of the Pennsylvania campaign, Mondale continued to at-

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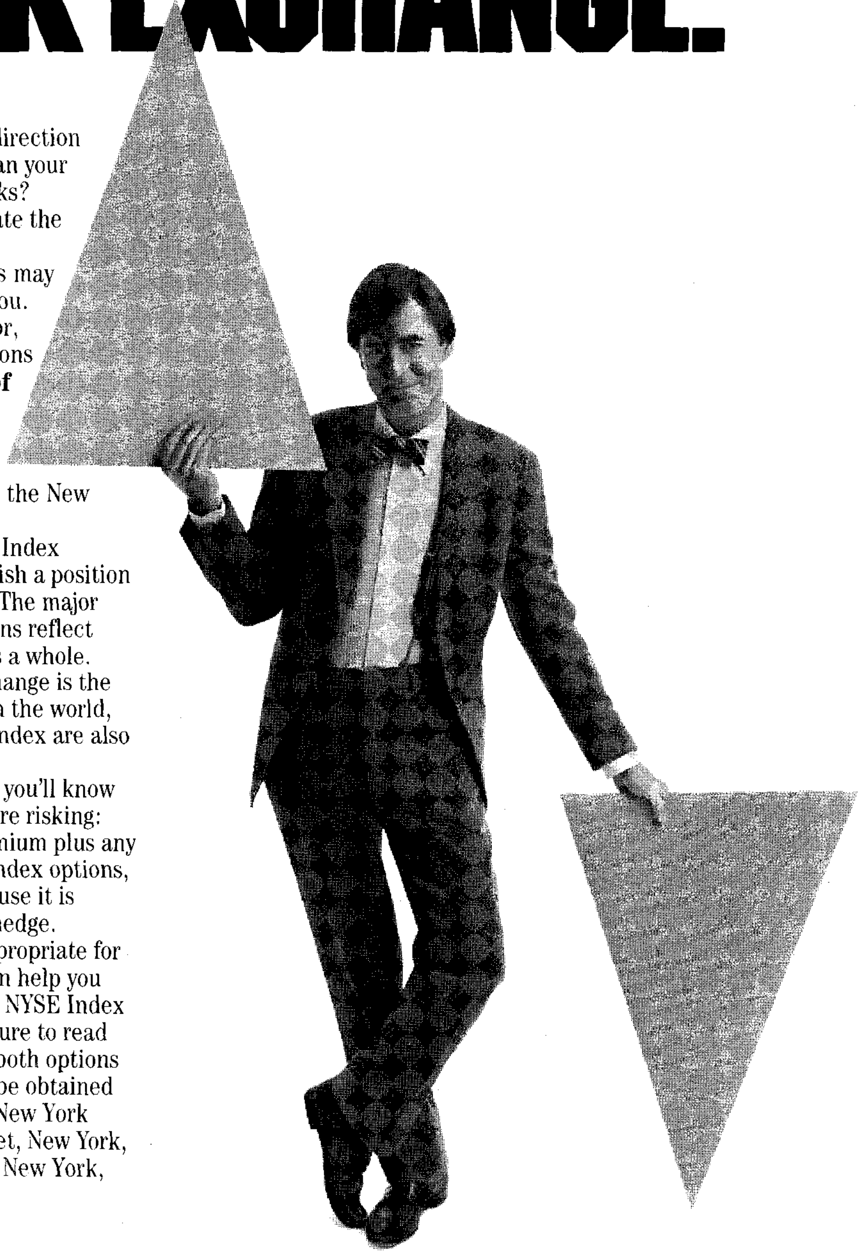

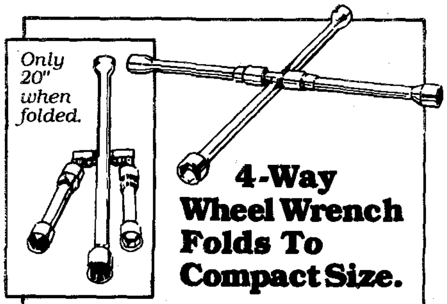
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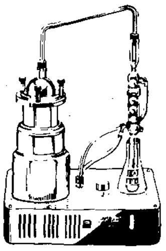

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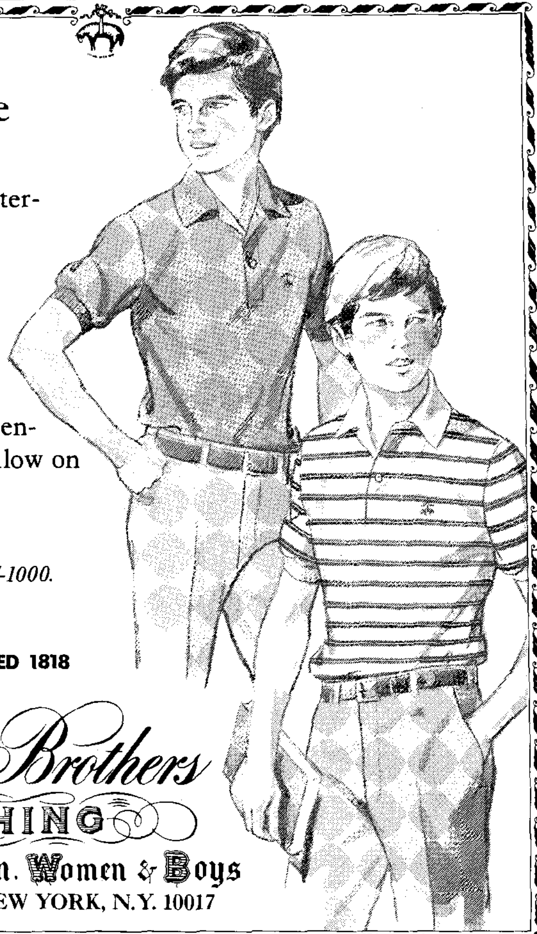
tack Hart—for having opposed the Chrysler bailout and also for having opposed a Carter Administration plan for a federal loan to the Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel Corporation to build a new plant that added four hundred jobs to its payroll. In a jab at Hart's book "A New Democracy," in which Hart lays out his "new ideas," and trying to portray Hart as cold, Mondale said, "My nose is not buried in a textbook. I see the world as it really is. When you hurt, the President should hurt." Both Hart and Mondale stressed that they would help the steel industry, but both kept their pledges fairly general—avoiding specific commitments and also some of the more far-reaching, and politically risky, industrial-policy schemes. By the time both eventually spelled out their industrial policies, they were actually not far apart. Hart continued to argue, as he had in defense of his opposition to the Chrysler bailout, that plans to help failing businesses should not be "case-by-case bailouts" but should be industry-wide. He declined to say how he would decide which industries should be helped, but said that he would help such "keystone industries" as the steel, auto, and machine-tool industries—all of them major industries in Pennsylvania. Hart said that only companies that modernized their plants should be given tax breaks (this is already government policy), and proposed a law requiring companies that are about to close plants to notify the public and give the workers and communities time to come up with financing to keep the plants open. Hart talked about getting steel executives, labor leaders, and "private capital" into the Oval Office and seeking mutual concessions that would lead to government-guaranteed loans. Mondale offered his plans for the steel industry in a macroeconomic context—getting the deficit and interest rates down. He also talked about establishing a Council on Economic Competitiveness, with labor, management, and government representatives, to analyze the effects of government policies on long-term competitiveness and to make recommendations for revitalizing "economic sectors" along the line of the Chrysler plan—including concessions by labor and management, and government loans and guarantees and changes in trade policies—and said that the steel industry would have the first priority. (Actually, the Carter Administration had begun to work on an industry-wide steel agreement, but it did not press for concessions.) But the real problems of the steel industry have to do with above-average salaries, overcapacity, and obsolete equipment. Neither candidate embraced the idea, which has been floating around, of a new Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which would lend money to revitalize industries and explicitly get into the controversial business of "picking winners;" and both, of course, avoided schemes, which have been in vogue among younger Democrats (the "Atari Democrats"), to give more emphasis to the development of high-tech and other sunrise industries than to basic industries. Hart had to overcome the impression that his real interest is in high-tech, and, despite all his reported study of industrial policy, he apparently did not make a convincing case. The New York and Pennsylvania outcomes continued a pattern of Mondale victories in states with high unemployment.

In Pennsylvania, Hart attacked Mondale, through an ad, as too obligated to the special interests—a theme he had used to good effect earlier in the campaign. Hart was also critical of the fact that in Pennsylvania, as in New York and earlier contests, the Mondale campaign was using "delegate committees" to raise and spend money that would not be counted against the total amount that could be spent by the campaign in a given state. The campaign-finance law allows committees to be formed to raise and spend money on behalf of individuals running as delegates to the national convention, but these committees are not to be part of the candidate's national campaign. Through this device, the Mondale campaign could raise, indirectly, money from political-action committees—which it had forsworn in the campaign itself—and from individuals who had given the maximum allowed under law to the Mondale campaign itself. (Mondale eventually asked the delegate committees to stop taking PAC money.) The raising and spending of funds by delegate committees is legal under the federal election laws, but if done extensively it becomes a violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the law. In Pennsylvania, Mondale delegate committees hired laid-off Mondale campaign workers, and were more active than they had been in the earlier states. (The Hart campaign has filed a complaint with the Federal Election Commission about the Mondale campaign's use of delegate committees, but, as the Mondale people know, the F.E.C. is very slow to rule on such complaints. Not until May, 1983, did it penalize the Reagan campaign for overspending in the New Hampshire primary in 1980, and only recently did it settle another complaint about the 1980 Reagan campaign.) The Mondale campaign is edging closer toward the ceiling that it can spend over all in the nomination contest—$20.2 million, plus another four million that can be spent on fund-raising. However, in New York and Pennsylvania the unions and teachers' organizations backing Mondale provided valuable help. Moreover, both Johnson and Henkel agree that as the campaign goes on, and receives increasing attention in the "free media," paid advertising is of decreasing marginal value. (In New York and Pennsylvania, Hart outspent Mondale on advertising by more than two to one.) The outcome in Pennsylvania was worse for Hart than his people had expected: Mondale won with forty-seven per cent of the vote; Hart received thirty-five per cent; and Jackson received seventeen per cent. Jackson carried the city of Philadelphia, even though its mayor, Wilson Goode, a black, had endorsed Mondale. Again, Mondale carried union households, and he split the young professionals' vote with Hart.

While Jackson was clearly stirring excitement among blacks, an unpleasant, and sad, aspect of his campaign took on larger proportions. It grew out of Jackson's remarks, published earlier this year in the Washington *Post*, referring to Jews as "Hymies." Shortly before the New York voting, it became known that in a radio broadcast Louis Farrakhan, the Black Muslim leader, had threatened the life of Milton Coleman, the black *Post* reporter who told his paper of Jackson's remarks, and that Farrakhan had also threatened to punish Coleman's wife. Farrakhan said that "no physical harm" would come to Coleman now but "one day soon we will punish you with death." Farrakhan later said that his remarks about Coleman had been misinterpreted. (The *Post* took the threat seriously enough to remove Coleman from his reporting role for a



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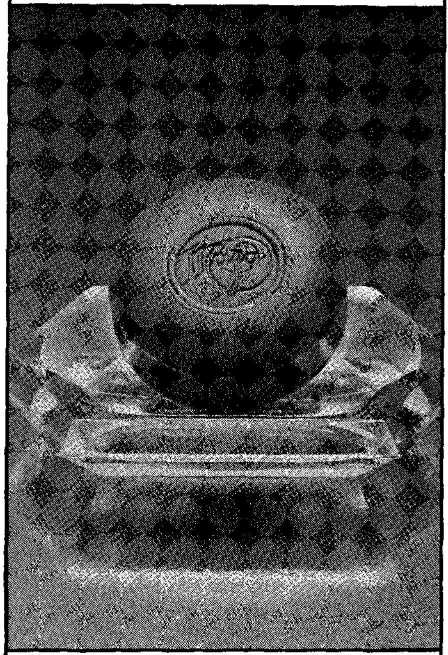

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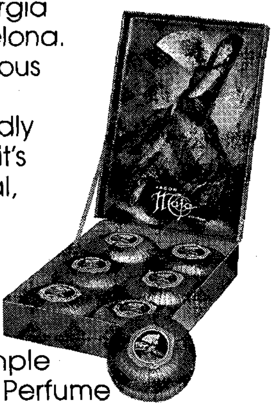

while.) Jackson at first refused to disavow Farrakhan's remarks. Later, he did so, but he refused to dissociate himself from Farrakhan, who has provided him with important backing. (Among other things, Farrakhan addresses Jackson rallies.) During the earlier controversy over Jackson's remarks, Farrakhan, speaking in Jackson's presence at a rally, made a threat against Jews, saying, "If you harm this brother, I warn you in the name of Allah, this is the last one you harm." Jackson refused to disavow this remark as well. Throughout this latest episode, Jackson conveyed the same attitude he had in the course of the earlier one—that he felt he was being put upon, that unfair demands were being made of him. (On the day before the Pennsylvania primary, it was announced that PUSH-EXCEL, an organization founded by Jackson, had been asked by the Department of Education to return some seven hundred thousand dollars that the department said had been misspent.) The whole business raised some ugly, and unnecessary, issues, and, as if things weren't bad enough, Vice-President George Bush tried to exploit them by going before a Jewish organization on April 9th and attacking Hart and Mondale for not having been more critical of Jackson for Farrakhan's remarks. Bush said that Reagan and his Administration "denounce the intrusion of anti-Semitism into the American political process." Both Hart and Mondale had in fact been critical of Farrakhan's remarks, but they had not confronted Jackson directly on the matter; Jackson, after all, has a following that the Democratic nominee will need. (After Bush's remarks, Hart did say he thought that a candidate for President should dissociate himself from anyone making the kinds of remarks Farrakhan had.)

THE end of the first round of primaries and caucuses left Mondale with over a thousand delegates (nineteen hundred and sixty-seven are needed for the nomination), Hart with over five hundred and fifty, Jackson with about a hundred and fifty. (Delegate counts are imprecise because in several states—including Iowa, where the first precinct caucuses were held—the process of delegate selection is still going on. What is shown on television on primary and caucus nights is an estimate of how many delegates the candidates will have.) The end of the first round also left all three camps regrouping, and political observers speculating about what would happen next. After the Pennsylvania vote, Mondale still shunned the title of front-runner, but he did allow that it was possible that he might end up having enough delegates for the nomination before the Convention. Hart, more gracious than he had been on earlier election nights, was seen cheering on his supporters, and arguing that a number of the upcoming contests would be in the West, and therefore in states more hospitable to him. Hart, who had a bad cold, returned to Denver for a brief rest, and Mondale went off to raise more funds and planned to take a few days off in Washington. When Henkel and I had lunch on the day before the Pennsylvania primary, he said that if Hart lost Pennsylvania it would be very important for him to win somewhere soon, and that the Hart campaign had stepped up its efforts in Arizona, which was holding caucuses on Saturday, April 14th. (Hart won, with forty-five per cent of the vote, to Mondale's forty per cent and Jackson's thirteen.) The Hart camp plans to try to make Mondale's accusations that Hart is a servant of the oil interests (for opposing a windfall-profit tax and for supporting an oil-import fee) an advantage in Texas, which holds caucuses on May 5th. While some of the upcoming contests are in the West, others are in Southern and border states, and on May 8th there will be contests in Ohio and Indiana (as well as North Carolina and Maryland). If Hart has not built up steam by then, his chances of reviving his candidacy will be seriously diminished. (As of May 9th, eighty-three per cent of the delegates will have been chosen.) After the Pennsylvania primary, Hart would have to win almost eighty per cent of all the remaining delegates at stake in order to have enough for the nomination going into the Convention. (Mondale would have to win slightly more than half.) The Hart camp's idea is to have Hart defeat Mondale in a number of the final contests, and continue to show up in the polls as the strongest candidate against Reagan, and create a stampede in his direction toward the end and impress the Party leaders with Hart's "electability." (Under the new Party rules, no delegates are bound.) The Mondale camp's idea is, of course, to prevent such a thing from happening. Henkel said, "Though the Democratic Party is more comfortable with

Walter Mondale, we think it will go with the more electable rather than the more comfortable."

Mondale, despite his lead, has been talking about the importance of the contests to come, aware of the danger of losing popularity contests toward the end even if he continues to gain in the delegate count. Both candidates' campaigns have been engaged for some time in keeping track of their own delegates and those who are uncommitted, or committed to a candidate who has dropped out. Should neither candidate have enough delegates before the Convention, delegates up for grabs will have no peace in the weeks leading up to it. (Those who want something from the candidates will have a fine time.) There is, of course, a great deal of speculation about what role Jackson will play, and what his demands will be. The strength of his role will be determined to some extent by the relative number of delegates the candidates have; if Jackson's delegates make the difference, his role will, of course, be greater, but in any case his black following will still be seen as essential for the election. But, much as he enjoys the speculation, Jackson will be under pressure from other black leaders (whom he may or may not choose to listen to), and at some point will have to decide, if he has not done so already, whether he wants to be the black who contributed to Reagan's reëlection, and what actions risk bringing that about. A few people here have considered the possibility of a truly brokered Convention, with neither Hart nor Mondale being viable candidates by then, and some political figures have enjoyed the thought that they would be the brokers. Most people, however, dismiss the idea. There has been some talk of a new candidate's entering the late contests, but, because of filing deadlines, this would be possible in only a very few states. In 1976, Jerry Brown and Frank Church entered late and won their first contests in May.

Both the Hart and Mondale camps have been considering how to use the "lull" to advantage. Henkel says that Hart will stress more than before that Mondale has made a lot of promises, some of which may have to be broken, whereas he himself is independent and knows how to say no. There will be an attempt to turn his opposition to the Chrysler bailout into a plus. Hart, Henkel says, will stress that having experience doesn't mean that one can provide leadership,

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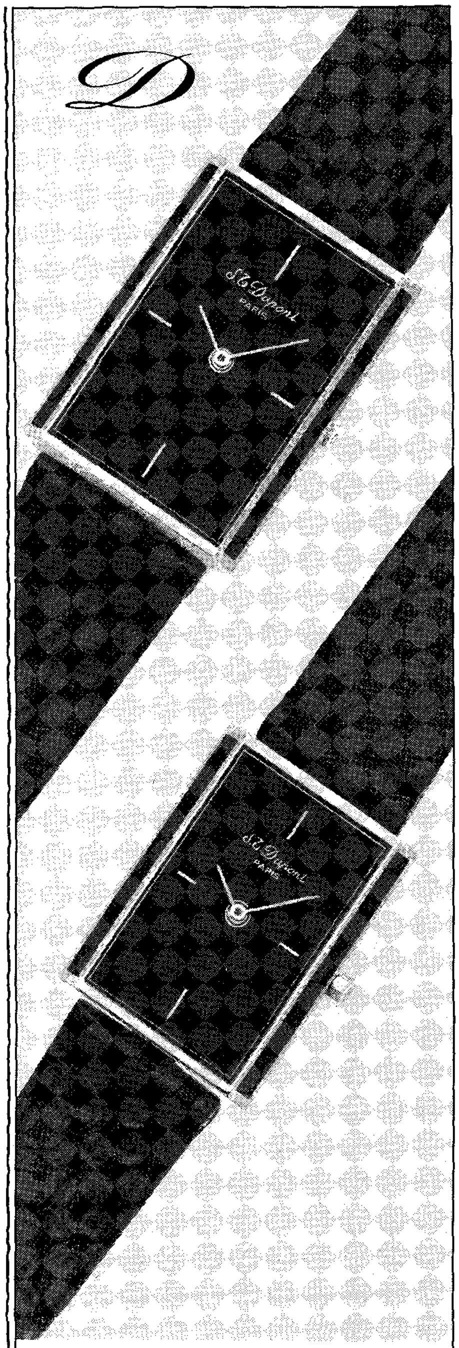
and will cite instances Mondale has given of having opposed certain Carter policies as indications that Mondale wasn't much of a leader when he was Vice-President. Caddell, who is, as of now, again a major strategist, says that Hart has to deepen his message—to explain why he is campaigning and what is at stake in this election, to infuse his candidacy with some urgency. Caddell says that Hart "has to make his campaign a movement, a cause—he has to be an advocate for certain things rather than for himself." He also says he believes that if Hart does this he will be a better candidate, more comfortable with promoting a cause than with promoting himself. In the recent contests, he says, Hart didn't appear to be fighting for anything, and his recitation of the phrases "new ideas" and "new leadership" had no force. Caddell has advised Hart that it will not be enough for him to say "Vote for me, I can beat Reagan"—that he must, as Caddell puts it, "convince people emotionally, morally, and substantively that he can beat Reagan." Caddell says that Hart has to put some passion into his campaign—"be more Robert Kennedy than John Kennedy"—and explain why it is vital to change direction now, to give his case some imperatives. The Mondale people were concerned even before the Pennsylvania vote that a victory there would put Mondale back in the position he was in before all these contests began—in Iowa—of being the front-runner and presumed nominee, against whom a reaction sets in. They have been concerned that the very strategy the Hart people have been planning might work out—that Mondale would win delegates while Hart won popularity contests. But Johnson says the Mondale campaign will continue with what it believes is a "winning strategy": put the focus on the questions of who would be the best President and who cares more about the average family, and draw the contrast with Hart on certain issues. And both camps are also thinking about the post-nomination period, in case their candidate wins. The Mondale people are back to thinking about who their Vice-Presidential selection might be—the sort of thinking that they were doing earlier this year but that circumstances then made luxurious. The Hart campaign is doing more research to prepare Hart for a race against Reagan, and is developing more detailed information about the states as they relate to the general election, and is thinking about how to use Hart's time if he is the nominee. And Henkel also told me that one goal during the post-Pennsylvania period was to make people "more comfortable with Gary." He added, "It's one of my responsibilities to figure out how to do that." Henkel said that these efforts are geared to the general election as well as to the nomination contest. Hart would run against Reagan, Henkel says, in much the same way he has run against Mondale—stressing that it is time for new leadership and fresh ideas. But the Hart people are aware that one of Reagan's assets is that people tend to feel comfortable with him. Henkel says, "We can't reach the Ronald Reagan level, but we can narrow the gap."

For what it's worth, Reagan's aides are largely back to thinking that Mondale will be Reagan's opponent, but they are, as before, divided over how great a challenge Mondale will present, and some still think that Hart would be the stronger opponent. Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's pollster, believes, as he did before, that Mondale will be quite a strong challenger—all the stronger for the fight he has been through. A number of people think that Mondale is tougher as a result of the fight, but some people close to Mondale say that he hasn't really changed. He has always been a very scrappy partisan, they point out, but—with the exception, to some degree, of the fight against Kennedy four years ago—he has not trained his energies on intraparty fights. He coasted early this year because he thought he could afford to and because he wanted to open as few intraparty wounds as possible (though he did not hesitate to tear into John Glenn when that seemed necessary). But the thinking that Mondale has changed, whatever its validity, is helpful to Mondale. It is no longer said that Mondale lacks "fire in the belly," and the argument that he has always advanced in politics through the patronage of others has been mooted. There can be little question that Mondale, faced with political humiliation, and even extinction, reached for reserves in himself that he had not been required to call on before. He pulled himself out of a crisis, when a large number of people, including some of those around him, doubted whether it was possible. This has to have given him confidence. And because his strategy has worked thus far, one of his aides says, he probably has more confidence in his instincts. (Mondale was the recipient of a great deal of advice following his early defeats.) And the fact that people are saying that Mondale is a tougher, better candidate, one of Mondale's associates points out, helps to make him so, impressions counting for as much as they do in politics.

A COUPLE of weeks ago, one of Reagan's top advisers said to me, "There are a lot of negatives for us out there, but all the attention is on the Democrats." He added, of course, that that was just as well. For a while, it seemed that Reagan didn't exist. It is a cliché that Reagan is lucky, but even those who are cliché-resistant began to succumb to the idea this spring. Just before the New Hampshire primary, after all, the question of whether Reagan was on top of his job was dominating the agenda, and the President's costly Lebanon policy collapsed. Then Hart upset Mondale, and everyone seemed to forget about Reagan. The press and the public can't focus on many things at once, and subjects, like fashions, change. By "negatives," Reagan's adviser meant, among other things, the controversy over the Administration's policy in Central America, and over Edwin Meese, the President's counsellor and nominee for Attorney General, who, it emerged in the course of his confirmation hearings, had received financial assistance from a number of people who received federal jobs. Many Republican senators who were disturbed by the revelations about Meese were reluctant to face up to the question they raised of whether he should be confirmed, for a couple of reasons: Meese is close to the President and, perhaps more important, is a favorite of the Republican right wing, which many Republicans (especially those preparing to run for President someday) are loath to offend. So, focussing as they often do on the wrong question, and seeking as they often do something that would make their decision easier for them, the politicians turned the question about Meese into whether he had committed a crime. (He had failed to list one loan on a federal disclosure form.) An investigation by a special prosecutor is now under way. The Democrats have sought to exploit what has come to be called the "sleaze" issue—the rather large number of Administration officials who have been found to have behaved unethically, at the least, and many of whom have had to leave office. But the Democrats have done so in a rather ham-handed way—the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee has produced a television ad that overpoliticizes the issue. Reagan, as is his wont, brushes the whole thing off, but some of his advisers see it as potentially damaging in the fall, when it could become part of the "fairness" issue—when the Democrats will no doubt try to paint the Reagan Administration as one that is of, by, and for the rich. (Both Mondale and Hart have made this general case, and have also raised the "sleaze" issue.) It is to be remembered that the blue-collar voters will be the ones most fought over this fall, and a picture of an Administration that looks out for the rich and feathers its own nest could have a powerful effect. That's what has some of the President's advisers worried.

But it is on foreign policy that the Administration has managed to explode all over itself in recent days. First, on April 6th the President gave a speech in which he was ostensibly calling for bipartisanship in the conduct of foreign policy and then blamed Congress for "second-guessing" his policy in Lebanon, saying that this "severely undermined our policy," and for "wavering" in its support for his Central American policy, saying that such wavering "can only encourage the enemies of democracy who are determined to wear us down." Presidents and Secretaries of State generally find congressional "meddling" in foreign policy irritating—this is an institutional question, not a partisan one. But it is a fact that the framers of the Constitution deliberately divided authority over foreign policy—making the President the Commander-in-Chief but reserving to Congress the power to declare war—so that Presidents could not take the country into war without the consent of the people's representatives. This arrangement seldom works tidily. And it is also a fact that Congress is usually complaisant toward Presidents' conduct of foreign policy unless mightily provoked—not wishing to be accused of the very things that Reagan accused the current one of. And this Congress has been especially complaisant toward the Reagan Administration—in the case of Lebanon and, thus far, in the case



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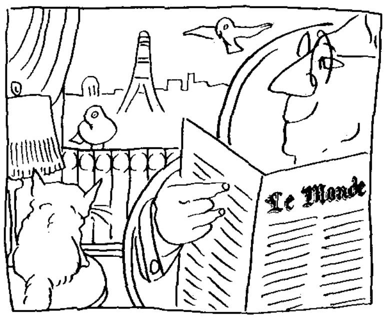
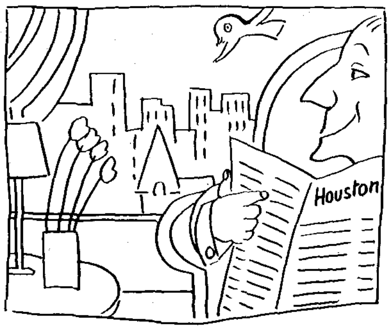
of Central America, despite changed rationales and lack of real consultation. (The strongest and most effective opposition to the Lebanon policy came from within the executive branch, including the Pentagon.) Reagan's latest exercise in the politics of blame appears to have backfired, at least in Washington—even the Republican leaders on Capitol Hill openly expressed their unhappiness. And there was some consternation among the President's advisers—a feeling that, rather than open a discussion of Congress's proper role in foreign policy, the President had managed to reopen a discussion of his Lebanon policy, which had been nearly forgotten. The warships containing the American Marines were ordered elsewhere, and hardly anyone noticed—the Administration had nearly succeeded in silently slipping away. Now the issue was back.

SALT
Judith Shahn

The news that the C.I.A. was participating in the mining of Nicaraguan ports broke on the weekend between the New York and Pennsylvania primaries, and set off a predictable storm. Even the Democratic fight could not drown this one out. And the news about the mining was surrounded by reports that the Administration was planning a wider role in Central America after the election. Administrations usually have contingency plans for all sorts of things, but in this case Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger denied that there were any such plans and then one of his aides said that there were. (Weinberger also said, "The United States is not mining the harbors of Nicaragua.") The mining—which damaged several ships of various nations—had been the subject of some controversy within the Administration but, apparently, little serious examination, and was said to have been presented to the President as "part of a package" of actions to harass the Sandinista regime. The point that such mining risked incurring the displeasure of our allies—including Britain and France, who were engaged in shipping to Nicaragua—was raised by Secretary of State George Shultz but never seriously considered. The controversy over the mining was exacerbated by the Administration's announcement on Sunday, in the face of a plan by the Nicaraguan government to take the issue of the mining to the World Court, that for the next two years it would not abide by decisions of the Court concerning Central America. Although State Department lawyers came up with a rationale for the decision, some high officials in the State Department and the White House were appalled by it. One State Department official told me that the matter of the Nicaraguan complaint could have been dealt with by having the governments of El Salvador and Honduras file counter-complaints about Nicaraguan activities in the region. The immediate outburst in Congress, which passed a nonbinding resolution condemning the mining operation—the resolution was nonbinding even in this instance—was prompted by a combination of anger and embarrassment. (The vote in the Senate for the resolution, on Tuesday, was by a large, bipartisan majority, but by the time the House voted two days later the President at least had the support of the Republican leaders.) The reasons for the anger are clear enough. The reasons for the embarrassment have to do with the fact that Congress has been approving the funding of the "covert" war and either knew or should have known about the mining. Senator Barry Goldwater, Republican of Arizona, the chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, said that he had not been informed, and the Administration said that he had been. The House Intelligence Committee was apparently more thoroughly briefed on the matter than the Senate committee was, though some senators later said that they did know about the mining. The point may be that the C.I.A. has a way of running some information by the congressional committees so that the committees hardly notice (the "information" provided to the Senate committee in this case was one vague sentence)—and realize later that they should have raised more questions. The vote on the mining, just before the Easter recess, gave Congress a vehicle for expressing indignation without really doing anything. (The Administration says that the mining has stopped.) But some Administration officials are concerned that the mining put in jeopardy the whole program of aiding the "contras" fighting the Nicaraguan regime—aid that, depending on which rationale the Administration offers, has been provided to "interdict" weapons going from Nicaragua to the rebels in El Salvador, to "harass" the Nicaraguan regime into stopping aid to rebels





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in El Salvador, to change the Nicaraguan form of government. (This last rationale was suggested by the President in an interview with the New York *Times* recently, and was quickly corrected by his aides.)

Despite their divided opinion over whether Mondale or Hart would be the stronger opponent against Reagan, and the President's good standing in the polls, Reagan's political advisers are not complacent—largely because of the number of things that are beyond their control. They recognize that unpleasant foreign-policy developments can occur at any time. They see that interest rates have been going up—and the President is among the few people who don't think that this has anything to do with the deficit. In any event, all the talk and speculation about how whoever would do against Reagan is meaningless at this point: that contest doesn't really begin until the Democrats have picked a nominee.

—ELIZABETH DREW

•

THOSE GOATS

These are the tropics, unheard of
In the blues, though the rank air's
Heavy with refrain.

Forever, too, is a kind of time,
And you could lie that long
On the tar-pebbled sands, tanning

As though once again ten,
Aloof and tilted
On the roof of a garage, down which

You'd imperceptibly slide, never
Quite falling. It's somewhat touching
The way we see ourselves—

Second and third person,
Future, conditional,
Someone else lathered for the sun,

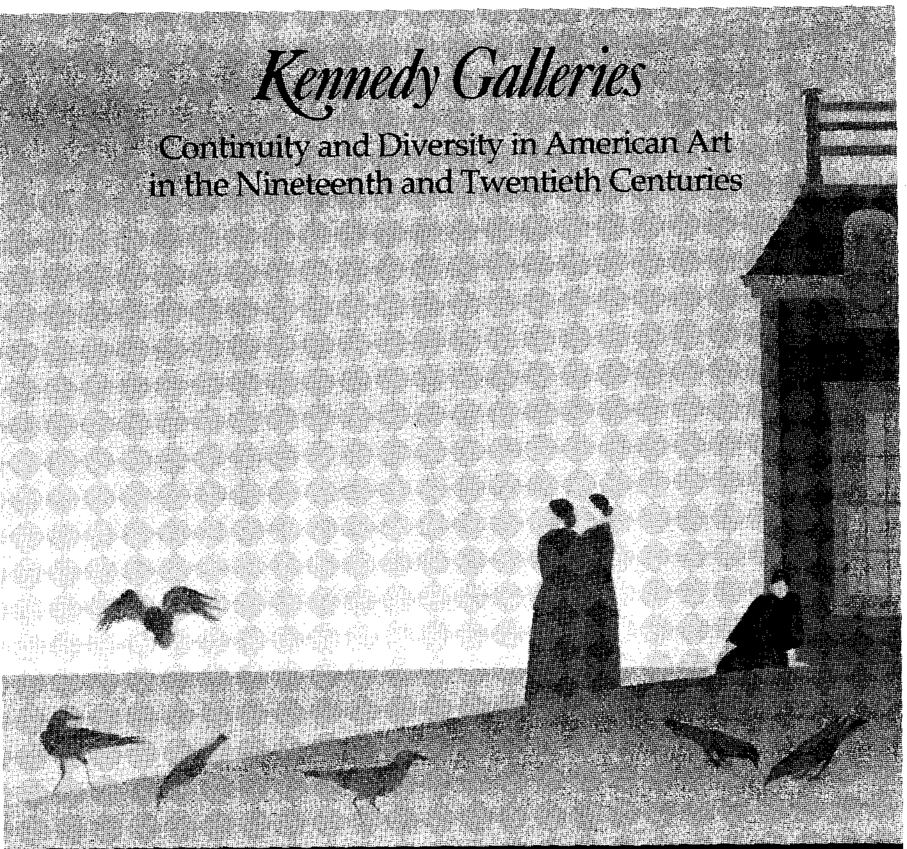
Now and then turning over
On a beach, so bon vivant the stories
Of the past appear

Beyond consideration, though
They're there, like goats
Penned in a yard. In that stillness

Of dust and dung, they butt
Their heads and romp, they smell,
They couple quickly and crowd

Around the picket gate.
Wherever they are, it's almost evening.
They're about to call you home.

—ARTHUR SMITH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MUSICAL EVENTS

Reëncounters

PAISIELLO'S "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" (1782) was revived this month by the Opera Shop of the Vineyard Theatre, on East Twenty-sixth Street. I'd not heard the piece in some twenty-five years, and found it to be a better work than I remembered. Once, it was regarded as the opera that Rossini's richer, livelier, funnier "Barbiere" ousted from the international repertory. Today—after a quarter century that has seen many revivals of operas by Mozart's and Paisiello's contemporaries—it can be heard rather differently: as a precursor of "Le Nozze di Figaro," a first musical presentation of characters that Mozart knew and brought to fuller life. Mozart, in words of Grove, "after hearing 'Il Re Teodoro in Venezia' in Vienna in 1784 and perhaps also 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia,' first produced there in 1783, displayed discernible traces of Paisiello's style in 'Le Nozze di Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni.'" That "perhaps" is perhaps overcautious: Paisiello's "Barbiere" was prominent in the Burgtheater repertory from 1783 to 1788; singers who were to sing in "Figaro" sang in it; it's hardly conceivable that Mozart did not hear it. When "Figaro" appeared at the Burgtheater in 1786, it had four performances in May and five scattered revivals later that year, starting in July. On four of those five occasions, Paisiello's and Mozart's operas were "paired." (A day intervened, because the Burgtheater alternated Italian operas with plays or Schauspiels. "Hamlet" was one of the intervening plays.) An intention of bringing the two Beaumarchais-based operas together seems evident. Perhaps it is also significant that Beaumarchais's "Le Barbier de Séville," a Burgtheater staple from 1776, reëntered the repertory, after several months' absence, just eleven days before Paisiello's "Barbiere" first appeared. (Beaumarchais's "Le Mariage de Figaro," to be presented by Schikaneder at the Kärntnertortheater, was announced in 1785, the year Mozart began "Figaro," but was withdrawn at the last minute, when the Emperor expressed disapproval. The text was published, however.)

Edward Holmes, in his "Life of Mozart," tells us that as Paisiello's "character possessed all the frankness and amiability of his own melody, Mozart became much attached to him. The two friends dined, walked, and drove out together." There seems to be no real evidence of this warm attachment, and I suspect Holmes of overamplifying a sentence in a 1784 letter of Mozart's to his father: he and his pupil Barbara von Ployer are playing at a concert in Döbling, and "I am fetching Paisiello in my carriage, as I want him to hear both my pupil and my compositions." A 1789 remark of Mozart's about Paisiello's music comes from a source, Friedrich Rochlitz's "Authentic Anecdotes of Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart's Life," whose authenticity has often been called into question. But its tempering of praise with implicit reservations (they escaped Holmes, who calls it a very favorable opinion) has a convincing ring: "Whoever seeks for light and pleasurable sensations in music cannot be recommended to anything better."

Paisiello's "Barbiere" leaves its listeners in small doubt that both Mozart and Rossini knew the work. The germ of the C-major section in the second-act finale of "Figaro," "Conoscete signor Figaro," appears in Don Basilio's Calumny aria in Paisiello's "Barbiere;" Don Giovanni's servants, summoning the peasants to the party, do so to strains from the "Barbiere" quintet. Mozart's music is rich, developed, fully worked; Paisiello's is notable for melodic charm, shapeliness, liveliness, and beauty. In 1789, Mozart composed a number for Paisiello's opera: Rosina's Lesson Scene aria, "Già riede primavera"—or, rather, "Schon lacht der holde Frühling," since it was intended for a projected German-language performance of the opera in which his sister-in-law Josepha Hofer was to sing Rosina. Josepha Hofer was the first Queen of the Night. Mozart's aria has higher-flying and showier coloratura than the original piece, but also a tender lyrical middle section in G minor ("I sit alone in the meadow and weep, not for my lost lambkin but for the shepherd Lindoro"), which is at once exquisite in its own right and dramatically pointed. The music becomes more and more emotional, to reach a poignant cadence on Lindoro's name, and then very abruptly leaps back to the bright opening theme—as if Rosina realizes she is going too far, and Dr. Bartolo is suddenly aware that his ward has begun to address her music master in a surprisingly intimate manner. The Vineyard production of "Il Barbiere" used Mozart's setting of the aria. It was good to hear it in context. (There is an excellent recording by Edita Gruberova, on London.) The difference between Paisiello's easy charm and Mozart's combination of charm with emotion, solid musical substance, and musico-dramatic subtlety was

PEANUT BUTTER
AND
JELLY
WITH A GLASS OF MILK

strikingly demonstrated. Although the scoring is unfinished, the vocal line and the bass are complete; the structure of the aria is all there.

The Vineyard is an intimate theatre: two rooms forming an L shape, with an acting space in the angle. Miriam Charney, who conducted, had reduced the score for an ensemble of flute, bassoon, two violins, cello, and harpsichord, which provided neat, ample support for Paisiello's melodies. There was a simple, effective set, by Sally Locke, that switched easily from the outside to the inside of Bartolo's house. Linda Melloy's costumes were handsome. Joseph LoSchiavo's staging was deft. The young singers, most of them familiar from previous Vineyard shows, had—all but the Bartolo—now got the measure of the house and did not sing too loudly. The Rosina, Anne McKenna, and the Almaviva, David Kellett, were winning, and a newcomer to the troupe, Karl Laird, was a lively, pleasing Figaro. The piece was sung in Italian (often bad Italian, in which a dear beloved became something like a "*carro armato*," or tank), and that was a mistake—especially in a theatre where every word can be heard. The details of Beaumarchais's cunningly wrought plot—letters figure in it as prominently as they do in "Figaro"—are by no means evident from the stage action alone, and the Vineyard might well address its dramatic productions to the full understanding of wider audiences than those who follow Italian. Most of the recitatives were taken too slowly—sung out in full voice, not "spoken on pitches" in speech rhythms. But, all in all, this "Barbiere" offered an evening filled with "light and pleasurable sensations."

LET me raise a small puzzle, in the hope that some reader has the answer. Michael Kelly (a tenor, Mozart's original Don Curzio) tells us in his memoirs that in the Burgtheater "Barbiere" "Signor Mandini and I played the part of Count Almaviva alternately." Stefano Mandini was later the Almaviva of Mozart's opera—a bass-baritone role. Grove tells us that he was both a bass-baritone *and* a celebrated Almaviva in Paisiello's opera (a tenor role). It has been suggested that Stefano's younger brother Paolo, described in Grove as a tenor, was in fact Paisiello's Almaviva. But (1) Kelly refers to only one Mandini, (2) Paolo was engaged for Haydn's troupe, at Esterháza, while "Il Barbiere" continued its Burgtheater run, and (3) at Esterháza the part that Haydn composed for Paolo, Idreno in "Armida," is a bass-baritone role. (Samuel Ramey sings it in the Philips recording.) When we examine other roles that Stefano played and that Paolo played—some of them tenor, most of them baritone—the mystery deepens. Was Stefano a baritone with tenor extension? (Both Almavivas sing up to F-sharp—but the tessitura of the two parts is quite different.) Or did he transpose Paisiello's music down? In that case, what happened during the ensembles? And is it likely that "Il Barbiere" was played in Vienna with *four* bass-baritones or basses in the cast (Almaviva, Figaro, Bartolo, Basilio), and no tenor?

ANOTHER opera I'd not seen or heard in over twenty years and revalued on reëncounter is Kurt Weill's "Down in the Valley," an Anglo-German production of which was shown on Channel 13 last week. Weill composed it for radio in 1945 (it found no takers), and revised and amplified it in 1948, for performance at Indiana University, Bloomington. It was a swift success: sixteen hundred productions—six thousand performances—were reported in the first nine years of its existence. BBC Television put out a rather feeble (and very British) account of the piece in 1961, which seemed to confirm the European consensus of the time that the Nazis had destroyed not only all Weill's scores they could lay their hands on but also, by driving him from Berlin to Broadway, his original genius. (Virgil Thomson thought much the same.) In subsequent decades, the revaluation of his American scores began. I learned them from records and from the City Opera's revival of "Street Scene" in 1978 and 1979 (perhaps the company's highest achievement in the last decade). "Down in the Valley" has a deliberately naïve libretto (by Arnold Sundgaard), an Alabama-set version of the tale of the fair, pure maiden and the lascivious squire who threatens to dispossess her poor old father unless . . . The music is based on a handful of Anglo-Appalachian ballads, handled so subtly and sensitively that the sounds—I think it was T. W. Adorno who first said this of Weill's music—get under your skin. Or, as Virgil Thomson put it in a 1933 review of "The Seven Deadly Sins," "If

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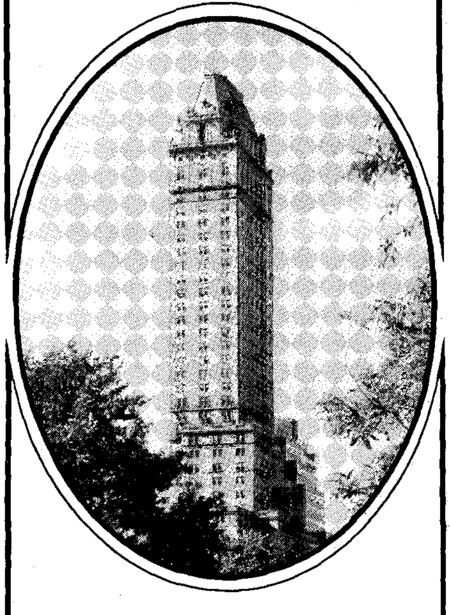

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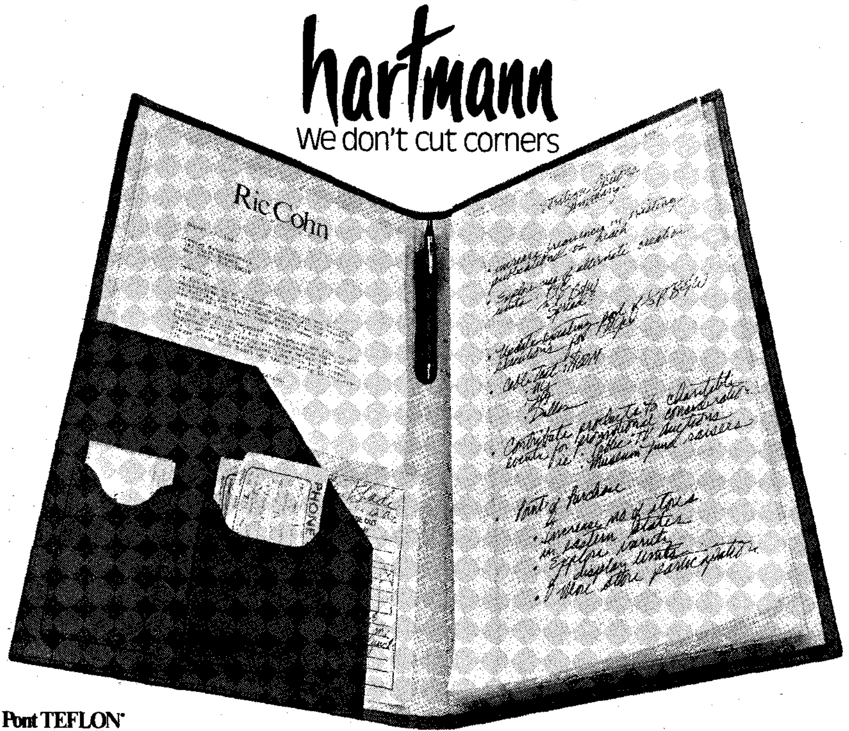

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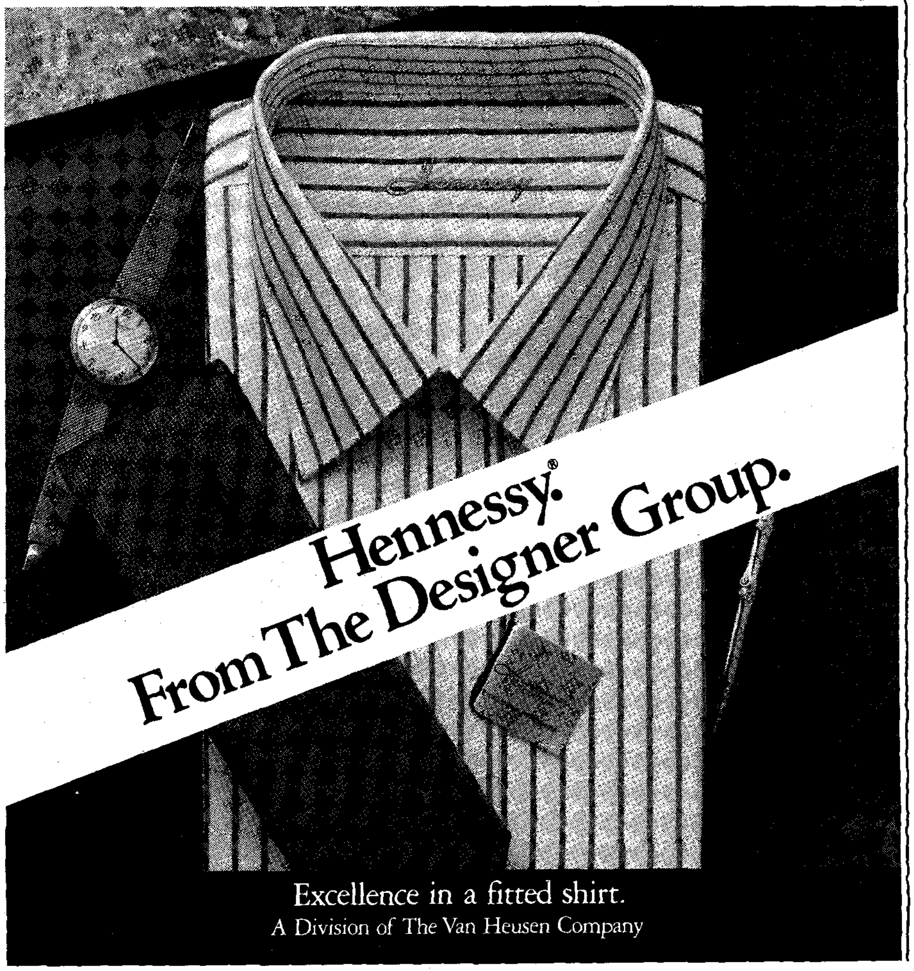
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it really touches you, you go all to pieces inside.” Weill's theatre music of every period now has this effect on me, and rational criticism becomes impossible. The Met is doing Gershwin's “Porgy and Bess” next season. It might do worse than follow it with Weill's “Lost in the Stars.”

The new production was very well conducted by Carl Davis. The impact of the opera was somewhat lessened by the decision of the director, Frank Cvitanovich, to interrupt and pad out the score (which lasts about half an hour) with long passages of silence, during which his cameras tracked over the English countryside (where the piece was filmed), through the jailhouse, and so on. There were oddities: Jenny, walking home from prayer meeting with Brack, whom she loves, sang of the night and its stars, but the sun cast its shadows on a brightly lit valley. Opera presented on film or television in “realistic” settings poses questions about the “conventions” harder than those the ordinary operagoer, in a theatre where paint and canvas set the scene and a proscenium defines the limits of illusion, has long since solved. “Where exactly *is* that orchestra that wells out over the landscape?” “Why do the voices sound so reverberant when the actors are apparently singing in the open air?” “Why do the voices remain in closeup when we see the singers in long shot?” And, in this opera, “Why do the lovers rashly burst into loud song, orchestra-accompanied, if they are trying to hide from a police posse?” Naive questions; but this production raised them, as the best film and television operas don't. The cast, led by Hutton Cobb as Brack and Linda Lou Allen as Jennie, was of modest but adequate vocal accomplishment. All the performers sang and acted with honesty and directness. Their unaffected sincerity made the piece moving. The designing was inspired, aptly, by the images in James Agee and Walker Evans' study of Southern sharecroppers, “Let Us Now Praise Famous Men.” Less happily, Weill's score was provided with a musical coda in the form of a gussied-up folk song sung by Judy Collins (elaborately accompanied, with none of Weill's genius) and then a snatch of the Second Brandenburg. The “Ring” broadcasts last year also had musical postludes. Are there no musicians at Channel 13?

—Andrew Porter

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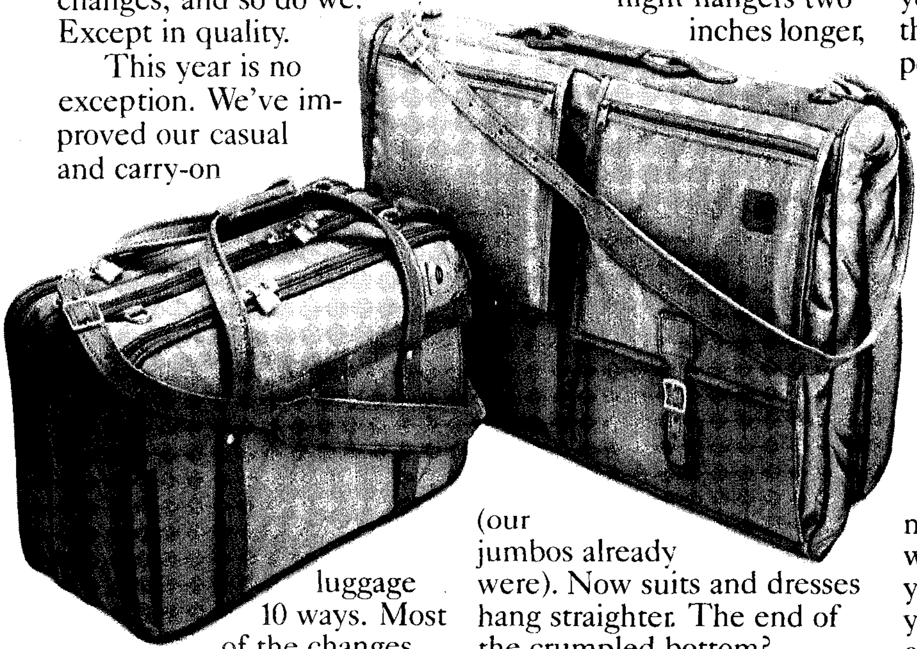

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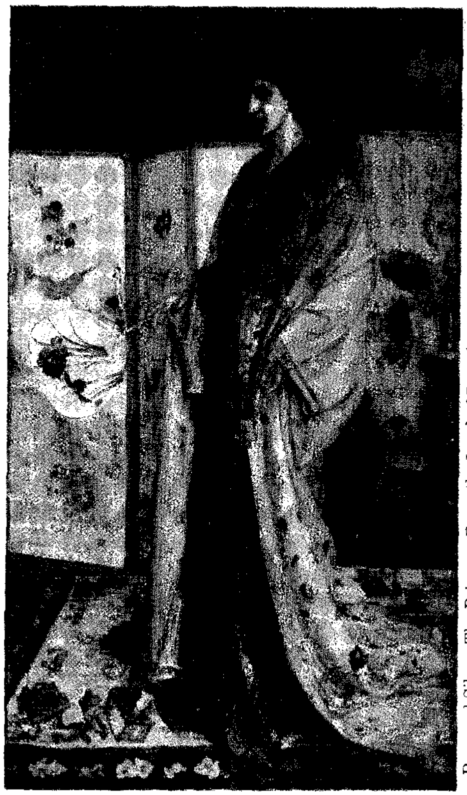
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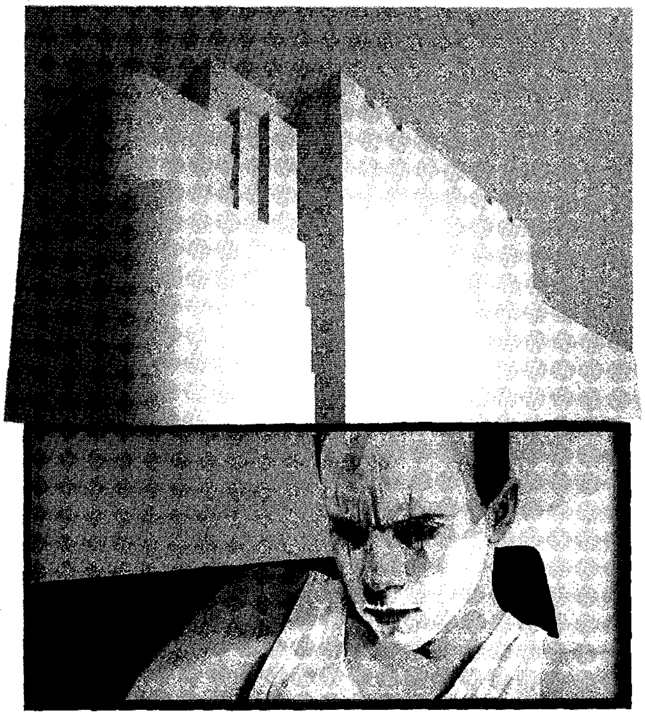
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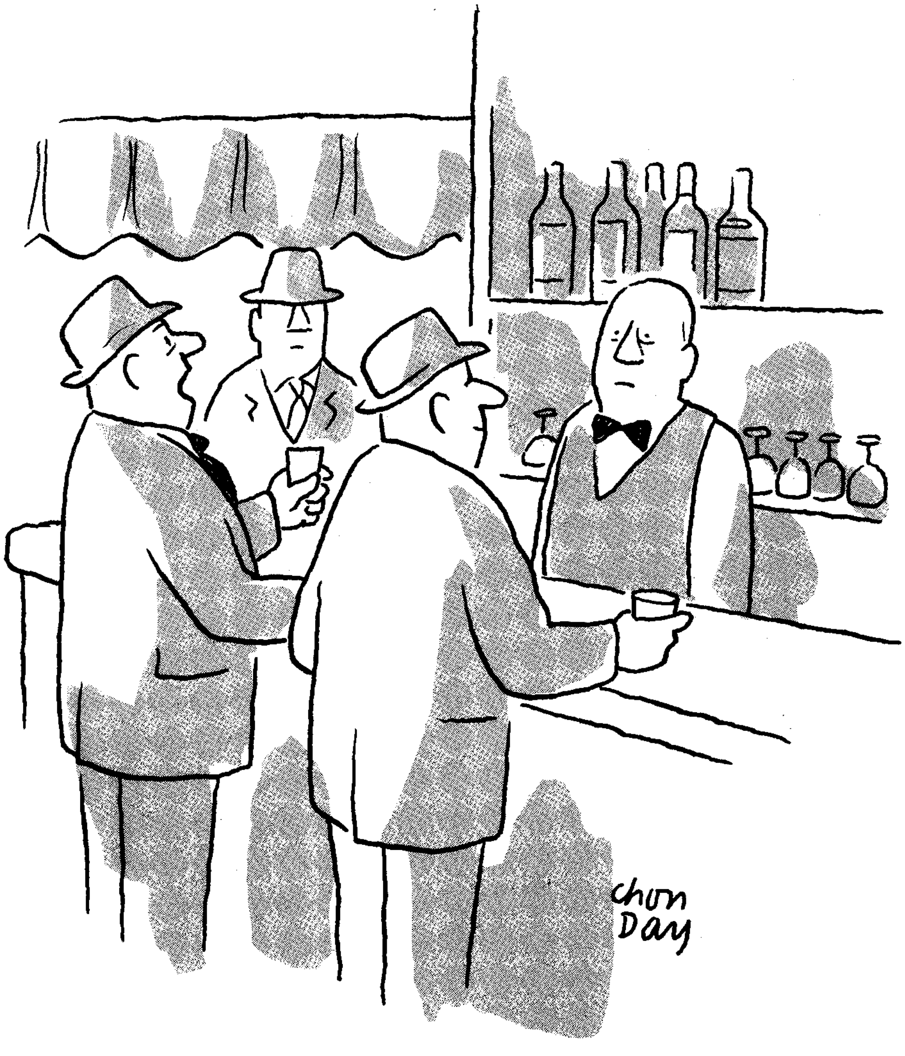
“ICEMAN,” the new Fred Schepisi film, begins with perhaps the greatest opening shot I’ve ever seen: a wide-screen image of Arctic ice and snow, with fluttering helicopters, and the small figures of men moving around a blue-white glacial cave. They carve out a block of ice that has a dark form inside, and the helicopter flies off, carrying the block dangling in a net. It’s an eerie and enthralling sequence. Somehow, Schepisi and his two longtime collaborators, the composer Bruce Smeaton and the cinematographer Ian Baker, achieve that special and overwhelming fusion of the arts which great visual moviemaking can give us. “Iceman” doesn’t have a good enough script, but it has a marvellously suggestive idea for a movie, and it has scenes that affect us with something like the mystical power of primitive fairy tales. It also has the star presence of the Eurasian-American actor John Lone, who is awesome in the way he stirs our empathy with the film’s hero, the prehistoric man who has been asleep inside that glacial ice for forty thousand years and hangs from a helicopter like Fellini’s Christ statue in “La Dolce Vita.”

After being flown to an Arctic outpost—a research center run by the same mining and exploration company whose drillers found him—the Iceman is thawed out, in a sequence that is comparable in creepiness and fascination to the famous laboratory scene in James Whale’s 1931 “Frankenstein,” in which the monster comes to life. But the tone here is altogether different: the water dripping from the icy casket suggests weeping. The creature’s mouth is open, as if in a cry, and his arms are extended, as if he’s asking for help, and when the rest of his body is revealed it recalls the rigid figure and pallid flesh tones of the Mantegna Christ.

The thirty-one-year-old John Lone lived at the monastic school attached to the Peking Opera in Hong Kong from the age of nine to eighteen, and was trained in the formal theatrical arts. His teachers there called him Little Dragon, and since the Chinese word for dragon sounds like “lone,” he took that as his name when, after a brief career in Hong Kong kung-fu movies, he came to this country, where he worked first with the East West Players, in Los Angeles, and then, in New York, with the Public Theatre. As the powerfully built Iceman, Lone, whose name would be more appropriate for the character than Charlie, which his only new friend calls him, moves in a crouch that’s a bit reminiscent of Toshiro Mifune’s barbaric stance in “Rashomon;” his brow has been built out, and he wears jagged dentures that change the shape of his mouth. He makes scratchy, toneless sounds, yet they’re expressive; everything about him is expressive. He’s sociable and eager to communicate, and—this is John Lone’s subtle achievement—he soon has an air of indefinable sadness. Uncouth as this Neanderthal may look, he has a full range of feeling in his eyes. He’s unmistakably human, and he’s confused about where he is; he’s lost, he’s alone.

As the head cryobiologist at the research center, Lindsay Crouse wears a no-nonsense short haircut and efficiency outfits; she sees the discovery of the Iceman as an opportunity for a medical breakthrough—she hopes to find the cryoprotectant that has kept him alive. The eight or nine scientists she works with want to take the creature apart so they can find out how to extend people’s lives by freezing them. But Timothy Hutton, as the scruffy, post-hippie anthropologist who is brought in, wants to get to know the Iceman, so he can learn more about our ancestors and how we evolved. The two competing learned doctors bicker, compromise, coöperate. She worries; he’s benignly blank. And the Iceman is placed in a glass-domed vivarium—a simulation of the natural environment in a temperate zone—which is adjacent to the center. The scientists observe him and listen to his cries and moans, without his knowing they’re there. I think that this vivarium was probably the filmmakers’ worst mistake: it traps the movie along with the Iceman. The idea of the film almost demands that he come into contact with the modern world; instead, the film becomes constricted as he examines his prison and puzzles over artifacts, like a hose and a sprin-



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kler. (They're magic objects to him.) And we're put off by plot developments, such as nobody's being on watch when the Iceman breaks out. This science fantasy is of such beauty and quality that we may be more put off than we are at a routine sci-fi picture, where we expect this sort of sloppiness, and even enjoy it.

The scriptwriters, Chip Proser and John Drimmer, don't develop the conflict between medical science and humanism which Crouse and Hutton represent. It falls by the wayside—which is probably for the best, because it's dull stuff. (There's also a stupefying scene in which one of the batch of scientists expresses doubts about whether mankind has advanced in the last forty thousand years; his nose should light up, and everyone on the screen should have a turn at punching it.) The Lindsay Crouse character is like a modern woman written to the specifications of a feminist magazine. And Timothy Hutton, whose slightly scared look suited his teen-age roles, has retained the look; it may be that he's frightened of the camera—he seems to hold back. In the scenes in which he enters the vivarium and makes friends with the Iceman, it isn't man to man; he's still a juvenile—his body doesn't seem lived in. The scientists take flesh and fluids out of the Iceman when he's unconscious, and he blames his diminishing strength on his anthropologist friend; Hutton should be able to summon up some rage at the vivisectionist experiments—something to match the Iceman's profound sorrow—but he doesn't quite have it in him. The Iceman has been crazily dislocated in history; he thinks he has been enchanted and that he's being punished. The anthropologist needs to feel disoriented, too. The gleam of insanity in Lone's eyes is what Hutton lacks. Yet he isn't bad. He and Lone play off each other in a way that makes the film work, and this may be because of Hutton's slightly opaque, child-man quality.

The young anthropologist benefits from his contact with this primitive man; like the boy in "E.T." and the hero of "Splash," he needs to learn from the stranger. The anthropologist begins to see things through the Iceman's eyes, and so do we. When the Iceman breaks out and runs through the lab, we know that to him the rooms and passageways are a series of mythic challenges. Schepisi has been able to provide a modern interpretation of the events while making it possible

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for us to experience them as if we were primitive. The picture keeps us in an awestruck state, and at the end I felt that it fulfilled itself. The Iceman's visionary fervor takes hold; we can believe in his terrified worship of a trickster God in the sky, and in his triumph as he joins his God.

It's a very strange, elating movie, with the Iceman at its emotional center. It gives you the sensation that you're breathing pure air and that your senses have become more acute; you go out and look at the shops and streets as if you were a stranger. A real dramatist might have been able to provide dialogue and conflicts worthy of Lone's performance, and of the imagery and the music. But, working without a great script, Schepisi has still done something major: "Iceman" is like the flawed Herman Melville novels. It's full of passion and craft, along with parts that might be the work of a stumblebum. It's thrilling.

"Romancing the Stone," a slapstick adventure comedy in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," is a simpler, more likable entertainment than "Raiders;" it doesn't leave you feeling exhausted. The picture's greatest asset is its taking-off place: a woman's wanting a more exciting life. Written by Diane Thomas, who got fed up with her jobs in advertising and studied to be an actress before sitting down to write this first script (while she supported herself as a waitress), the movie is about a timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances. Joan Wilder (Kathleen Turner) cries over the end of the novel she's typing, because she loves it so much. Padding around her Manhattan apartment, she sniffles happily—she left her heroine experiencing ecstasy—and feeds her cat, Romeo. Just after delivering the manuscript to her publisher, she receives a frantic telephone call from her sister, who is being held captive by smugglers in Cartagena, and in a few hours she's lost in the jungle in Colombia, ducking bullets. She's thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The extravagant, self-mocking adventures that follow are kept on a human scale, because Kathleen Turner's Joan Wilder is always there reacting. Turner is particularly adept at letting herself be seen through. Her star performance is one long, infinitely varied double take, and it's exhilarating.

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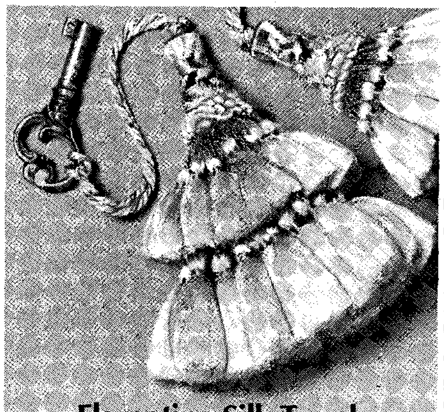

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and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang; the score is cheesy and loud, and there are a few too many unrealized gags. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, the Spielberg protégé who, with his sometime partner Bob Gale, wrote "1941" and made "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" (1978) and the juicy satire "Used Cars" (1980), sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at—the cinematographer Dean Cundey and the production designer Lawrence G. Paull must love their work. The film also has a terrific suave and swinish villain: the Mexican actor Manuel Ojeda as Zolo the knifer, the head of the military police, who keeps following Joan and casually murdering people. In the single funniest scene, a crocodile chomps on Zolo's arm, and the bite has just the right amount of violence to release our laughter. Another Mexican actor, Alfonso Arau (of "El Topo" and "The Wild Bunch" and "Used Cars"), has an affable slapstick spaciness—he's all toothy smiles and bushy hair—as a drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on romance novels. And the scriptwriter has set up some explosively comic dilemmas, such as the scene in which the hero is torn between saving the loot (the gigantic emerald that everyone covets) and saving the girl (who, of course, having been romanced, is the real jewel).

But that hero, who has been given the phallic name Jack T. Colton, is played by the producer of the film, Michael Douglas, who isn't a comedian. The script was probably shaped so that Joan's fictional hero would materialize but he'd be tougher and more practical-minded than she expected, and she'd have to learn to take care of herself in order to keep up with him. With Douglas in the role, it isn't clear whether Jack is intended to be the fearless and dashing man of Joan's dreams or a parody of that swashbuckling cavalier. Douglas must know—or, at least, suspect—that he's wrong for the role. (It calls for a Harrison Ford, or perhaps a big, bland bruiser like Tom Selleck.) Douglas tries too hard. He talks in a low, hoarse voice and acts gruff; his face exaggerates everything and registers nothing. And no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Some of the other casting is dubious, too. Mary Ellen Trainor seems all wrong as Joan's sister, and Danny DeVito, who plays a smuggler,

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is used for his cuteness, and as if our hearing him deliver commonplace expletives would knock us silly.

Luckily, Kathleen Turner is on-screen almost all the time, and the affection we develop for her in her early, dowdy scenes carries over to the action sequences. In the second half, when her hair is loose and she has become more conventionally sexy, this actress knows how to use her dimples amusingly and how to dance like a woman who didn't know she could. She and Zolo's stump of an arm help to give the movie some personality. Too bad that this cleverly worked-out woman's fantasy got muddied by the producer's fantasy that he could be the answer to a woman's steamy dreams.

—PAULINE KAEL

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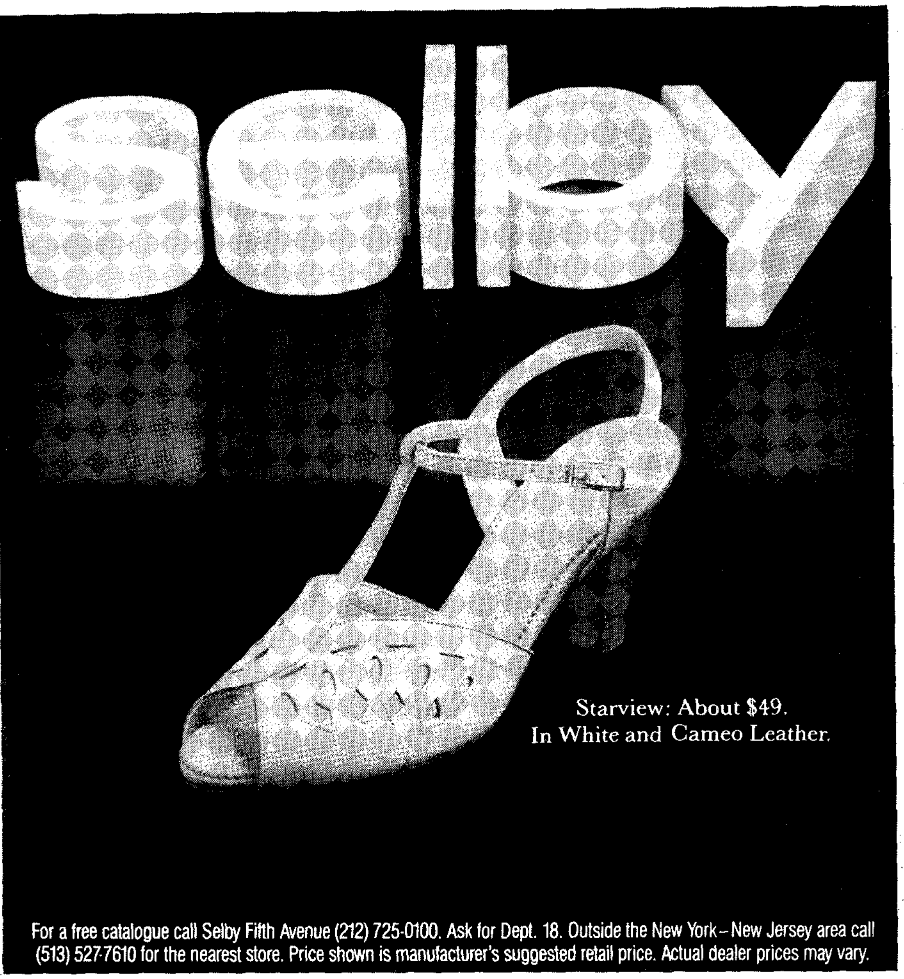

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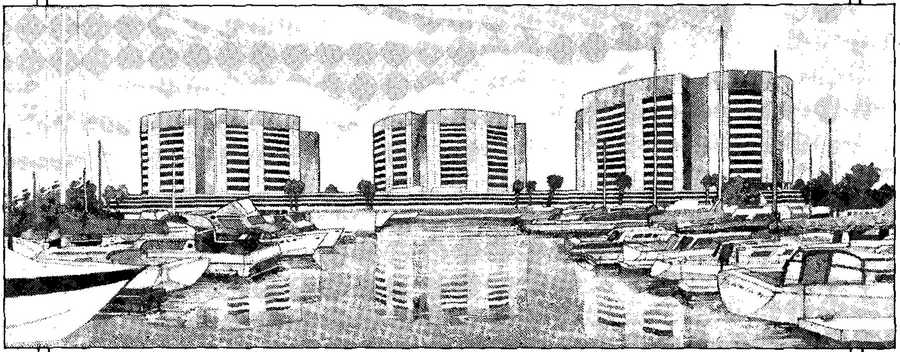

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THE ART WORLD

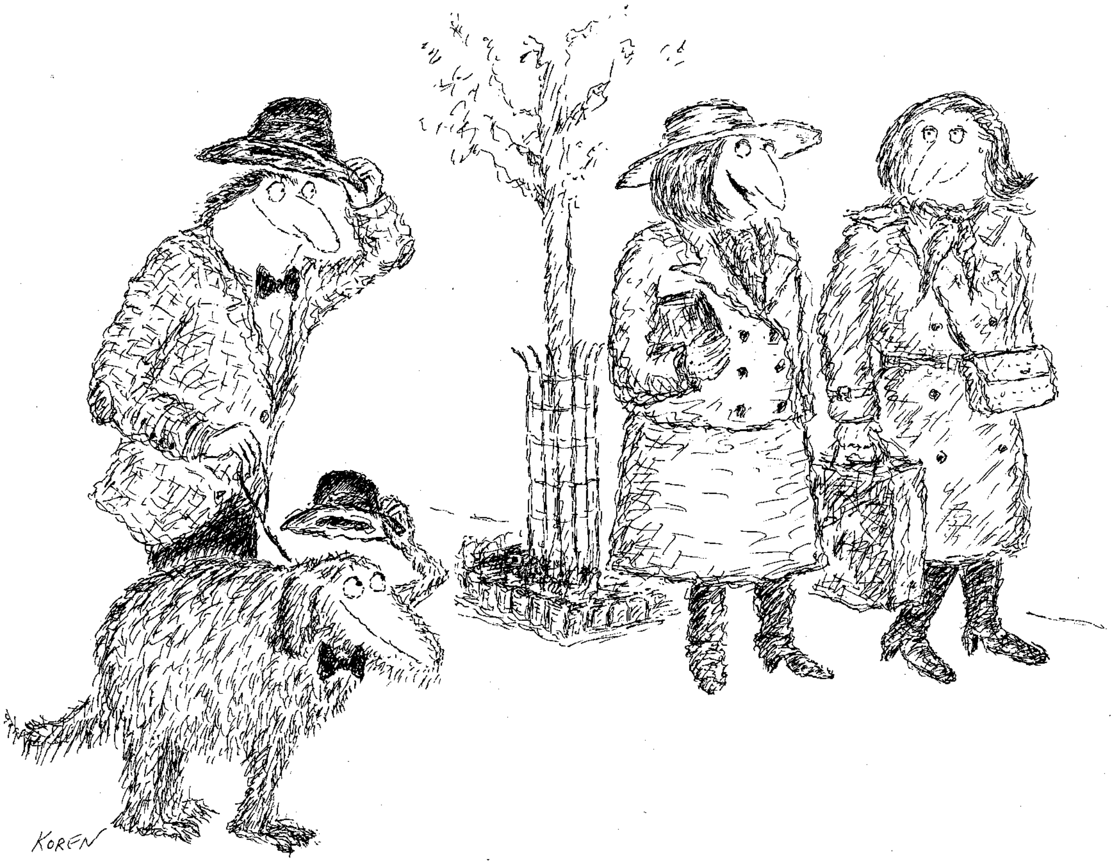
David Salle

THE eleven paintings David Salle recently showed at the Leo Castelli gallery are very large—a number of them are in the range of eight feet high by twelve feet wide—but they wear their monumentality lightly. These collagelike pictures, which frequently include objects affixed to their surfaces, are so beautifully composed and yet seem to have been assembled with such nonchalant speed that they're elating. Looking at one of them, you feel that you have stepped into the artist's mind, you're with him as he makes his moves, and the whole operation is as simple as casually rearranging the objects on a desk. Salle (pronounced "Sally") has generally been grouped with a number of American and European painters who have come to the fore in the past few years and who use the figure in their work. Labelled "neo-expressionists," they have attempted to bring a romantic and often impassioned note into contemporary art, and to make paintings that encompass references to history, to comic strips, to old and new art. Salle has a lot in common with these artists, but his new pictures, which were made within the last year and are larger in size and weightier in appearance than any he has done before, make clear what his previous work suggested: that the "expressionist" label doesn't really fit him. No label does. His work is as emotionally full as that of any current American or European painter, yet in spirit he is, at thirty-one, closer to being a new kind of classical master.

Salle seems to think about a painting the way a formalist might. That is, as a flat plane on which the artist arranges different elements—some of which recede, some of which push forward—to create a whole that is balanced but pulses. In a way, Salle redoes formalist art with an apparently autobiographical array of images—sexy, satirical, ironic ones. The backgrounds of his pictures are often softly brushed-in monochromatic drawings of figures. He places over these backgrounds, among other things, deft line sketches; figures from cartoons; clusters of geometric shapes (which recall the art and design of the thirties); and patches of smeary, expressionistic brushwork (which recall the fifties). He places words over images, draws in a figure sideways over one that is upside down, and joins in the same picture a panel painted on canvas with one painted on, say, upholstery fabric. Salle makes us keenly aware of how one texture or color plays off another, and he has a sure instinct for how much variety a picture can take, so when we spot something that seems to be a slip or a miscalculation—a stain on a canvas, for instance—we can't help seeing it as another element in the composition.

"B. A. M. F. V." is probably his most elegantly poised picture. It brings together, to list a few elements, shimmery gray-on-gray pastiches of fifties line drawings of a matador swirling his cape; an unsettling portrait of a ravenous and goonish cartoon duck; a melancholy little picture of a nude woman smoking; a bushlike wire-mesh object painted a pale olive green; voluptuous yellow-orange line drawings of the female nude; and a squarish slab of dense pink oil paint, casually laid on a smear of thinly applied pink. Painted, in part, on an apricot-colored sheet of satin, "B. A. M. F. V." has the all-over composition—and presence—of Renaissance tapestries. These tapestries often presented to their audiences an overview of contemporary life in its most up-to-the-minute appearance. Salle's painting doesn't give us the appearance of contemporary life; but, shuffling vaguely risqué scenes and objects with not-so-charming cartoon characters, and suffusing both of them with boudoir and candy colors that we know were once considered tasteful and stylish and now seem amusingly exotic, he seems to capture the early eighties. He shows how the most up-to-the-minute thing about contemporary life can often be its enthusiasm for the recent past.

Salle's pictures don't have the public nature of most tapestries, though. He creates an immediate tension with his audience, because he makes us want to decipher these puzzlelike paintings, and we also sense that he



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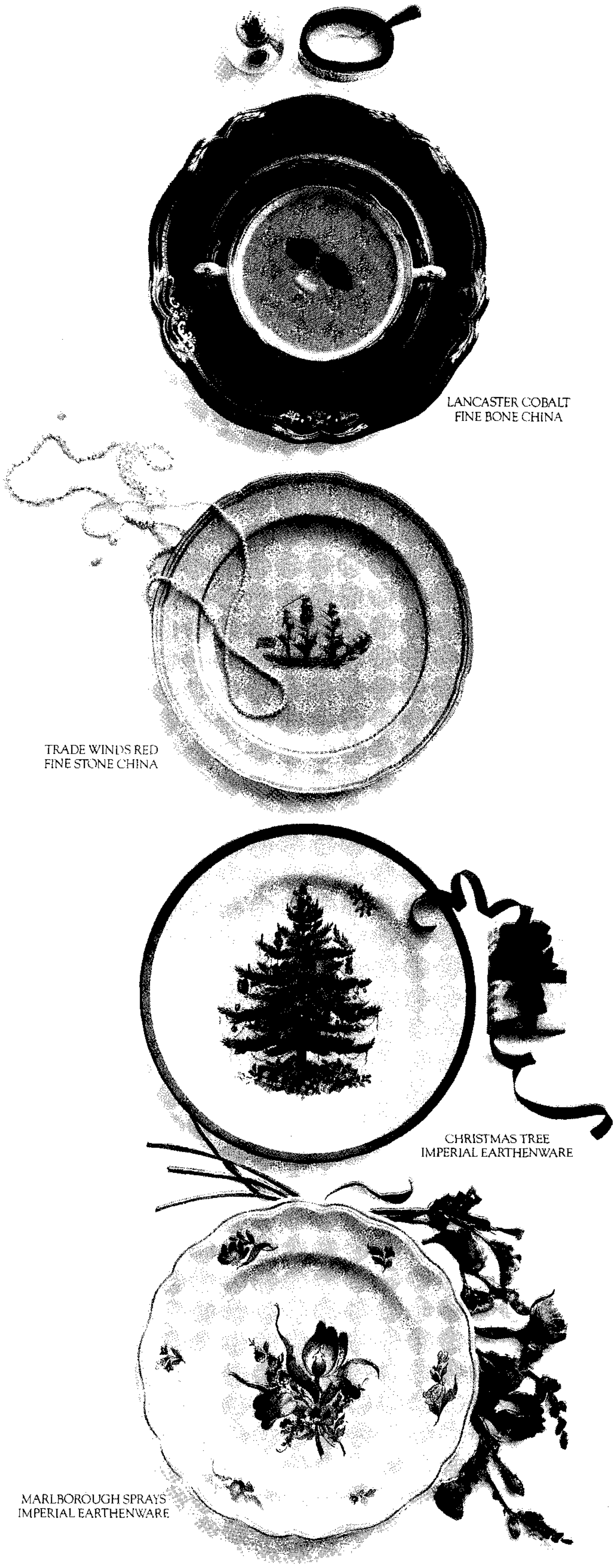
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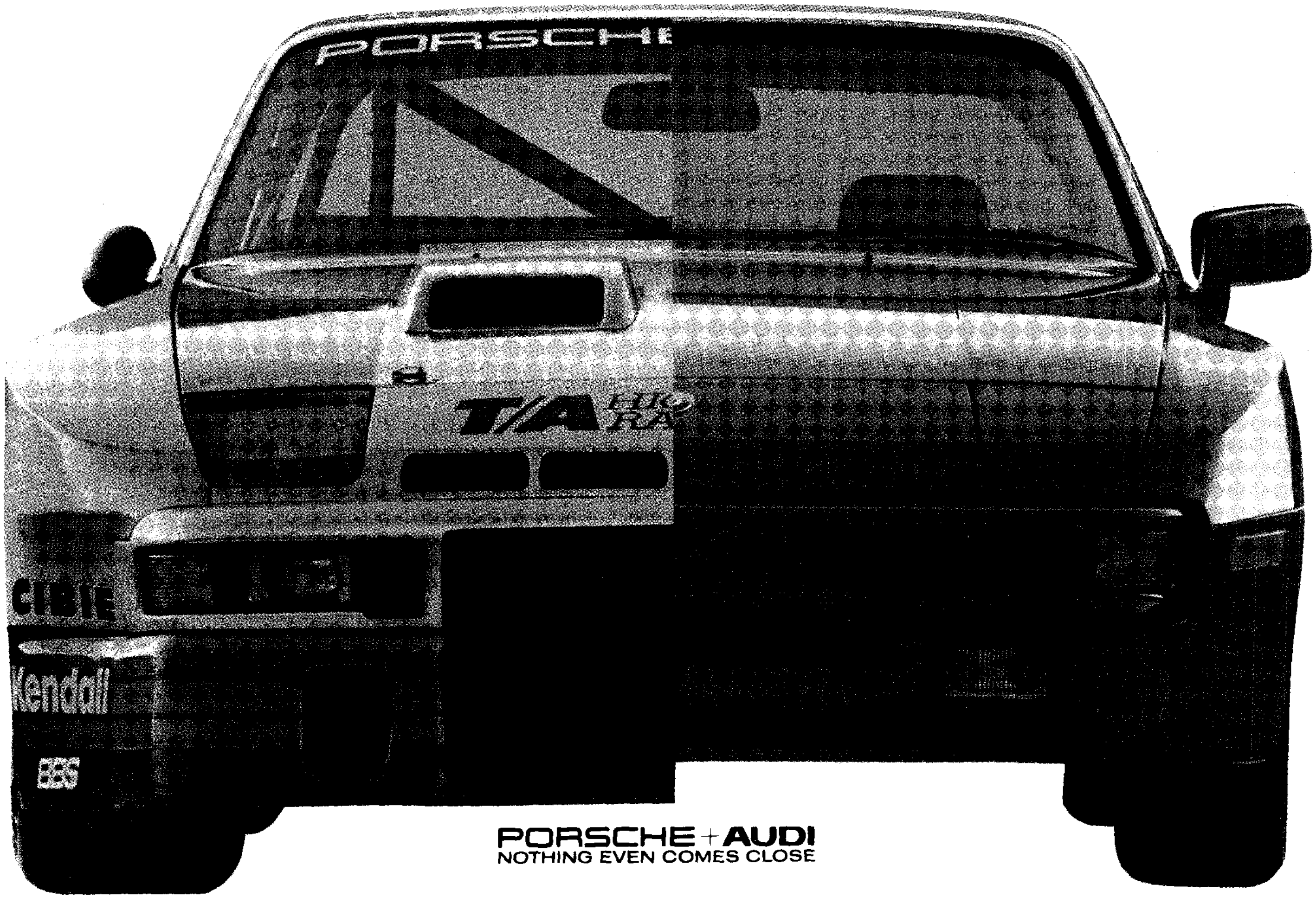

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may have a take-it-or-leave-it attitude toward those puzzles. If you are familiar with twentieth-century—and especially contemporary—art, you put a lot of mental energy into these pictures almost involuntarily. Registering the components, you're first a skeptic, then a passive enumerator, then a warmed-up partner. You say to yourself, "Oh, that carving of an ear affixed to the corner, that's Jasper Johns. . . . The lit light bulbs, they're just early Jim Dine. . . . I know that face, isn't it from an Oskar Kokoschka? . . . The way he uses words on top of images, Bruce Nauman did that. . . . Those legs from tables and chairs sticking off the side of the canvas, surely he's parodying Louise Nevelson. . . . That duck isn't Donald Duck—which duck is it? A duck from an actual cartoon? . . . Isn't the way he draws with one color over a single-color ground reminiscent of Raoul Dufy? . . . Why do some of his little line drawings make me think of 'Leave It to Beaver'? . . . Doesn't his sense of glamour owe something to Alex Katz, and isn't he also showing the tensions that underlie that glamour? . . . Isn't that drawing of a man doubling up in pain taken from the image of Lee Harvey Oswald being shot by Jack Ruby? Doesn't Salle look like that? Is he saying he's an Oswald?"

Salle's method of layering one image on top of another isn't new to art. The Cubists did a version of this seventy years ago, and there are no doubt earlier examples. But Salle makes it feel new. Perhaps only in movies have we seen something like the gentle and diaphanous effect he gets, of different images simultaneously drifting back into and rising up from other images. It's television, though, far more than movies, that his work seems to be saturated with. His method of constructing a picture recalls the way on TV in any given fifteen-minute period images flash by that are different from one another in texture and importance and yet come to seem equal in weight and value. The relationship between his often pale and ghostly large background drawings and the brighter, juicier, more densely painted images and objects that float over—and literally pop out from—them is comparable to the relationship between a TV show and a commercial break.

When, in "Tennyson," he puts the poet's name in italic capital letters across an image of a nude woman lying with her back to us, Salle might

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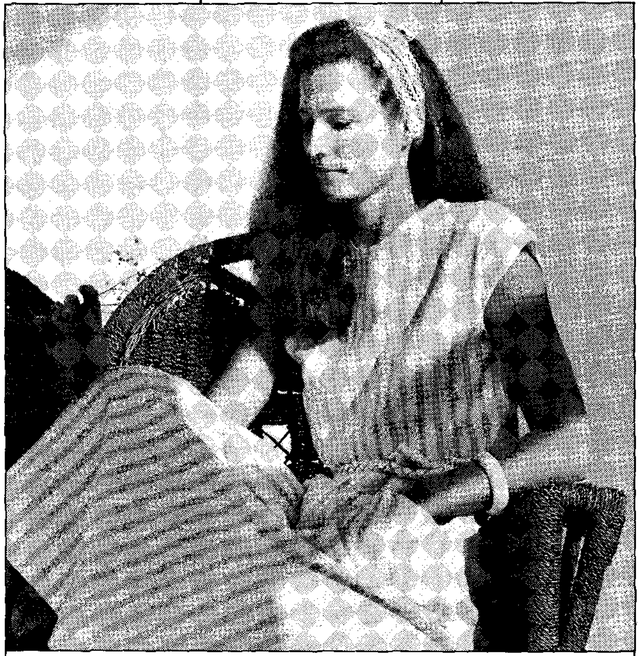

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be signalling that it's time for a cultural commercial. Some members of his audience may believe, though, that the reference is to Jasper Johns, who put the name Tennyson across the bottom of a 1958 abstract gray painting. Johns' picture is probably, in part, an ironic joke on Tennyson's being a kind of "good gray poet," but his image is solemn. With its stately lettering, the painting resembles a grave marker with the deceased's name at the bottom instead of at the top. When Salle writes the poet's name across the center of his picture, he appears to say that he himself wants to be linked with Johns and that he believes his painting-assemblages are part of an influential tradition in contemporary American art. Here he's announcing that he has joined the club. Spelling out Tennyson in enormous letters, and in a sans-serif type that would be perfect for a sneaker ad, he may be kidding Johns, too; he might be saying to the painter, "Must everything be veiled and portentous?" Or perhaps Salle's point is merely "The Victorian poet and a nude on a beach don't go together, right? So here they are."

David Salle is such a masterly mimic, and he can make his audience so suspicious of his motives, that you feel you are on thin ice in seeing themes in his work—even in talking about him as a painter. In a sense, he's more aptly described as the inventor of a great picture-making device. Though some of his figures and faces are drawn freehand, many are taken from magazines and books. He projects the images onto a canvas (or whatever he's working on), and fills in, in shades of gray, with a fairly dry brush—or sometimes stipples on, in a single color—the enlarged picture. His cartoon "spots" and delicate line drawings are also often taken from printed sources, mechanically projected, and traced. He has the touch and eye of a born painter-decorator, though, and that's why his pictures work. He has a genie's intuition for knowing which color to place over another color so both will jump. And he stays in the mind as a figurative artist, too.

"Brother Animal" is one of Salle's most powerful "figure" paintings. It is made up of two adjoining panels (which together are about eight feet high and fourteen feet wide). The picture on the left is of two large, amorphous shapes. Painted in red and yellow, they may be lungs, or pieces of shad roe, or ornate bedroom slippers—or just shapes. Whatever they are, they

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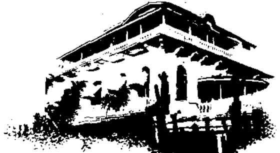

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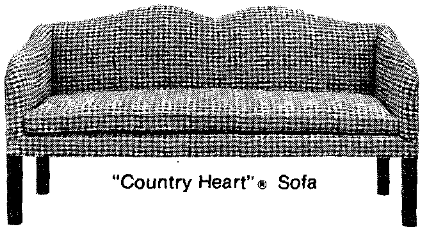

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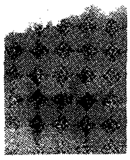

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seem both pliant and firm, and cast dense shadows. The painting on the right shows, on a dark-blue background, a brushed-in drawing of a girl who is either buttoning up or taking off her shirt. In the distance is a dark-haired fellow with his arm outstretched, looking back at her. He's a bit crestfallen, and she's pensive; she might be looking at herself in a mirror, thinking about the encounter they have had or will be having. Attached to this canvas (from behind) are two blond Charles Eames plywood chairs, which are placed high up and to the sides, like candelabra flanking a fireplace. (The legs have been removed.) The picture is so large that from almost any distance the curvy chairs appear surprisingly small and delicate; from ten feet or so they become flashes of light on the shadowy blue-black ground. A third element is an image of a building, placed on the right of the canvas. Drawn on top of the dark blue, in a glistening pink, and with a squirmy line that one might see used to decorate a cake, it suggests a grand and glamorous place at night—perhaps a hotel.

What is the image of the couple doing with the ambiguous shapes, the chairs, and the bubbly pink sketch? What do they add up to? It's hard to say, yet these elements feel right together. The image of the couple looks as if it were taken from a still from a tacky summer-romance movie or a TV soap opera, and it ought to be banal. But, treated as if it meant no more than the shapes or the chairs, it is unexpectedly imposing. We feel that a moment everyone has lived through and not thought about much—that moment on a date when one partner retreats—has been presented in an ultimately simplified way. And the chairs, which cast shadows on the canvas, suggest the room this scene takes place in. They're oddly protective; they're a bit like the trees in a romantic forest scene, which surround and darken the faces of the unhappy lovers.

"Brother Animal" doesn't have the snap or the formal unity of, say, "B. A. M. F. V." Yet "Brother Animal" holds us longer, not only because a longer look is needed to make the parts cohere but because the image of the people who are clearly tied together—yet are placed with a gulf between them—dramatizes the sense of dependency and unconnectedness which pervades Salle's art. In his work, images take on life because they're seen in relation to other images. Yet no im-

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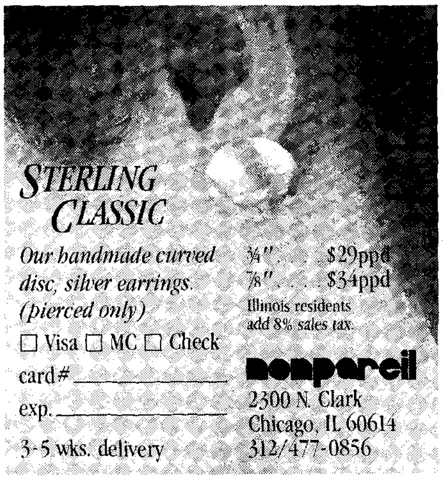

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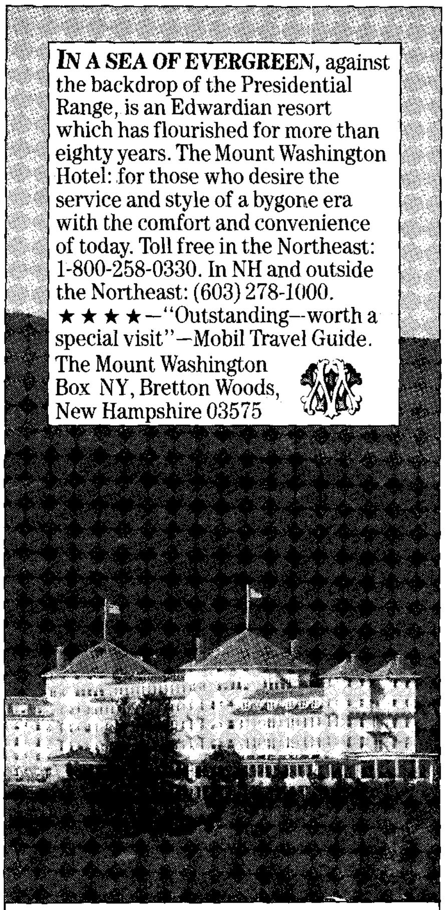
age, no matter how pale, ever loses its individual color and texture.

Salle has been thought of as one of the more cerebral of the new American and European painters, and his pictures do seem dispassionate at first. There is a sombreness, even a bleakness, in his art, though—it comes out indirectly. Telling us that, say, a strip of decorative fabric or a cartoon vignette can count for as much as a realistic drawing of a nude, he's saying that everything is equally absorbing to him—and he implies that nothing commands his total allegiance. His work has such an overriding sense of formal grace that you can miss the fact that in his pictures faces are often drained, bodies don't have any pep and are turned in on themselves. His nudes, whose legs are sometimes spread, are sexy, sometimes even coarse, and he no doubt wants to challenge his audience with these elegant parodies of girlie-magazine photographs. These drowsily accommodating dishes, though—and the tough number in heels in "Midday"—are only some of the ways he shows women. In paintings here and in previous exhibitions, his women also appear in quiet domestic moments and in battered and indrawn states. (Men generally have a secondary role; they're seen in the distance, or they take the form of wizened or pathetic or donkeyish cartoon characters.) Salle has made some of the most sensual pictures in recent American art, yet his women are literally seen in the background and are dry, washy, colorless. The combination of desire and affection—and intangibility—is his special note. His pictures present a world where ideas and objects are bright and solid, and people are mirages.

In "Portrait of Michael Hurson" Salle seems to make a joke out of this, and also indicates that his view may be changing. The painted image, which takes up most of the picture's space, is a still-life of food—done in browns, a copper-tan, bright yellow, and green—over and through which are drawn, in a dark blue, three stark, primitive, open-mouthed faces (none of which resemble the artist Michael Hurson). Above the still-life, sticking out through the fabric on which the picture is painted, are actual red and blue light bulbs, which are lit. They beam out "Idea! Idea!" The light bulbs are funny, but they seem a little incidental. This is the only picture in the show where Salle doesn't play off a cool, removed kind of painting with paint-



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ing that is brighter and hotter; virtually every mark is emphatic and hot. It's possible, of course, that he is merely parodying painterly verve. Yet this picture is also different in structure from the others. He doesn't make every part of it, even the distant corners, equally balanced; there is a real velocity—a centeredness—to the composition. We take in the utensils and pieces of food, and the faces that are laced in and out of them, the way we'd watch a roller coaster racing through the loops of a pretzel-shaped track.

The Hurson painting is thrilling—you're unprepared for the energy it radiates. Complete with a lemon, a chop, a round of cheese, and butter biscuits, this large picture has the mixture of confidence and belligerence that ten years ago an American artist would have brought to an earthwork. Salle's chosen theme, so far, seems to be modern eroticism, but he appears to want to redo everything with his picture-making devices—or, at least, you want him to. A viewer can leave this show almost as excited about Salle's future work as about the work he has just seen. After that chop and those biscuits, you may think, God, what will he do with a tree? —SANFORD SCHWARTZ

●

RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[*From Capitol Currents, a newsletter published in Sacramento, Calif.*]

The Beaux' Stratagem is a less than famous tale to the American audience written by George Farquhar that is being performed by the University of California, Davis under the European director Frank Hauser. Although *The Beaux' Stratagem* is relatively a new story to the student audience, the major actress manages to breath air into the play, Julie Eccles who plays Mrs. Sullen, Landy Bountiful's daughter-in-law is powerful. She single handedly carries and makes the night. But how does she accomplish this task? One must look at the play for the answer. The scene is an old rural town several kilometers from London in 1707 in which this play takes place. The major character begins her powerful roaring. For she has come upon the stage. She is a swan of beauty and grace which sails through the portals of the mind into greater sunsets. She is an eagle that soars through the sky to another atmosphere. In short, she carries the play with her wonderful, classical, energetic, smooth performance. Miss Eccles' mouth is a grand canyon of excellent speech. The voice is full of fire, pain, pleasure and love; yet natural. Her voice is full of raw emotion which is born within a person. It is not taught. Moreover, her voice is a shark which swims from its mother's belly into the blue ocean. It is the bird which is tossed from the nest, and it flies. The play flew because of the skills of Julie Eccles, and the fact that she is glorious does not hurt!

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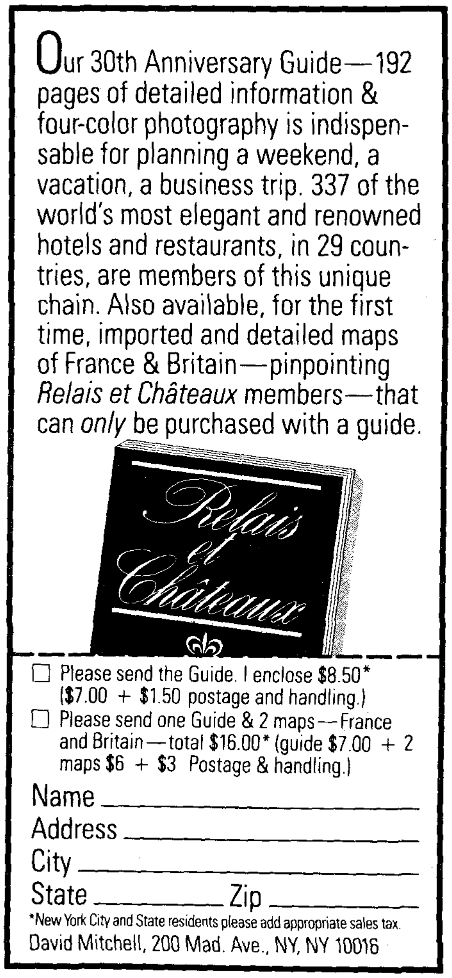

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BOOKS

E.B.W.

THOUGH by no means an ordinary man, through literary prestidigitation E. B. White has managed to make his inner self seem much like anyone else's—an act that is in itself endearing, even though in his case it was not intended to be. In the foreword to his collected essays he says, "I have always been aware that I am by nature self-absorbed and egoistical; to write of myself to the extent I have done indicates a too great attention to my own life, not enough to the lives of others. I have worn many shirts, and not all of them have been a good fit. But when I am discouraged or downcast I need only fling open the door of my closet, and there, hidden behind everything else, hangs the mantle of Michel de Montaigne, smelling slightly of camphor."

In "Letters of E. B. White" there is an introductory section of ten pages, again written by him, and intended to orient the reader in the correspondence that follows. It begins, "If an unhappy childhood is indispensable for a writer, I am ill-equipped: I missed out on all that and was neither deprived nor unloved. It would be inaccurate, however, to say that my childhood was untroubled. The normal fears and worries of every child were in me developed to a high degree; every day was an awesome prospect. I was uneasy about practically everything: the uncertainty of the future, the dark of the attic, the panoply and discipline of school, the transitoriness of life, the mystery of the church and of God, the frailty of the body, the sadness of afternoon, the shadow of sex, the distant challenge of love and marriage, the far-off problem of a livelihood. I brooded about them all, lived with them day by day. Being the youngest in a large family, I was usually in a crowd but often felt lonely and removed. I took to writing early, to assuage my uneasiness and collect my thoughts, and I was a busy writer long before I went into long pants."

In the face of *that,* not to mention the very considerable amount of autobiographical writing in the essays, it might have seemed the better part of wisdom for a biographer simply to back away and go write about someone else, whose prose style didn't outclass that of virtually every expository writer in sight and who hadn't so thoroughly anticipated his efforts. Furthermore (and fortunately) Mr. White has not yet gone to join the ranks of the illustrious dead, and his snicker is unimpaired. Scott Elledge, who is a professor of English at Cornell, was not deterred, and has devoted roughly fifteen years to the writing of "E. B. White: A Biography" (Norton; $22.50).

Mr. White, when approached by him, was courteous: "As a man who has frittered away the best years of his life writing about E. B. White, sometimes with affection, sometimes with distaste, always with charity aforethought, I can sympathize with your project without envying your labors. But whether I sympathize or not, the Constitution empowers you to write about anything that comes along, and although being written about is not my favorite diversion (I prefer sailing) I deem it my civic duty to meet you half way . . ." What this amounted to was making his papers at Cornell available to Professor Elledge but retaining absolute censorship as to the use of this material, and putting up with a fair number of visits and phone calls. In his introduction Professor Elledge says Mr. White "never failed to be friendly and prompt in his responses to my requests for facts that only he could supply. Beyond that, however, he has left me completely on my own. Early on, he answered one of my questions by saying in effect that he couldn't remember the answer, that I could look it up, and that after all *I* was the biographer. From the start he viewed my activities with mild interest, slight skepticism, and some amusement, but he gave no sign of wishing to get in the game or to coach from the sideline." When Mr. White read the finished manuscript, he offered "a dozen pages of editorial notes, most of them made in the interest of accuracy of fact and clarity of expression; none concerned the substance of what I had said about him." The right of censorship was exercised to protect others. Mr. White expressed neither approval nor disapproval of the biography itself, apart from saying that it was too long. Most biographies are.

Accepting the conventions of the form he is working in, Professor Elledge has produced a straightforward, orderly account of White's life. To the extent that in his writing Mr. White views disorder with an affectionate eye, and finds it illuminating, it could be said that the biographer and his subject are at cross-purposes with one another. One is sometimes aware of the tone of the lecture hall. ("In the vision of innocence is contained the wisdom of experience; the act of remembrance of things past affirms their value, affirms our value, and creates a sense of man freed from the clutches of time.") In general the book is decently written, conscientious, trustworthy (within the limits of the information available to him), good on background, and, as one would expect, most at home in the treatment of White's ideas about world government. On the subject of White's marriage to Katharine Sergeant Angell and their deeply affectionate life together, Professor Elledge is not very penetrating. More could not perhaps be expected of him since he was being met only halfway, and besides, as Tolstoy said, all happy families are alike. How White feels about his son is conveyed in what is for me the most moving of his essays, "Once More to the Lake."

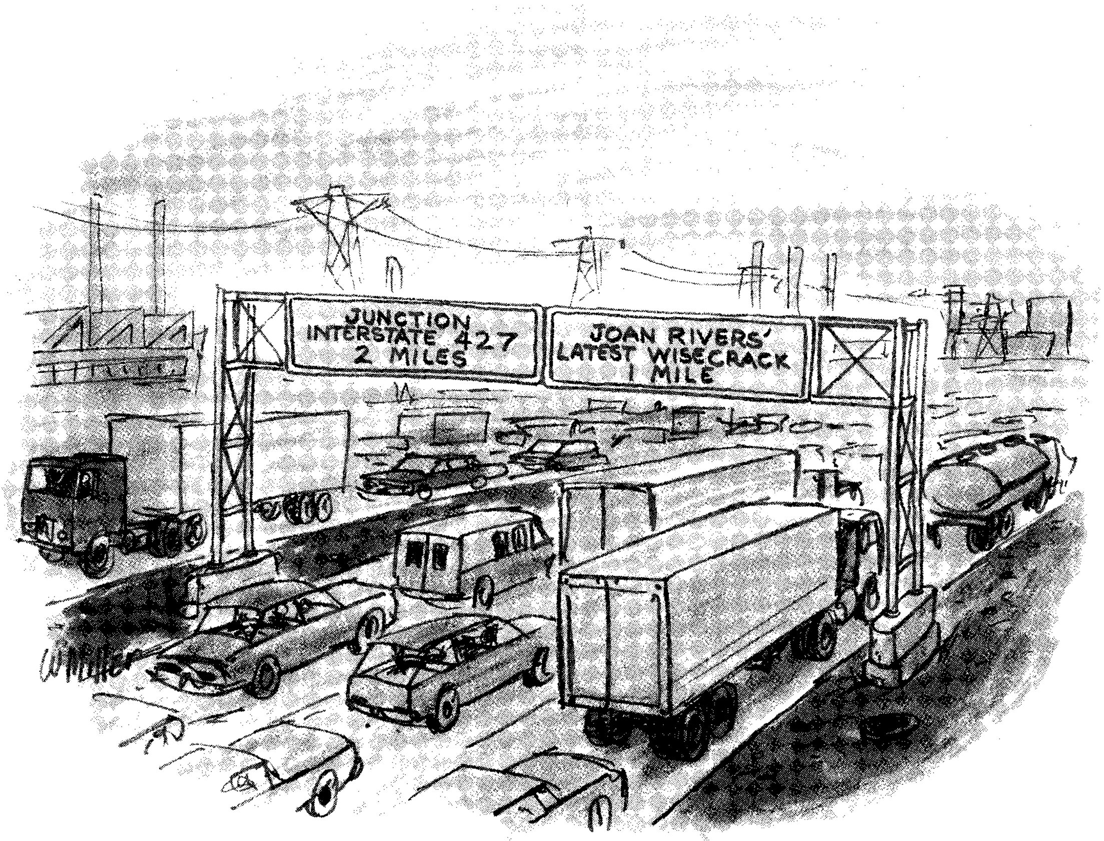
Now and then a fact gets past Professor Elledge. For example, the reader is told that E. B. White's maternal grandfather was a painter, helped found the American Society of Water-Colorists, and was the first president of the Brooklyn Academy, but not that the cover of the April 23, 1932, *New Yorker*—a sea horse feeding from a nose bag—is signed EBW. White has consistently presented himself as a quirky character, but how much and in what ways this is really true is something Professor Elledge has not adequately gone into. The book has one other serious flaw. Needless to say, one cannot be funny on demand, but considering the marvellous humor that E. B. White's writing is at all times open to, it seems a pity that more of it didn't rub off on this biography.

WHITE was born into about as pleasant circumstances as the year 1899 could provide. Both his parents loved children. He had three older sisters and two older brothers. His father was general manager of Horace Waters & Company, which manufactured pianos and player pianos. They lived in Mount Vernon, New York, in a large late-Victorian frame house with an octagonal corner tower, porches on two sides, and a barn where —I am quoting Mr. White—"everything smelled wonderfully ripe: the horses, the hay, the harness dressing, the axle grease, the liniment, the coachman." There were other barns that he had access to and other children his age all up and down the street. The town still had woods, a pond, and unbuilt-on land, and there was nowhere that it wasn't safe for a boy on a bicycle to go. He suffered from severe attacks of hay fever, and from the time he was six the family spent the month of August on a lake in Maine that was, so far as he was concerned, the Earthly Paradise. "He seems not to have been babied or spoiled by his family, but as the last of their children he must have seemed especially precious to Jessie and Samuel, and he may have learned to be anxious by observing the anxieties of his parents," Professor Elledge says, and, wonder of wonders, lets it go at that. A rather startling incident—"White's earliest recorded memory is of finding his mother one day stretched out on the settee, recovering from an accident with a runaway horse. He thought she was dead"—is passed over without comment.

He was much happier out of school than in, and "suffered tortures every day of the school year" thinking about the moment when he would have to go up onto the assembly platform, as all the pupils were eventually required to do, and speak in public—a thing that in his adult life he has never ever done, no matter how great the provocation. He was physically slight but not frail, and, unlike most introverted youngsters, competent at sports. He was an avid reader of and contributor to *St. Nicholas Magazine*.

In the fall of 1917, having won two scholarships that added up to a thousand dollars, he entered Cornell, where his brothers had preceded him. Along toward Thanksgiving he wrote in his journal, "I've been feeling sick for the past week and I think I must have consumption. If I have, I will leave college and travel for my health." Instead, he became a freshman reporter on the Cornell *Daily Sun*, and pledged a fraternity. In his junior year he took an advanced course in writing under Professor William Strunk, and learned to avoid the tame, the vague, the colorless in favor of the clear, the brief, and the bold. He also was invited to join the Manuscript Club, composed of students and faculty who met on Saturday nights at the house of a member of the English Department, Martin Sampson, and read their work aloud. Sampson defined their creed as "To be frank, to use one's brains, to write what is in one to write, and never to take oneself too damned seriously or too damned lightly." The members were encouraged to avoid the expression of excessive emotion and to understate their feelings in witty and comic statements. In short, very few writers come from nowhere, uninfluenced by anybody, and the young Andy White was in part shaped by these men and this literary experience. According to his own account he was profoundly affected by a course in European history under Professor Burr. "My chance encounter with George Lincoln Burr was the greatest single thing that ever happened in my life, for he introduced me to a part of myself that I hadn't discovered. I saw, with blinding clarity, how vital it is for Man to live in a free society. The experience enabled me to grow up almost overnight; it gave my thoughts and ambitions a focus. It caused me indirectly to pursue the kind of work which eventually enabled me to earn my living. But far more important than that, it gave me a principle of thought and of action for which I have tried to fight, and for which I shall gladly continue to fight the remainder of my life."

In the spring that same school year he became editor-in-chief of the *Daily Sun*, one of the two daily college newspapers published in America at that time and Ithaca's only morning paper. It subscribed to the Associated Press wire service and carried national and international news. During the winter of his senior year, White, through the editorial columns of the *Sun*, waged a successful campaign for the establishment of the Honor System. And when spring came he sat in the bleachers of an empty athletic field with a girl who had played the part of Columbine in the campus production of Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da



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Capo” and watched the falling stars.

After Commencement he went home and landed a job as a reporter with the United Press. Assigned to cover the funeral of Senator Philander C. Knox in Valley Forge, he took the wrong train, and got there just in time to see the coffin being lowered into the grave. At the end of his second week, feeling unable to cope with the requirements of the job, he quit. His application was turned down by various papers, including the *Times*, and he was hired by a public-relations man to write press releases and edit the house organ of a silk mill. That, too, lasted only a short time. In January he got a job with the American Legion News Service, and in February he decided to quit and drive to the West Coast with a college friend, in a Model T Ford roadster. It was a matter, really, of his approaching his destiny by going as far as he could in the opposite direction.

I doubt if anyone could read about this journey and not be reminded of what it is like to be young. They had next to no money, and their plan to pay for their expenses by selling accounts of their travels failed to work out as they had hoped. The friend, Howard Cushman, didn't know how to drive a car. What with one hesitation and another, including a side trip to Ithaca, it took them five weeks to get out of the state of New York. In Kentucky, White heard his first whip-poorwill and won twenty-two dollars on a horse race, only to lose it a week later at the Derby. They slept in fraternity houses, and picked up a little cash by selling a poem or a feature story to some local newspaper, or by working at odd jobs, such as selling roach powder from door to door and “signing the name ‘Horace C. Klein’ on a thousand direct-mail advertising letters, for forty cents an hour.” From Minneapolis west, they frequently were on unpaved roads, in North Dakota and Montana sometimes no more than a couple of ruts extending ahead of them across the plains. Angels were watching over them the whole way. In Yellowstone Park, with only three dollars between them, they were accused of not putting out a campfire and threatened with a five hundred dollar fine. White had dislocated his right elbow, and was all but blinded by hay fever. On the banks of the Columbia River, as they were trying to drive up a steep incline onto the ferry, the rear end gave way. They had a blowout and White walked thirty-two miles to the nearest town, carrying Cushman's typewriter—his own he had already parted with—which he sold in order to get money for a new tire.

White found a job on the Seattle *Times*, first as a reporter, then writing feature articles and a daily column. After nine months he was fired, and bought a ticket on a cruise ship that went from San Francisco through the Bering Strait to the easternmost tip of Siberia. His ticket ran out at Skagway, Alaska, where he signed on as saloon boy (but soon found himself carrying iron stewpots as big as a bushel basket down a swaying, vertical, steel ladder to the firemen's mess room in the bowels of the ship) and so worked his way back to Seattle. From there he took the train home—a place that, until now, he had considered it unsuitable at his age to be.

His brothers and sisters had all gone, and he was alone in the house with his mother and father. He found a job as a layout man with a New York advertising agency, and on the side wrote poems and squibs that were published in Christopher Morley's column, “The Bowling Green,” in the *Evening Post*, or in F.P.A.'s “The Conning Tower,” in the *World*.

In February, 1925, on his way to catch the train to Mount Vernon, he stopped at a newsstand and bought a copy of the very first issue of *The New Yorker*. Nine weeks later, *The New Yorker* published his first contribution —a two-hundred-word piece on the coming of spring. Toward the end of the following year, Harold Ross, the magazine's editor, offered White the job of part-time staff writer, and he somewhat reluctantly accepted it. He edited newsbreaks, rewrote Talk of the Town pieces, and captioned drawings—his best-known caption probably being “ ‘It's broccoli, dear.’ ‘I say it's spinach and I say the hell with it.’ ” It was quoted so often that it became a watchword and passed into the language. White's presence on the staff was a kind of anonymous blessing. The unsigned paragraphs that he wrote for Notes and Comment set the prevailing tone of the magazine, insofar as it has had one, and gradually broadened its concerns; the parodies and other divertissements that appeared over his three initials made its humor more civilized. One day, after reading something of White's in the magazine, Ross left a note on his desk

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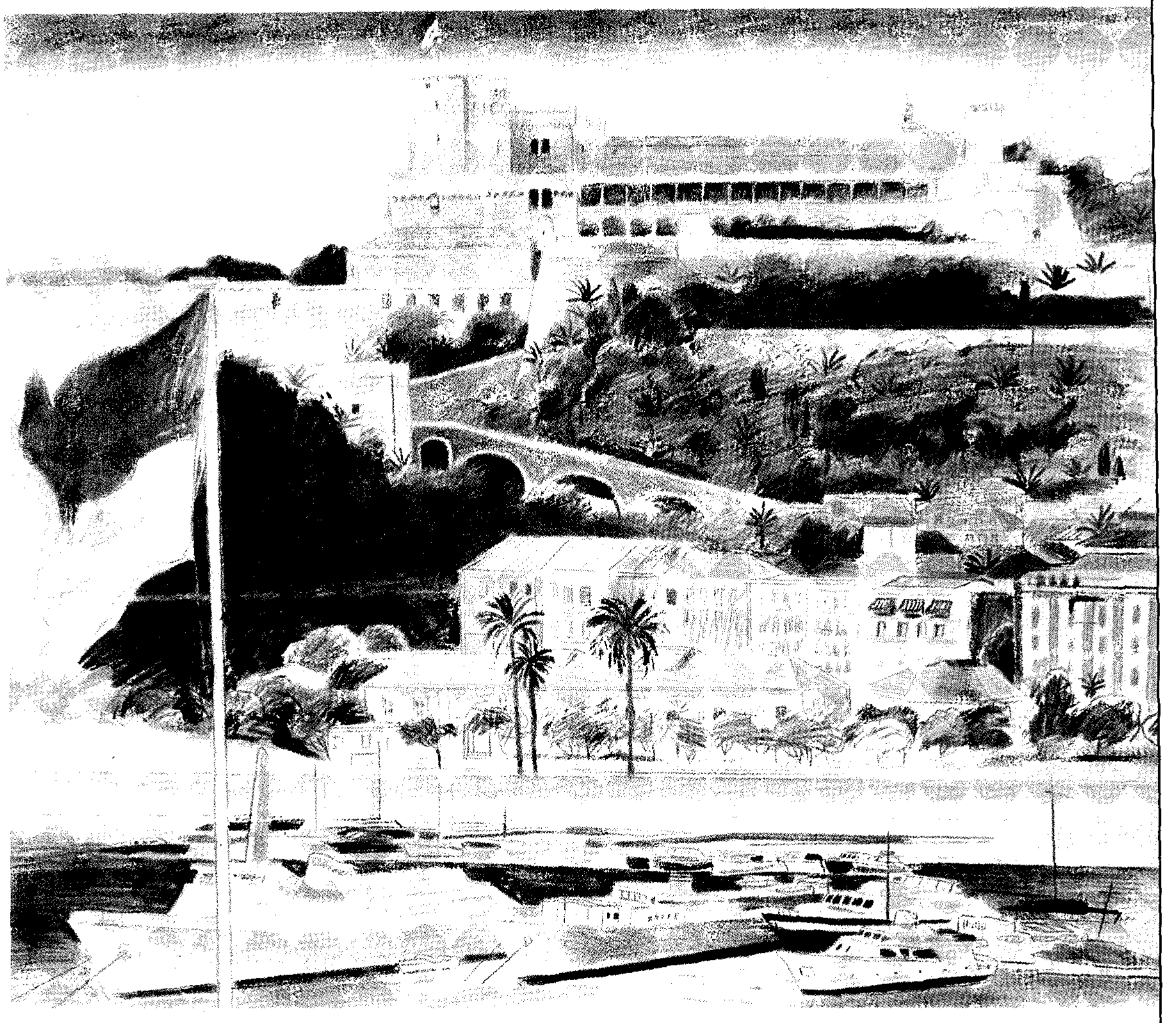

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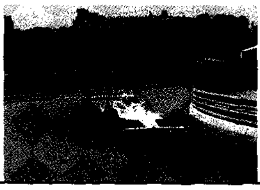

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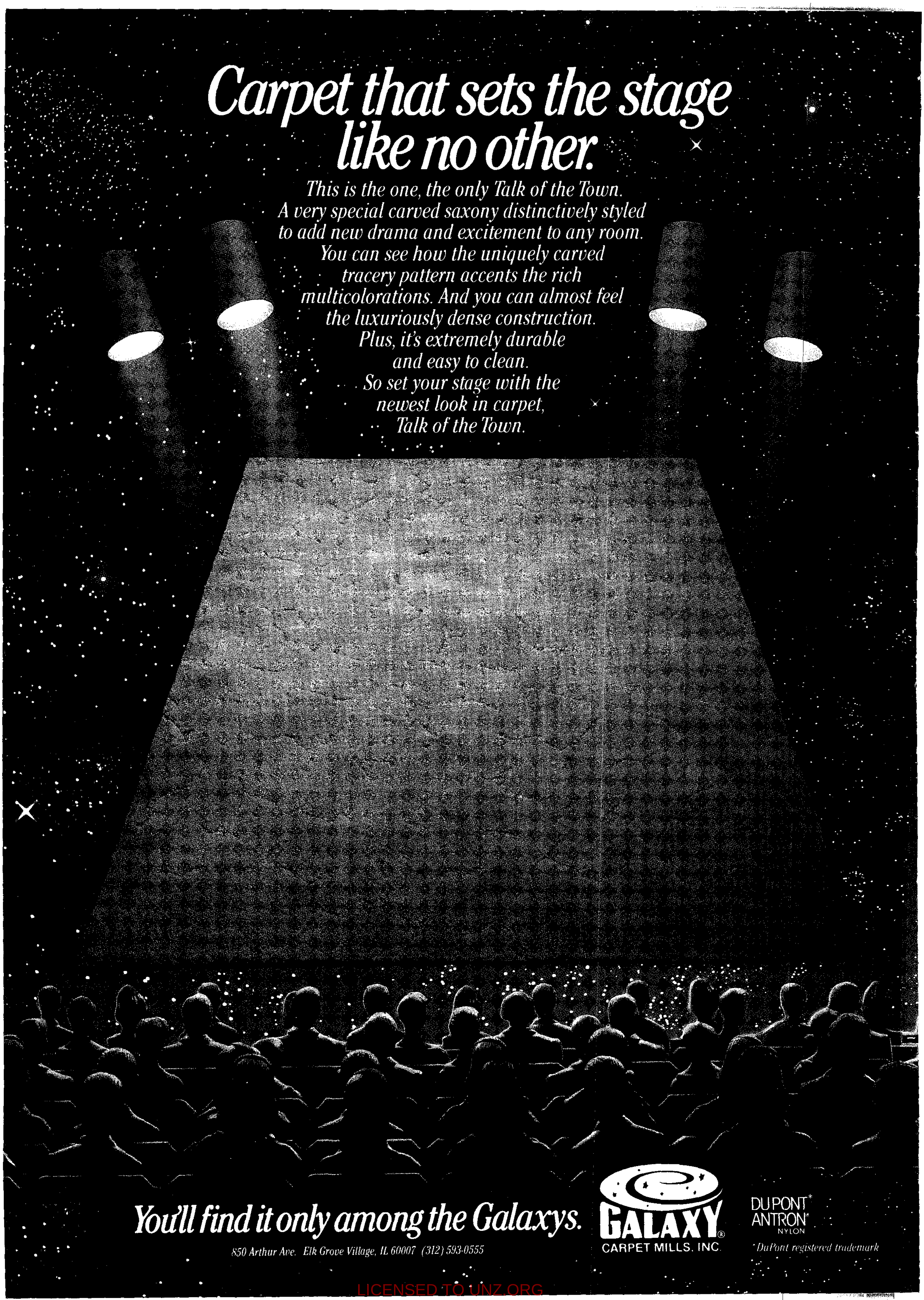

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that said simply, "I am encouraged to go on."

MANY people become writers because of an enthusiasm for reading books. White is an exception. According to Professor Elledge, it took him fourteen months to get through "Anna Karenina"—a novel that most readers do not find hard going. Writing to his brother, in 1947, he says, "I'm glad to report that even now, at this late day, a blank sheet of paper holds the greatest excitement there is for me—more promising than a silver cloud, prettier than a little red wagon. It holds all the hope there is, all fears. I can remember, really quite distinctly, looking a sheet of paper square in the eyes when I was seven or eight years old and thinking, 'This is where I belong, this is it.' "

Few mature writers have been as fortunate in the way their work was received. White could probably count on the fingers of one hand the number of times something he wrote did not please the editor it was intended for. Ross, in his efforts to keep White on as a staff writer, told him to make out his own ticket. White wanted his freedom instead. He wanted to write what he felt like writing, and to live in Maine, in an eighteenth-century farmhouse with its back to pine woods and a cove of shining salt water.

The familiar essay is not generally considered to be a popular literary form. *Harper's*, during the three weeks after the publication of the first of the monthly columns White wrote for it, picked up eleven thousand new subscribers and its newsstand sales increased by twenty per cent. When the columns were published as a book, it sold over thirty thousand copies. A hundred and fifty thousand copies were printed for the American Armed Services, and further editions of fifty thousand copies in French and German. As for his children's books, Professor Elledge says that for the past twenty years in America "Charlotte's Web" has outsold "Winnie-the-Pooh," any single Mary Poppins book, "The Wind in the Willows," "The Little Prince," and "Alice in Wonderland."

Honorary degrees and literary honors (the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the National Medal for Literature, the American Academy of Arts and Letters' Gold Medal for Essays and Criticism) have showered down on White like autumn leaves.

Some degree of self-doubt is essential to a writer's equilibrium. The rejection of a manuscript, though painful, is also proof that his work is being subjected to serious consideration, and that the writing that was not rejected must therefore be successful. Where there is nothing but rejections, then the writer can only conclude that he is a misunderstood genius or should be in another line of work. But what is the writer to think whose work never meets with an unsympathetic or an unfavorable reception? Does it mean that the standards that hold for the work of other people do not hold for him? And that no acceptance is really to be trusted? Does it mean that anything he writes, whether he puts very little or a great deal of effort and thought into it, is good? Of all things inimical, the enemy within—complacency—is the most frightening. White has been extremely fortunate in that the child for whom every day was an awesome prospect and who was uneasy about everything has never let go of his hand. To say that the two of them are the greatest worriers who have ever lived would be an exaggeration, but they must be fairly high up on the list. Suspecting the worst, having nervous indigestion, having palpitations, feeling the ground come up and hit their shoe, they have made it this far. On those occasions when their life's work was being held up for public admiration, they have usually managed to be elsewhere. To the siren voice of complacency they have presented a deaf ear.

Professor Elledge says that E. B. White, now in his eighties, looks and acts considerably younger than his age. It is no doubt because of the company he keeps. —WILLIAM MAXWELL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

IN THE STORM, by Sholom Aleichem, translated from the Yiddish by Aliza Shevrin (Putnam; $15.95). "We have guests!" the shoemaker's two sons announce as their neighbors at No. 13 Vasilchikover Street arrive. "The Zionist, the socialist, the bourgeois, and the proletarian!" It is Passover in Kiev in 1905. Already half in love, two medical students—the bourgeois's socialist daughter and the proletarian's Zionist son—have just taken the train home from St. Petersburg, and have been met at the station by their doting, and mutually scornful, fathers. The plot, which features a third student—a wood hauler's

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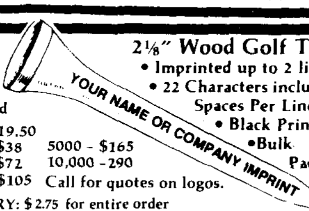
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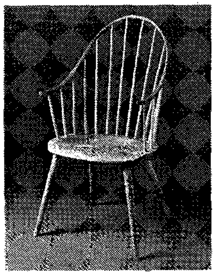

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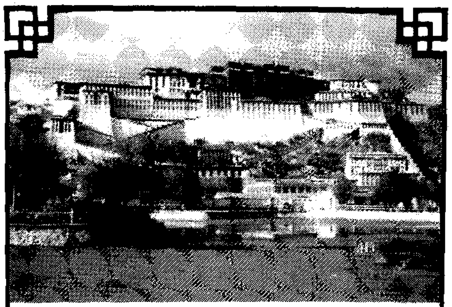
fearless daughter—backtracks a few months to Bloody Sunday, in St. Petersburg, and concludes in October, at the Kiev train station, with a dream turned nightmare: with the rumor of a Constitution and the reality of a pogrom. In an introduction, Aliza Shevrin explains that this stark story, first published in 1907 in serial form, is historically accurate and somewhat autobiographical. Her translation seems, as in the case of Aleichem's lighthearted "Marienbad" (written in 1911 and published here in 1982), admirably transparent.

Golden States, by Michael Cunningham (Crown; $12.95). "It was like a werewolf movie, this change happening all by itself," the twelve-year-old hero of this first novel, set in Southern California, concludes about puberty, a subject he cannot discuss with anyone: not with his older sister, who only jokingly blames a full moon for her premarital jitters; not with his spindly kid sister, who has yet to be bothered by "tingling weightlessness" and "joyful nervousness;" not with his ex-best friend, a tough kid who has taken to shooting at him with a finger and thumb; not with his father, a violent man who has moved to Spokane; and not even with his mother, who seems wise enough to guess what he is going through. A few bold firsts—his first smoke, his first coffee, his first hard liquor—lead up to his rite of passage, which begins with his crossing the freeway on foot and ends with his feeling a little less "small and uncertain about everything." A haunting image of coyotes slinking through the suburbs links up, without too much strain, with the werewolf theme; but a hero who still drinks milk straight from the carton can only be less heroic—and less monstrous—than he hopes and fears he is.

A House in the Country, by José Donoso, translated from the Spanish by David Pritchard with Suzanne Jill Levine (Knopf; $16.95). "A bit long" for a fable, the author, a native of Chile, concedes on page 262, with ninety pages to go, but he prefers "fable" to "novel." The setting is an elaborate, luxurious summer house built on a salt mine and financed by a gold mine, where the "grownups," those "creators and manipulators of dogma," commanding an army of servants, rear their thirty-three children to fear the na-



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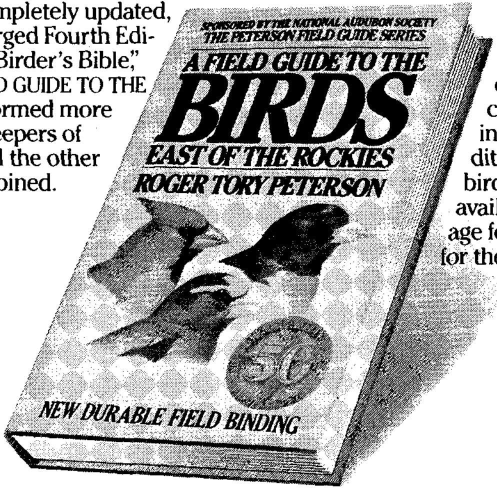
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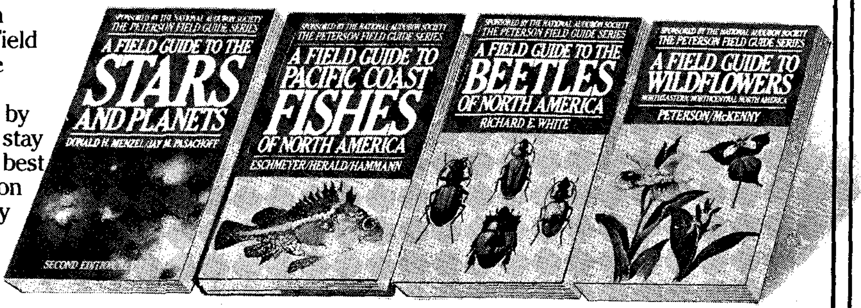
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tives and to want nothing more than to grow up and lord it over the next generation of innocents. When the grownups fail to return from a picnic by nightfall, as they have promised, questions are asked, fears are voiced, the natives invade, and changes begin. As the author would put it, History routs Fantasy. With the grownups' return, a year later (at first, they claim that they have kept their word), the house, already transformed by various experiments in communalism, becomes a hell. If Mr. Donoso is trying to clarify Chile's recent past, he fails, ironically, by falling victim to something like the family's penchant for elaborateness. "Yes," an enlightened lackey muses, "in me, servant of servants, the power that confers the status of sewerhood is transformed into an autonomous element, of destructive polyvalence that transcends individuals and ideologies."

Mr. Trill in Hades, and Other Stories, by Iain Crichton Smith (Gollancz/David & Charles; $14.95). A gimmicky remake of "Hamlet" sets the stage, and the standard, for the next five very short stories, which involve unrequited love and tragic death, unavenged injustice and bitter exile, madness and ghosts, a long-winded teacher, and a play within a classroom. The title story, which occupies the second half of the book's hundred and sixty pages, is a predictable fable about a dusty teacher of Latin and Greek who crosses the Styx and finds out that his heroes and heroines, from Orpheus (less than virile) to Dido (less than eloquent), do not match their literary incarnations. There is an amusing moment when Mr. Trill pats the blinded Cyclops, who is still blubbering about Ulysses, a.k.a. Noman; but Mr. Smith labors his point about the meaning of that duo—mind over matter, modern over ancient, the word as weapon. It is a point that may not be news to the reader, even if it is to the late Mr. Trill.

Note: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being," a novel by Milan Kundera, translated from the Czech by Michael Henry Heim, has been published by Harper & Row ($15.95). Some of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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Athol Fugard: Notebooks, 1960-1977 (Knopf; $14.95). The South

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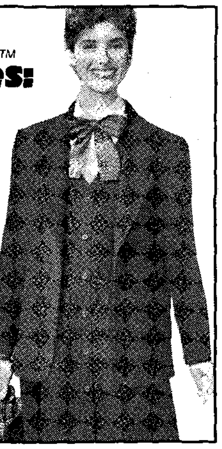

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African playwright says of these journals that he has tried as much as possible to exclude "self"—that he has sought to pin down thoughts, incidents, and ideas for plays, along with things and people seen and talk overheard in the back streets of his home town of Port Elizabeth. It is true that what he tells us of his intimate family life and of big outside events (like the terrible happenings at Soweto) is minimal, but in everything he records we sense his intense involvement with the human beings—black and white, poor-white and wholly dispossessed—he writes his plays about, and his outrage at the rule of injustice in his native land. We meet some wonderful people, and we gradually come to know Fugard himself as an artist.

Sex and Destiny: The Politics of Human Fertility, by Germaine Greer (Harper & Row; $19.95). The opening section is a graphic, vivacious, and persuasive exposition of the obstacles that the cultures and governments of Western nations place in the way of childbearing and child rearing. Miss Greer's comments deserve serious consideration by individuals and governments, for, in effect, we make parenthood—and especially motherhood—a penalty rather than a pleasure. The author then goes off in search of societies that reward or support mothering. Some are poor (India), some are primitive (Africa), and many are under pressure from their governments to control fertility. Much of what Miss Greer tells us is familiar, but her accounts of the reasons that population-control programs have often failed are enlightening. When she offers recommendations for methods of family limitation in the West, however, the book declines into an ill-balanced screed.

D. W. Griffith: An American Life, by Richard Schickel (Simon & Schuster; $24.95). A capacious biography of the great director David Wark Griffith (1875-1948). The author, a film critic for *Time*, writes admiringly of Griffith as an innovator—as the first filmmaker to think of the movies as an art form—and as the creator of "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Way Down East," "Orphans of the Storm," and the like. He writes less admiringly of Griffith the man. The book is by way of being a history of Hollywood in the early days, and it abounds in stories and anecdotes of

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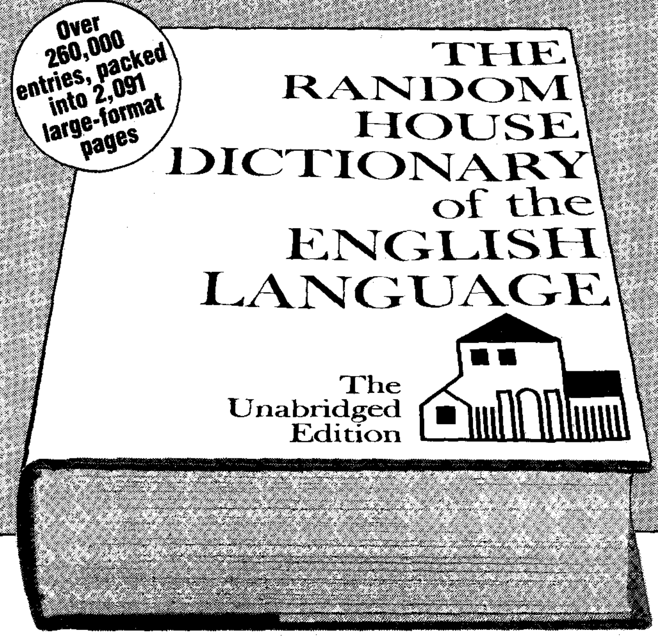

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the people who worked and fought with Griffith in the pioneer years, and of the actors and actresses he introduced. Photographs.

RELIGION IN THE SECULAR CITY: TOWARD A POSTMODERN THEOLOGY, by Harvey Cox (Simon & Schuster; $16.95). Orthodox Christian belief flourishes both among politically conservative fundamentalists and among politically radical liberation theologists, whose "base communities" have taken root in Latin America, Europe, and Asia. These movements, which reject the accommodations of religious modernism to the modern world, have attracted people who are excluded from the benefits of modernity and who seek a life and a society conforming to the Gospel—a world in which religion is the dominant influence. Mr. Cox's book is subtle in probing ways this earnestness might work toward a "postmodern" theology that could make Christianity more vital to all Christians. He thinks that modern theology addresses itself to educated doubters, while postmodern religion is the work not of doubters but of Christians whose voices were never heard in the well-behaved churches of the well-to-do. In many respects, his portrait of the Christian revival recalls early Christianity developing among the humble in the provinces of the Roman Empire, and his search for its intellectual expression parallels the efforts of the Fathers of the Church, whose philosophy helped elevate a cult into a religion acceptable to the learned.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS, by Paul F. Boller, Jr. (Oxford; $16.95). A breezy, funny book, both accurate and entertaining. Mr. Boller examines each of our quadrennial jamborees—from the first Presidential election, in 1789, when Washington was unanimously chosen, down to the election of 1980—in a tidy little essay, and follows with a fistful of anecdotes, campaign jokes, stories, and, sometimes, songs or doggerel. He suggests a kind of continuity in American political life: the mixture of reverence and impertinence, seriousness and riotousness seems constant, as does our will to believe flimflam and our will to debunk it. Quite a few of the old jokes, by the way, are good enough to be recycled for use in campaigns to come.

ROSS MACDONALD, by Matthew J. Bruccoli (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $14.95 cloth, $7.95 paper). Ross Macdonald (Kenneth Millar) deserves better than this. Mr. Bruccoli writes with all the passion and insight of a computer—dates, titles, reviews, sales, plots. Macdonald was a man of unusual good nature, of real goodness, but Mr. Bruccoli's book is not programmed for that. Macdonald's interest in protecting the integrity of the environment was one of his consuming interests, but it gets only perfunctory notice here. And the bitter sadness of a novelist suffering, dying from, Alzheimer's disease seems also to have escaped Mr. Bruccoli. He is no better at criticism than he is at portraiture. There are interesting comments on the literary art ("A story should be a circle;" "Causality. Everything is connected;" "The story is not the string, and it is not the knot. It is the undoing of the knot"), but they are not his—they are Macdonald's own. Photographs.

NOTE: "The Art of Corporate Success: The Story of Schlumberger," by Ken Auletta, has been published by Putnam ($15.95). Much of the contents originally appeared in these pages.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE VALLEY OF THE FOX, by Joseph Hone (St. Martin's; $13.95). A blood-and-thunder adventure story (involving a hot-air balloon, a sword cane, bows and arrows, poisoned darts, medieval jousting) set in the English countryside of Geoffrey Household and the wild Africa of H. Rider Haggard. Its hero and narrator is one Peter Marlow, a retired British Intelligence agent, who meets and marries Laura Kindersley, the widow of a famous paleontologist, and adopts her autistic daughter. An intruder (a B.I. hit man?) shoots and kills Laura in a manner that suggests that Marlow was the murderer, and Marlow flees into the woods of a great Cotswold estate owned by a rich American woman—young, beautiful, eccentric—who befriends him and helps him regain his stepdaughter. This is almost loony stuff, but loony in a grand manner—in a manner so long vanished from contemporary fiction as to seem brand-new.

SOMETHING WICKED, by E. X. Ferrars (Doubleday; $11.95). Freshly ground Fortnum & Mason coffee and a bit of cheese: that is how a

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—Edward Butscher, Newsday

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—Richard Eder, Los Angeles Times Book Review

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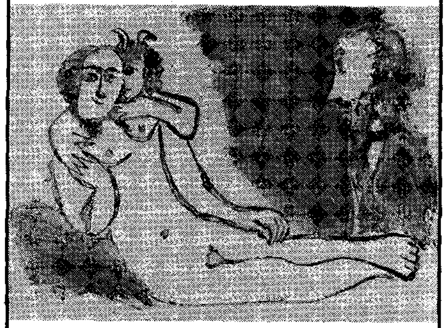

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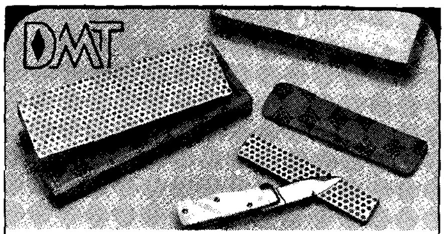

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retired professor happily begins his first day of house-sitting for his nephew in a Berkshire cottage while his own London flat is being redecorated. Then a blizzard knocks out the professor's electric coffee grinder, along with the cottage's heat and lights, and a neighbor whom the nephew has dubbed "our murderess" turns up on the doorstep. A few days later, the cottage has been dusted with fingerprint powder, and the professor can be found breakfasting on beer, stale bread, and marmalade while he mulls over clues that include a missing flashlight and an uncooked casserole as well as a missing gun. Not one of E. X. Ferrars' best—too many murder scenarios are paraded past the professor as he thaws out in neighbors' sitting rooms—but she works in a few clever touches, including a nonsense rhyme about a pig, a sheep, a trout, and a minnow.

Cold War, by David Brierley (Summit; $9.95). Cody, British-born and C.I.A.-trained, is a free-lance agent based in Paris—and a woman, a young and beautiful woman. We meet this well-finished heroine of Mr. Brierley's first novel at the hospital bedside of a dying (murdered) former colleague. He tries, and fails, to impart to her a piece of vital information. But his murderers do not know that he has failed, and so, in the best tradition of suspense fiction, they turn their violent attention to Cody; and Cody, in continuance of this tradition, understands that she can stay alive only by penetrating the puzzle. Mr. Brierley is well met. He is tough, staccato, sardonically witty, and almost always convincing, although it is not always easy to remember that Cody—outfighting and outmaneuvering her pursuers—is a woman with a face and figure that turn men's heads.

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Asked about Kelley's comments Thursday, Fort issued the following statement: "My responsibility is to work as closely with the president and the people he has designated in the operationalizing of those mechanisms and modes of activity and strategies necessary to maintain the viability of this institution's fiscal management operations.

"That is precisely what we are doing and shall continue to do. Period."

Fort declined to elaborate or to respond specifically to any of Kelley's comments.

—*Greensboro (N.C.) News & Record.*

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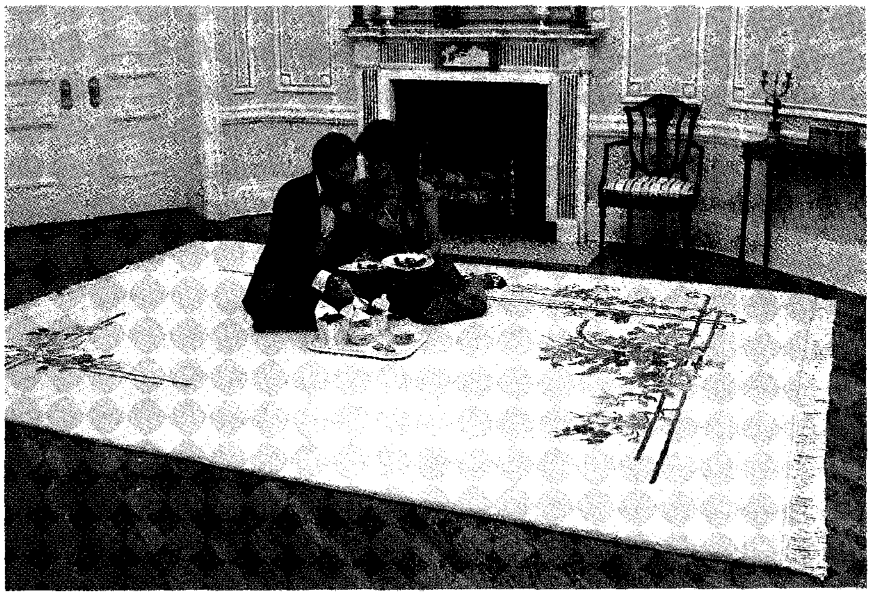

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